BOSTON
MEDICAL LIBRARY
8 THE FENWAY

COUNTWAY LIBRARY
3 2044 114 971 575

Hospital
Home

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
Open Knowledge Commons and Harvard Medical School

http://www.archive.org/details/ramblesofphysici02wood

RAMBLES OF A PHYSICIAN:

OR,

A Midsummer Dream.

BY

A GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Daß mein Buch, sagt mir mein Muth,
Noch ganz böse, noch ganz gut.
Kommen drüber arge Fliegen
Bleibt gewiß Gesundes liegen,
Und das Faule findet man;
Kommen aber Bienen dran,
Wird das Faule leicht vermieden,
Und Gesundes abgeschieden.—Logau.

"Letters which are warmly sealed, are often but coldly opened.—*Richter.*

Je veux, que l' on soit homme, et qu'en toute rencontre
Le fond de notre coeur dans nos discours se montre,
Que ce soit lui qui parle et que nos sentiments,
Ne se masquent jamais sous de vains compliments.—*Molière.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. II.

"**Rambles of a Physician**" will not be for sale in book stores, but will be sent prepaid on receipt of price.
Address DUNLAP & CLARKE, PRINTERS, 817-21 FILBERT ST., PHILA.

1 Ft 65

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1889, by
MATTHEW WOODS, M.D.,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VOL. II.

PAGE

Cologne—The Cathedral—Church of St. Ursula, and the Story of the Eleven Thousand Virgins—Treasury containing Relics—Museum of Paintings—St. Francis of Assisi..... 1

Bonn—Birthplace of Beethoven—Account of the Life of Niebuhr—The Rhine—Distinguished Brothers—Extracts from the Lives of the Grimm Brothers—Baron Bunsen—A Trip on the Rhine—Tourists..... 7

Coblentz—Church of the Jesuits—The Schloss—Church of St. Castor, where Charlemagne Divided his Empire—Historic Fountain Erected by Napoleon—Village of Ehrenbreitstein, with its Fortress—Out-door Life of the Germans..... 16

On the Rhine, from Coblentz to Mayence, the "Castle Crags of Drachenfels"—Introduction to a Strange Life—Places of Note—The Story of Conrad and Heinrich—Mouse Tower and Story of Bishop Hatto—A Rat Tale—Mr. Polyglot's History..... 19

Mayence—The Yearly Fair—In the Cathedral—Johannes Guttenberg (Gänsfleisch)—Lost and Found—About Vocabularies..... 34

Frankfort-on-the-Main—The Judengasse where the Rothschilds were Born—The Jews—Haunts of Bonusus—Birthplace of Goethe..... 38

"Goethe at Home"—Meeting of Lavater and Goethe—A German Sabbath—German Politeness—Comments on the Country—Landscape Gardening, German Glimpses—Arrival at Weimar..... 40

Weimar—Goethe's House, description of the various Rooms, Statuary, Furniture, Decorations, Collection of Medals, Medallions, Pictures, Glass Bust of Napoleon—New Church yard where Goethe and Schiller are Buried—Grave of Charlotte Von Stein, Goethe's Friend—Traits of Character of Eckermann..... 48

Berlin—Letters from Home—Getting Acquainted..... 58

Berlin (*continued*)—Unter den Linden—Rauch's Statue of Frederick the Great—An Arcade—Brandenburg Gate, Statue of Victory..... 62

PAGE

Berlin (*continued*)—The Museum — The Acropolis of Pergamon—Antiques—Statuary and Plaster Casts—Germany's Art Treasures—The Praying Boy..... 68

The Museum (*continued*)—"Boy Extracting Thorn from his Foot"—Collection of Coins, Medallions, etc.—Kaulbach's Frescoes—Magnificence of the Royal Museum..... 73

Calling on a Friend—Change of Residence—Royal Museum—Drawings by Michael Angelo, Titian, Dürer—Attention paid by Public Officials to Visitors—A Lost Boy..... 80

Berlin (*continued*)—Visit to the Church of St. Nicholas—Return to Royal Museum—The Artists of Holland and Belgium—Pictures by Cranach, Martin Schönganer—Holbein's "Adam and Eve."..... 85

Household Gods—Pictures of Oliver Goldsmith, Martin Luther, and others—Climate, Condition of Streets in Berlin—Prince Blucher's Palace—Unter den Linden—Manners and Customs of the German People—Beer Drinking—German Sunday—The Theatre—National Traits..... 90

A Berlin Breakfast—Feeding the Sparrows—The many Parks and Squares—Manner of Repairing the Streets—In the Museum again—Pictures by Rubens, Hubert, Jean Van Eck, Holbein, Dürer, Van der Weyden, Rembrandt, Franz Hals—Raphael's Madonna.. 103

Streets of Berlin—Meeting with former Companions—Effect of Reading Goethe—The *Austellung* and its Wonders—An American Pandora—A Social Invitation—"Nathan the Wise"—Story of the Three Rings—An Unconscious Insult—A Challenge, naming Seconds—First Lesson in Fence..... 112

The *Zeughaus*—Statuary—German love of Liberty..... 128

A Visit to the Tomb of Louise and King William—Description of the Mausoleum—The *Thiergarten*—Beauties and Varieties of Scenery—Contemplation of Possible Duelistic Results..... 131

Berlin (*continued*)—The National Gallery—August Wittig's "Hagar and Ishmael"—Paul Otto's "Vestal"—Pedestals—Practicing..... 138

Berlin (*continued*)—Disappointments—The Challenge again, an Apologetic Settlement Refused—A Trip to Potsdam—Condition of the Workingman in Germany—In the Pleasure Garden of Prince William—Statuary—Sans-souci, the Residence of Frederick the Great—A German King not knowing how to Speak the German Tongue—At Church—Another Lesson..... 142

Day Appointed for the Duel—A Dream—Preparation for the Duel—The Duel—Antagonist Wounded—Congratulations and Invitations to Dine..... 148

PAGE

Dresden—How some Foreign Students Study—"Prestige"—In the Gallery—Albrecht Dürer's "Crucifixion"—Holbein's "Holy Family," or the "Jacob Meyer Madonna"—Ruben's "Herodias"—Albert Dürer's "Christ"—"Abraham Casting out Hagar"..... 152

Dresden Gallery (*continued*)—A Story—Copyists—Characters, Comments on Copyists—The Last of Lucy—The "Sistine Madonna"—Raphael *versus* Holbein—German Traits again..... 161

Crossing the Border—The Elbe—A Bohemian—Prague—Bohemians *versus* Germans—Some Clerical Salaries—The Force of Language, and the need of a Universal Tongue—A Latin Utopia—A Romantic Sweep—Books and Sausages—*Apologia Pro vita Sua*—Street Scenes—Jerome and Huss—Toleration of Creeds by Law *versus* Toleration by the People..... 171

Journeying to Vienna in Company with Emigrants to America—Sad Specimens of Humanity—Letter from Dr. Hoffman Concerning *Herr* Lippe..... 183

Vienna—Degraded Womanhood—The Belvidere—Boisterous Visitors—Looking for Jupiter—Dürer's "Trinity"—St. Stephen's Church—A Madonna that winks—A Funeral—Characteristics of the People—Vienna from the Top of an Omnibus—Social Life in Austria—A Pilgrimage..... 186

Leo X Grand March—Parade of Pilgrims—Crossing the Semmering Pass—*Herr* Weinbrunner's Vision—A Ghost Story..... 200

Trieste to Venice—First Night in Venice—Alone..... 207

Venice (*continued*)—Church of St. Mark—First Mass—Feeding the Pigeons—Place where the Doges were inducted into Office—Sansovino's Golden Stairs—Hall of the Great Council, *Salla dello Scrutimo*—Giant's Staircase—*Libraria Vecchia*—The Prison—Statue of Victor Emmanuel—Statue of Garibaldi—The People... 211

Venice (*continued*)—A Proposal of Marriage—In a Gondola—Pen and Ink Sketches of Old Masters—The Rialto—A Rialto Enthusiast.. 223

In a Gondola—Venetian Impressions—Florence—The Streets—Pitti Palace—The Deformities of the Great—Genius Independent of Environment—A Feather—Murillo's Madonna—Character of Italian Painting and Art—The Madonna of the Chair—Guido's Cleopatra—Bath of the Pittis—Italian Enchantment..... 233

Florence (*continued*)—Hearing Mass in the Cathedral of *Santa Maria del Fiora*—Mention of its Art Treasures—Dante's Seat—Celebration of the Birth of the Virgin—Street Customs—Absence of Shame—The Neptune Fountain—The Site of Savanorola's Martyrdom—Origin of the Name of Florence—A Non-Regretted Departure..... 246

PAGE

Rome—St. Peters—Greatness of its Proportions—Michael Angelo's "Pieta"—Confessionals for the World—Mass with only one Worshiper—The Monuments of St. Peter's—Mendicants in Mourning—The Daughter of Gustavus Adolphus..... 256

Rome (*continued*)—Remarks on Small Attendance at Mass and Rapidity and Lack of Reverence in Conducting the Service—The Vatican—The Sistine Chapel—An "Antique" Factory—Salon of the Ambassadors—The Logie Raphael—A Collection of Wonders—Raphael's "Transfiguration"—Wealth of the Pope—The Library—Papal Prohibitions and Restrictions..... 265

Evidence of Shakespeare having been in Rome(?)—The Hotel where he Remained—Discovering his Signature on a Window Pane..... 279

A Dream—Audience with the Pope—A Scheme for the Ransom of Ireland—The Corso—Trajan's Column—Cæsar's Rome—Architecture and Art—Approach to St. Peters—Cæsar's Palace—The Quirinal—The Tomb of Hadrian..... 285

Rome (*continued*)—Sociable Pilgrims—The Venetians—A Combination of Nature and Art—Doing Penance..... 302

Rome (*continued*)—The Corso—Ghetto or Jews' Quarters—The *Rota*—Rules under old *régime*—Religious Restrictions—Swiss Guards—Peculiarities of Roman Architecture—Street Scenes—Vegetable Venders—Baths of Caracalla—Abolition of Ghetto—Downfall of Temporal Power—Service of Hebrews to the State—Famous Hebrews..... 306

Young Italy—Giordano Bruno—Capuchin Cemetery—Catacombs—Photograph of the Pope—The Pantheon—The Bambino—The Pope Receives the Pilgrims—Strangers' Burying Ground—Graves of Keats, William Howitt, Severn, and the Heart of Shelley..... 321

A Visit by Night to the Coliseum—Gladiatorial Contests—Subsequent History of the Coliseum—The American Episcopal Church in Rome..... 336

Blessing Beads—Revisiting Celebrated Places—Clean Streets—Final Glimpses of Italy—Scenes on the way to Milan—Milan in Thirty Minutes—The Cathedral—Victor Emmanuel Arcade—Leonardo's and Cavour's Monuments—Lakes Orgnana and Como—The Alps—Chamouni—Lucerne—Thorwaldsen's Lion—Basle, Cathedral of—The Council of—Approaching Paris..... 343

Paris—In the Louvre—*Venus de Milo*—Characteristics of French Art—The Madeleine—Church of the Invalides..... 358

Paris (*continued*)—*Pere-la-Chaise*—Grave of Rossini—Alfred de Musset—Tomb of Thiers—French Sophistry—Graves of Fontaine, Fremont, Racine, Rouget, Talma, Jules Michelet 367

PAGE

Paris (*continued*)—*Place de la Concorde*—Voltaire—*Arc de Triomphe*—*Bois de Bologne*—Baruch Spinosa..... 377

Paris (*continued*)—Palace of the Tuileries—Catherine de Medici's Fête—Massacre of St. Bartholomew—The Huguenots—Ambrose Paré and the King—"The heart of Protestant Europe stood still"—Hôtel des Invalides—Entrance to the Tomb of Napoleon—The Pantheon—The Catacombs of Paris..... 385

Crossing from France—An Explosion in the English Channel—Return to London..... 395

London Fog—Different Views of London—College of Surgeons—Napoleon's Cancer—Polyglot again—Gretchen—Farewell..... 397

RAMBLES OF A PHYSICIAN:

OR,

A Midsummer Dream.

BY

A GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Daß mein Buch, sagt mir mein Muth,
Noch ganz böse, noch ganz gut.
Kommen drüber arge Fliegen
Bleibt gewiß Gesundes liegen,
Und das Faule findet man;
Kommen aber Bienen dran,
Wird das Faule leicht vermieden,
Und Gesundes abgeschieden.—Logau.

"Letters which are warmly sealed, are often but coldly opened.—*Richter.*

Je veux, que l' on soit homme, et qu'en toute rencontre
Le fond de notre coeur dans nos discours se montre,
Que ce soit lui qui parle et que nos sentiments,
Ne se masquent jamais sous de vains compliments.—*Molière.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. II.

"**Rambles of a Physician**" will not be for sale in book stores, but will be sent prepaid on receipt of price.
Address DUNLAP & CLARKE, PRINTERS, 817-21 FILBERT ST., PHILA.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1889, by
MATTHEW WOODS, M.D.,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VOL. II.

PAGE

Cologne—The Cathedral—Church of St. Ursula, and the Story of the Eleven Thousand Virgins—Treasury containing Relics—Museum of Paintings—St. Francis of Assisi..... 1

Bonn—Birthplace of Beethoven—Account of the Life of Niebuhr—The Rhine—Distinguished Brothers—Extracts from the Lives of the Grimm Brothers—Baron Bunsen—A Trip on the Rhine—Tourists..... 7

Coblentz—Church of the Jesuits—The Schloss—Church of St. Castor, where Charlemagne Divided his Empire—Historic Fountain Erected by Napoleon—Village of Ehrenbreitstein, with its Fortress—Out-door Life of the Germans..... 16

On the Rhine, from Coblentz to Mayence, the "Castle Crags of Drachenfels"—Introduction to a Strange Life—Places of Note—The Story of Conrad and Heinrich—Mouse Tower and Story of Bishop Hatto—A Rat Tale—Mr. Polyglot's History..... 19

Mayence—The Yearly Fair—In the Cathedral—Johannes Guttenberg (Gänsfleisch)—Lost and Found—About Vocabularies..... 34

Frankfort-on-the-Main—The Judengasse where the Rothschilds were Born—The Jews—Haunts of Bonusus—Birthplace of Goethe..... 38

"Goethe at Home"—Meeting of Lavater and Goethe—A German Sabbath—German Politeness—Comments on the Country—Landscape Gardening, German Glimpses—Arrival at Weimar..... 40

Weimar—Goethe's House, description of the various Rooms, Statuary, Furniture, Decorations, Collection of Medals, Medallions, Pictures, Glass Bust of Napoleon—New Church yard where Goethe and Schiller are Buried—Grave of Charlotte Von Stein, Goethe's Friend—Traits of Character of Eckermann..... 48

Berlin—Letters from Home—Getting Acquainted..... 58

Berlin (*continued*)—Unter den Linden—Rauch's Statue of Frederick the Great—An Arcade—Brandenburg Gate, Statue of Victory..... 62

PAGE

Berlin (*continued*)—The Museum—The Acropolis of Pergamon—Antiques—Statuary and Plaster Casts—Germany's Art Treasures—The Praying Boy..... 68

The Museum (*continued*)—"Boy Extracting Thorn from his Foot"—Collection of Coins, Medallions, etc.—Kaulbach's Frescoes—Magnificence of the Royal Museum..... 73

Calling on a Friend—Change of Residence—Royal Museum—Drawings by Michael Angelo, Titian, Dürer—Attention paid by Public Officials to Visitors—A Lost Boy..... 80

Berlin (*continued*)—Visit to the Church of St. Nicholas—Return to Royal Museum—The Artists of Holland and Belgium—Pictures by Cranach, Martin Schönganer—Holbein's "Adam and Eve."..... 85

Household Gods—Pictures of Oliver Goldsmith, Martin Luther, and others—Climate, Condition of Streets in Berlin—Prince Blucher's Palace—Unter den Linden—Manners and Customs of the German People—Beer Drinking—German Sunday—The Theatre—National Traits..... 90

A Berlin Breakfast—Feeding the Sparrows—The many Parks and Squares—Manner of Repairing the Streets—In the Museum again—Pictures by Rubens, Hubert, Jean Van Eck, Holbein, Dürer, Van der Weyden, Rembrandt, Franz Hals—Raphael's Madonna.. 103

Streets of Berlin—Meeting with former Companions—Effect of Reading Goethe—The *Austellung* and its Wonders—An American Pandora—A Social Invitation—"Nathan the Wise"—Story of the Three Rings—An Unconscious Insult—A Challenge, naming Seconds—First Lesson in Fence..... 112

The *Zeughaus*—Statuary—German love of Liberty..... 128

A Visit to the Tomb of Louise and King William—Description of the Mausoleum—The *Thiergarten*—Beauties and Varieties of Scenery—Contemplation of Possible Duelistic Results..... 131

Berlin (*continued*)—The National Gallery—August Wittig's "Hagar and Ishmael"—Paul Otto's "Vestal"—Pedestals—Practicing..... 138

Berlin (*continued*)—Disappointments—The Challenge again, an Apologetic Settlement Refused—A Trip to Potsdam—Condition of the Workingman in Germany—In the Pleasure Garden of Prince William—Statuary—Sans-souci, the Residence of Frederick the Great—A German King not knowing how to Speak the German Tongue—At Church—Another Lesson..... 142

Day Appointed for the Duel—A Dream—Preparation for the Duel—The Duel—Antagonist Wounded—Congratulations and Invitations to Dine..... 148

PAGE

Dresden—How some Foreign Students Study—"Prestige"—In the Gallery—Albrecht Dürer's "Crucifixion"—Holbein's "Holy Family," or the "Jacob Meyer Madonna"—Ruben's "Herodias"—Albert Dürer's "Christ"—"Abraham Casting out Hagar"..... 152

Dresden Gallery (*continued*)—A Story—Copyists—Characters, Comments on Copyists—The Last of Lucy—The "Sistine Madonna"—Raphael *versus* Holbein—German Traits again..... 161

Crossing the Border—The Elbe—A Bohemian—Prague—Bohemians *versus* Germans—Some Clerical Salaries—The Force of Language, and the need of a Universal Tongue—A Latin Utopia—A Romantic Sweep—Books and Sausages—*Apologia Pro vita Sua*—Street Scenes—Jerome and Huss—Toleration of Creeds by Law *versus* Toleration by the People..... 171

Journeying to Vienna in Company with Emigrants to America—Sad Specimens of Humanity—Letter from Dr. Hoffman Concerning *Herr* Lippe..... 183

Vienna—Degraded Womanhood—The Belvidere—Boisterous Visitors—Looking for Jupiter—Dürer's "Trinity"—St. Stephen's Church—A Madonna that winks—A Funeral—Characteristics of the People—Vienna from the Top of an Omnibus—Social Life in Austria—A Pilgrimage..... 186

Leo X Grand March—Parade of Pilgrims—Crossing the Semmering Pass—*Herr* Weinbrunner's Vision—A Ghost Story..... 200

Trieste to Venice—First Night in Venice—Alone..... 207

Venice (*continued*)—Church of St. Mark—First Mass—Feeding the Pigeons—Place where the Doges were inducted into Office—Sansovino's Golden Stairs—Hall of the Great Council, *Salla dello Scrutimo*—Giant's Staircase—*Libraria Vecchia*—The Prison—Statue of Victor Emmanuel—Statue of Garibaldi—The People... 211

Venice (*continued*)—A Proposal of Marriage—In a Gondola—Pen and Ink Sketches of Old Masters—The Rialto—A Rialto Enthusiast.. 223

In a Gondola—Venetian Impressions—Florence—The Streets—Pitti Palace—The Deformities of the Great—Genius Independent of Environment—A Feather—Murillo's Madonna—Character of Italian Painting and Art—The Madonna of the Chair—Guido's Cleopatra—Bath of the Pittis—Italian Enchantment..... 233

Florence (*continued*)—Hearing Mass in the Cathedral of *Santa Maria del Fiora*—Mention of its Art Treasures—Dante's Seat—Celebration of the Birth of the Virgin—Street Customs—Absence of Shame—The Neptune Fountain—The Site of Savanorola's Martyrdom—Origin of the Name of Florence—A Non-Regretted Departure..... 246

PAGE

Rome—St. Peters—Greatness of its Proportions—Michael Angelo's "Pieta"—Confessionals for the World—Mass with only one Worshiper—The Monuments of St. Peter's—Mendicants in Mourning—The Daughter of Gustavus Adolphus..... 256

Rome (*continued*)—Remarks on Small Attendance at Mass and Rapidity and Lack of Reverence in Conducting the Service—The Vatican—The Sistine Chapel—An "Antique" Factory—Salon of the Ambassadors—The Logie Raphael—A Collection of Wonders—Raphael's "Transfiguration"—Wealth of the Pope—The Library—Papal Prohibitions and Restrictions..... 265

Evidence of Shakespeare having been in Rome(?)—The Hotel where he Remained—Discovering his Signature on a Window Pane..... 279

A Dream—Audience with the Pope—A Scheme for the Ransom of Ireland—The Corso—Trajan's Column—Cæsar's Rome—Architecture and Art—Approach to St. Peters—Cæsar's Palace—The Quirinal—The Tomb of Hadrian..... 285

Rome (*continued*)—Sociable Pilgrims—The Venetians—A Combination of Nature and Art—Doing Penance..... 302

Rome (*continued*)—The Corso—Ghetto or Jews' Quarters—The *Rota*—Rules under old *régime*—Religious Restrictions—Swiss Guards—Peculiarities of Roman Architecture—Street Scenes—Vegetable Venders—Baths of Caracalla—Abolition of Ghetto—Downfall of Temporal Power—Service of Hebrews to the State—Famous Hebrews..... 306

Young Italy—Giordano Bruno—Capuchin Cemetery—Catacombs—Photograph of the Pope—The Pantheon—The Bambino—The Pope Receives the Pilgrims—Strangers' Burying Ground—Graves of Keats, William Howitt, Severn, and the Heart of Shelley..... 321

A Visit by Night to the Coliseum—Gladiatorial Contests—Subsequent History of the Coliseum—The American Episcopal Church in Rome..... 336

Blessing Beads—Revisiting Celebrated Places—Clean Streets—Final Glimpses of Italy—Scenes on the way to Milan—Milan in Thirty Minutes—The Cathedral—Victor Emmanuel Arcade—Leonardo's and Cavour's Monuments—Lakes Orgnana and Como—The Alps—Chamouni—Lucerne—Thorwaldsen's Lion—Basle, Cathedral of—The Council of—Approaching Paris..... 343

Paris—In the Louvre—*Venus de Milo*—Characteristics of French Art—The Madeleine—Church of the Invalides..... 358

Paris (*continued*)—*Pere-la-Chaise*—Grave of Rossini—Alfred de Musset—Tomb of Thiers—French Sophistry—Graves of Fontaine, Fremont, Racine, Rouget, Talma, Jules Michelet 367

PAGE

Paris (*continued*)—*Place de la Concorde*—Voltaire—*Arc de Triomphe*—*Bois de Bologne*—Baruch Spinosa..... 377

Paris (*continued*)—Palace of the Tuileries—Catherine de Medici's Fête—Massacre of St. Bartholomew—The Huguenots—Ambrose Paré and the King—"The heart of Protestant Europe stood still"—Hôtel des Invalides—Entrance to the Tomb of Napoleon—The Pantheon—The Catacombs of Paris..... 385

Crossing from France—An Explosion in the English Channel—Return to London..... 395

London Fog—Different Views of London—College of Surgeons—Napoleon's Cancer—Polyglot again—Gretchen—Farewell..... 397

COLOGNE, August 9, 1887.

„Baut immerhin Paläste auf
Laßt Säulen sich zum Himmel strecken,
Mit Brücken hemmt der Ströme Lauf,
Laßt Schachten tief den Abgrund wecken,
Ist's doch nur Handewerk, und nicht
Der Geist, der Hohn den Zeiten spricht."

THEODOR HELL.

„Und wenn die Römer groß genug waren, so etwas zu erdichten, so sollen wir wenigstens groß genug sein daran zu glauben."—Gespräche mit Göthe.

ECKERMANN.

IN the Cathedral of Cologne, "The grandest gothic building in the world," a house of worship that took six hundred and thirty-two years to build! The service of the mass has just been concluded, to every part of which, from the arrest in the garden to the great burst of triumph, indicating the completed work, I was a devout listener. What a noble service! what a splendid place! How soothing and exhilarating the chanting of the robed priests; how significant the burning incense, with its burst of odorous clouds ascending higher and higher—above the altar, beyond the saints—past the patriarchs—obscuring the heavenly hosts, mounting higher and still higher until lost in the central light, and it is gone; then the *wailing* bell, telling that the cross with its bleeding victim is being lifted up, at which, as if in penitence and shame, every head is bowed; then the terrific dying agony—solemn—intensely sad, but without a groan, followed by the hallelujah, "It is finished," and he gives up the ghost. The veil of the temple is rent and graves surrender their dead!—What a heart-rending tragedy has been in pantomime enacted before our enraptured vision—accompanied with music that indeed dissolved us into ecstacies and brought all heaven before our eyes—I am dumb, surrounded by the splendors of this house; I am the merest pigmy, not fit to look upon so much sublimity. How then can I tell you of what is here, the mammoth-clustered columns reach-

ing to heaven, encrusted with life-size enraptured martyrs, the storied windows, the devout and still kneeling worshipers, the sheeted and crowned effigies of saints; the distances and grace, all pressing upon me and by their very multitude weigh me down—contract me—until my mind is a mere point of admiration for the whole glorious throng; and the place is to me more than the very gate of heaven—it is the dwelling-place of the Most High. The concluding silence of the great spectacle is over, the people are coming out; I shall now go up one of the four aisles of the nave, with arches one hundred and forty-five feet high, as I wish to see the curious transept and the fourteenth century apostles in the choir. I walk around full of admiration until I come across a painted group at the dead Christ, with pierced side and oozing blood, surrounded by eight women and men in despair. In turning I am confronted by a Madonna, draped in jewels and gold—a number of stupid but clean and devout-looking women are praying around her. Isn't it strange that after Cork, Killarney, and Dublin, you are surprised when you see a clean person in a church. I notice a number of little wax love-tokens, or whatever they are, hung by the devout about her skirts, such as human arms and legs, babies, also cows, pigs, bulls, etc. We cross to the other side; a number of people are assembled around a painted bust of a young tonsured martyr, St. Lawrence—in one hand the palm of martyrdom, in the other the gridiron on which he was roasted; on the table in front of him are two burning candles and a large plate filled with small coin, and in a cylindrical glass reliquary the few bones that remained after his incineration, A. D. 258. I am interested in these fragments of bone, bits of ribs, a part of a femur, os humerus, and a few splinters. In the breast of the figure is a little quatrefoil window, looking through which you can see, not the heart of the saint but the bones of the skull; around him are many women on their knees, but I am prevented from further inspection by a boy who comes, and without ceremony, picks up the saint and putting him on his shoulder, carries him, together with the glass reliquary and the large silver plate, now filled with coin, into one of the adjoining rooms, at the door of which a robed priest watches and waits—what a revenue these bones must bring. I would judge that

St. Lawrence, like a great many of us, is worth more dead than alive; wrinkled old creatures were mumbling around him and rubbing their beads over the glass that covered the remains, then held them to their inflamed eyes; others kissed the glass; but, furtively, as if not allowed, and others—young girls soon to be mothers, held their hands and handkerchiefs to the reliquary, rubbing them with a crucial motion over their foreheads and breasts as they went away. I did not enter the Chapel of the Three Kings, containing the bones of the Magi, carried by the Empress Helena to Constantinople, thence to Milan, and presented by Barbarossa to the Archbishop of Cologne in 1164; nor was I particular about seeing where the heart of Maria de Medici lay in state, who, from being Queen of France, is said to have died as she deserved, in utter destitution, in a hayloft in Cologne. From the church to the shop across the way, for a picture of my hero, Martin Luther—we found him peacefully reclining between Torquemada and St. Francis of Assisi, paid for him and came away.

* * * * * * * * *

The church of St. Ursula is our destination now. You must know that I have been attempting Flams and Hollandish for the past seven days, and that to-day I have begun German. Have not had the least difficulty in getting along, thanks to my troubled days and sleepless nights, but I feel as if my mouth had grown so large in consequence of fatiguing efforts that, as a prophylactic against further distension, I must say when not in company, like a pupil of Mrs. General "Prisms Plumbs," you can imagine us, therefore, a couple of Scotchmen, this time, on our way to osseous Ursula's, stepping, to the tune of plumbs prisms, prisms plumbs, until we bump against the padded door of the bone-decorated church, which flies open, and we are in. Before proceeding further, I will sit down under the shadow of this arch to have a little biographical chat with you and the children, about the unfortunate princess and her eleven thousand maids who preferred death to dishonor. You will remember that early in the Christian era Christianity had spread to Britain, where many of the finest people adopted the religion of Christ. After the Roman Conquest, and most of the Romans had returned, these

early Christians were very much persecuted by the warlike and savage Picts and Scots. The Christians in their distress called to their assistance the Anglo Saxons. They landed in 449, were successful in driving the barbarians from the South, but when they, the Saxons, saw the beauty and fertility of the land, they decided to remain and possess it themselves, in consequence of which decision, a dreadful fate was in store for the Christian inhabitants who had called them over. They were treated with the greatest cruelty, subjected to disgrace, and driven from their homes to seek refuge in other lands. Among these exiles were many young women, daughters of those who had been killed in the war; and one of these of royal blood, one who surpassed the others in piety, intelligence, virtue, and nobility of birth, was Ursula. She was the leader of her friends, and seems to have been honored by them as their head. She, with her companions, were obliged to find refuge in flight, their destination the Christian city of Cologne, where these British fugitives were received with great kindness, and the royal virgin Ursula was honored by all. She soon became to the women and maidens here as at home, a model of every Christian grace; but she did not enjoy peace even here very long, for the Huns under their King Attila invaded the land, besieged Cologne, then a fortified city, and took it by storm, when was repeated what always happens when barbarians take a town—viz., the men were put to death, and the young women and maidens were lead to the outside of the city in front of the camp, where they were distributed as booty to the soldiers—given up to slavery and dishonor. Among them we find Ursula and her maids, but she; even in this terrible situation, sustained the courage of her companions, numbering about eleven thousand all told. As in the days of peace she had been the leader, not only of her countrywomen, but also the women of Cologne, so now in their hour of great affliction and dread she was their strength and stay. By her resignation and constancy, by her enthusiasm and ardent encouragement, she inspired the whole company with the heroism of dying rather than submit to what they had been assigned. When the Huns, enraged by their constancy, with the fury of wild beasts put them to death, Ursula fell, struck by an arrow aimed specially at her, and died with her lips uttering en-

couraging words and her hands pointing them to their heavenly reward. Over the place where she fell stands the church where I now am, and after fifteen hundred years write this inadequate account to you; and built into its walls and filling its tombs and *ornamenting!* its most sacred places are the virgins' bones.

Now let us take a walk around, that we may verify for ourselves what we have just heard. We stand in "The Treasury," with its ornamentation, surely unlike anything ever before known, for they have used the skeletons of the unfortunate, or rather fortunate, virginal host, to decorate the walls. Near the ceiling, fastened in the plaster, is a wide frieze of human bones, arranged in symmetrical figures around the room, and the pigeon-holed wainscoting beneath contains multitudes of skulls, the lower part of the head enveloped in velvet capsules or bags, richly ornamented with pearls and embroidery of gold. Here is the small foot of St. Ursula, in a beautifully-engraved casket of ivory, with some of the flesh still on it, but as dry as a bone; over yonder is her skull. Here is a reliquary of wonderful workmanship and beauty, containing all that remains of St. Hippolytus, who suffered martyrdom under Alexander Severus, in the third century; the head of St. Artherius, adorned with pearls, is here; the fractured skull of St. Christiana, stained with blood; the head of St. Pantalus, scarred with a sword; the jaw bone of St. Altheus, showing that the director of the collection was not an anatomist or he would never have been so liberal as to give a dead saint two upper jaw bones. There is also in this remarkable collection the arrow that killed St. Ursula, thorns from Christ's crown, one of the six vessels used at the feast of Cana of Galilee, where water was turned into wine; and St. Ursula's hair net, and the chains with which St. Peter was bound—after a reverend examination of which we make our exit from the room of wonders, which inspires both veneration and awe. We make the circuit of the church that has come down from Roman times, presenting the architectural peculiarities of the period, but decorated in every available place with bones, and near the altar are openings in the masonry covered with glass, showing the hollow walls filled with osseous human remains. Each pay a mark and a half to the sacristan for opening "The Treasury;" he bows us austerely

to the street and says "*au revoir*," and we are off. * * * In the Museum: There are many fine modern pictures here, among them Richter's "Köngin Louise," but no more beautiful than the little copy hanging by the sitting-room book-case. How I wish I was with it now. We pass rapidly through rooms full of crucifixions—St. Veronica's, and the like, done in the Gothic style—pictures, that now being surfeited, I would willingly escape; and yet here I find myself riveted in front of a specimen of this monastic art, executed in the same barbarous mode. It is a "Francis of Assisi receiving the Stigmata," that is, the marks said to be supernaturally impressed upon the bodies of certain persons in imitation of the wounds on the crucified body of Christ. The stigmata of St. Francis was, and is still, much blazoned by his followers; this picture represents the way it was done: A putty-like landscape, consisting of a hill, Monte Alverno, like a large loaf done too brown, out of which are projecting a few cast-iron trees; at the base of the loaf, with a lump of uncooked dough at his feet, meant for a rock, is kneeling a barefooted, tonsured monk, clad in gray, the expression on his pale face is fanatical resignation, as he holds his hands for the reception of the sacred mark. He is in ecstacy, with anxious pleading, yet intently interested—triumphant countenance—looking into space. Words are not capable of telling of the subdued frenzy, fatuity, contracted strength, and alienation of that poor, emaciated soul. How he puzzles and distresses you! How you feel your heart going out in sympathy to the solitary and deluded man! And yet the next moment you are convinced that he needs neither your sympathy nor prayers, for that he—the favorite of heaven—is even now receiving the greatest honor bestowed upon man, for in the leaden clouds overhead is Jesus, as a "seraph,"—a red cross with wings, on which is fastened a winged image of Jesus—from his feet, hands, and wounded sides are emitted burning rays, which impinge against the same parts of St. Francis, making frightful sores—the livid flesh contracting around the piercing, rusty nails—a congested, bluish aureola with margin of excoriating pus, looking like a surgical specimen in wax, more repulsive than the real, and making you feel that the accumulated virulency of many sores were in these two. Just behind the saint sits another monk, with woe-begone yet

resolute countenance, looking as if capable of any suffering for conscience sake; on the left of the picture is St. Francis again, preaching to the birds; and on the right he is shown as having so influenced a wolf by his humility and tenderness that he (the wolf) ever after, lives in peace with fowl, and lives on roots and grain—a strangely-handled subject, and a strange subject you will say; but having much true piety under its crude exterior, as everything connected with the extraordinary founder of the Franciscans must have. "Of all the saints," says Dean Milman, "St. Francis was the most blameless and gentle." I have not time to say more about this remarkable collection, but I am making jottings on the margin of my *Fuhrer* that we will refer to together when at home. * * * I have been through the streets and in many of the shops of this *wondershön* city—itstead of its being a city, as in the days of Coleridge, with 500 distinct smells, it is as clean and well managed as London—in other words its management is German—and the air is redolent with the odor of flowers, and although I have seen already at least six of the "only original shops where the genuine Eau de Cologne is sold," I have patronized none, for anything that would change the odor of the pure air of even its narrowest streets would be a desecration.

BONN, August 10, 1887.

„Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?
So nenne endlich mir das Land!
So weit die deutsche Zunge klingt
Und Gott im Himmel Lieder singt.
Das soll es sein,
Das, wack'rer Deutscher, nenne dein!"
ARNDT.

THIS morning, at nine, we rolled out of sunny Cologne, and after an hour of pleasant travel through a country with many of the characteristics of Holland, flat, green, and smiling with fertility, we are in Bonn—the birthplace of Beethoven, the grave of Niebuhr, and the town of the University; which has suggested to me that perhaps a great deal of the superiority

that Germany is said to possess over other countries might be attributed to the fact that while they have "cathedral towns," "manufacturing towns," "seaport towns," "railroad towns," and "antediluvian towns," Germany has "university towns" —ganglions of special sense on the body politic, that transmits the accumulated wisdom of the past as well as the latest results of recent research to all its parts. I have just enjoyed a delightful hour in one of her many book stores, with its world of ancient and modern books, and a pleasant walk through narrow and winding streets, terminating on the green bank of her great stream, where I now sit on an elevated fastness enclosed by a battlement of stone—cannon to right of me, cannon to left of me. Behind me the bronze monument, on a pedestal of granite, to Ernest Moritz Arndt; in front the brown outline of the Siebengebirge and the village of Beuel, and away down at my feet the pea-green water of the noble Rhine—the artery through which flows the life-blood of the Kaiserthum. I greet you with my heart, grand stream! Not only great yourself, but the cause of greatness in others; not only because of what you are, but what you suggest. Your gloomy traditions and romantic legends—your history, whose infancy was rocked in the cradle of the Neibelungenlieders and soothed into dreamy and inspiring romance by the sweet cadences of Minnesingers—perpetuated by "Hyperion" and emphasized by "The Pilgrims of the Rhine"—are as fresh and green to-day in the memory of the tourist upon your water, and the people who live on your winding shores, as they were when Siegfried killed the dragon and Hildegarde took the veil when she heard that her Roland was slaughtered in Spain. How appropriate it was for the people who know you to have placed your poet laureate, Arndt, with his honest face looking out on your rippling billows and graceful hills, his hands extended, as if to talk forever about your ruined castles and verdant fields—your heroines and knights!

* * * * * * * * *

I have drifted from the Rhine to the cemetery of "The Old Church" and stand in front of the bronze profile of "Aug: Wilh: Von Schlegel," poet, romancist, critic, and dramatic enthusiast —one of the discoverers of Shakespeare, and from whose translations, together with those of Tieck and Wieland, the

people of the Fatherland are enabled to appreciate the genius of *our* countryman of Stratford; for Shakespeare *is* ours, if we love him, appropriate him, and are influenced by what he has done. Besides, all good men are Americans; Shakespeare was a good man—Shakespeare was an American. Schlegel was a Professor of History in the University of Bonn, devoting himself especially to the fine arts and philological research, translating everything, including Sanscrit and Calderon, into his native tongue. On the stone over his grave is simply his name with the date of his birth and death—in as few letters as possible, too: "Geb: den 5 Sept. 1767. Gest: den 12 Mai 1845." I rest my paper on the cast-iron railing that encloses four spruce and a palm together with his grave, and as I look into the features that spoke such pungent and felicitous prelections, in which surely no man was more expert than he, I am reminded of some face that we have at home. Whose can it be? I know—Emerson's—they look enough alike to have been twins; not twins in thought, though, for as various as the sands of the sea was the author of "Arion," "Pygmalion," and "Ion" and the Philosopher of Concord—"the only great man," says Carlyle, "that America has produced." As I stand here by the remains of this German savant, whose life was a constant succession of struggles and triumphs, jealousies and strifes, Memory—in gratitude for his "Vorlesungen über dramatische Kunst und Literatur"—with the mantle of charity covers the folly of the last, because of the wisdom and scholarship of the first.

Is it not peculiar the number of distinguished *brothers* that have been produced by our brethren in Germany? The translator of Shakespeare had one—Karl Wilhelm Fredrich Von Schlegel, also illustrious as a philologist and critic—both ennobled—permitted to use the sacred *Von* before their names, because of their scholarship and intellectual worth; and then, you know, Alexander Von Humboldt was the brother of the equally famous in letters, William; and everybody knows of the brothers Grimm, linguists, professors at Göttingen and Berlin, who wrote in conjunction the "Fairy Tales" (*Kinder und Hausmärchen*), and "Legends" (*Deutchen Sagen*), by which they are best known to us, and that no child, from ninety years down, could help but enjoy, even if the heroes, contrary to our

notions of even the heroes of fairy stories do occasionally tell lies. In 1852, these distinguished brothers began to write their much talked of "Wörterbuch;"—ten years after, when they died, they hadn't got as far as C! The German language is rich, indeed! it gives you five hundred words to express a thought that you can tell in ten, and that's of no use when told! but to return to these German brotherhoods that are truly sacred, what two are more genuinely noble than the brothers Grimm? William married, but Jacob single; ever remaining in the family of his brother, where as a second father he was revered. They lived together from childhood to their death, without the slightest ripple in the smooth current of their appreciation and love. Beautiful in their lives, in their death not divided. Who that has ever read Wilhelm Scherer's picture of them at work, can ever forget this unostentatious pair. Herman, the author of "A Life of Michael Angelo," and Raphael, and also "Goethe and his Times,"—a splendid work, nobly translated into English by Sarah Holland Adams, was William's son. These, besides a great many of the minor writers of Germany, who if not brothers or sisters, were fathers, mothers, or cousins; as if genius, like trade in the fatherland, ran in families. But I find myself garrulous, instead of reverent, by Schlegel's grave, and in consequence depart. From here to the spot where rests the bones of the magnanimous Baron Bunsen, surrounded by his children, is but a few steps, the white aristocratic profile of the great man looks towards my right as I stand under the spreading branches of a friendly fir that grows at the feet of his little daughter, Ella, who died in her fourth year. How eloquent of faith in God is this whole space, devoted to the remains of the *freundshaft* of this eulogizer of Luther and friend of learned men. I shall translate from the headstones, so that you may feel with me profound religiousness of the German heart—the unity of Christian sects—the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. From Ella's headstone: "Honor thou God in the highest." From Ida's: "My daughter, must I not for thee a resting-place seek, that with thee it may be well?" Arnold's cenotaph: "Born, 18th October, 1864, in England; died, 31st July, 1866. In England buried." "Ask thou if it goes well with him." "They speak it goes well;" and on his

own: "*Lasset uns wandeln im Lichte des Ewigen*" (Let us walk in the light of the Everlasting).

But there are still others here to see, and I say: Farewell, great shadow of departed worth, your Christian resignation has impressed me in a way that shall not soon be effaced. His wife, Frances Waddington, who died in 1876, in Carlsruhe, was removed here and lies by his side. * * * I have just plucked a few flowers for the herbarium from the spot made sacred by the remains of Schiller's wife and his oldest son, whose last words were "a grave by the side of my mother"—a white rose grown on the spot shall be forever a memorial of filial affection and love. Bertholdt George Niebuhr, who came into the world with our Declaration, and went out in 1831; born in Copenhagen; educated in Göttingen and Edinburgh; entered the civil service of Denmark, as Secretary, under Schimmelmann: resigned because of his hatred of Napoleon, then agitating the minds of Germany, when he entered the Prussian service; was present at the battle of Jena, and shared the vicissitudes that befel his chief, Count Hardenberg. He afterwards gave a course of lectures at the University of Berlin, making known the results of the theory that he applied to the elucidation of obscure historical evidence—showing himself one of the most original and philosophical historians of modern times; afterwards Prussian Ambassador at the Papal Court; subsequently resident and lecturer at Bonn, where, in 1831, he died. He, who could conjure in a moment before his mind's eye, the history of all lands and unfolded the development and decline of Rome, as if it was an illuminated, although blotted scroll, is represented here on a panel in high relief, as a philosopher in Roman garb. He holds by the *right* hand a woman of large proportions, but symmetrical to grace—is looking modestly into her handsome, expressive face. The eighth chapter, eighth verse of one of the "doubtful books" —The Wisdom of Solomon, engraved with many other scriptural and classical quotations in various parts of the monument, as if it was a page from Burton's Anatomy, may explain his attitude: "Wisdom have I sought and loved from my youth up, and have thought to take her for my bride, for I have won her *beautiful* love." Talking about the Doubtful Books, reminds me that the Apocrypha are always included in the

Bible in Germany, though not for authority. They were retained, and under St. Jerome's name, too, in Luther's translation. What a pity that they were so effectually rejected from our King James' version; that our people generally know nothing about them, and they are not reinstated in the revised edition, either—for "example of life and instruction of manners," not necessarily for doctrine. They have a charming repose and dignity about them, which I think it would be well to see cultivated. What if they were repudiated in A. D. 360 by the Council of Laodicea. The Council of Carthage, in A. D. 397, began the restoration to favor, that was concluded in the middle of the Sixteenth Century, by the Council of Trent. Everybody that reads ought to read the Apocrypha; especially the First Book of Maccabees, Tobias, Ezra, and the Book of Jesus, the Son of Sirach; also, The Book of Wisdom, the crowning glory of all. I have seen to-day, passages from these Doubtful Books inscribed upon two other gravestones besides that on the tomb of Niebuhr. This reappearance, in a strange place, of the faces of friends, has caused this little estuary of protest to bubble out from the monotonous stream of my narrative, and which, standing here by the grave of one of the most profound thinkers and historians of modern times, has induced me to move that the Apocryphal Books be sandwiched again between our Old and New Testament, as of yore. If you are in favor of the motion, you will please signify the same by saying, aye! But—I return to Niebuhr. A well-conceived head of Jesus, crowned with thorns, adds to the beauty of the monument. I remove three leaves of ivy from the tomb as a memorial of this union of wisdom, enthusiasm and faith, and turn to the point of my next visit, the grave of Schumann the composer. * * * I have been roaming everywhere in this beautiful yard—God's acre—the church's court, blazing as it is with the bloom of flowers, and in many places startling, because of its life-like statues of stone, but a trace of Schumann I cannot find; not a vestige of this concocter of harmonies who has not only waned, but become invisible. My sole resort is to attempt to harmonize my disappointed expectations by gathering flowers among the graves—violets and daisies, ranunculus, oxalis and phlox—as notes in the "Cantata" of his flower-strewn life, for the world

was his "Paradise," Clara Wieck his "Peri," and to be mentioned as the inventor, with Richard Wagner, of "The Music of the Future," his earthly reward. * * * I am lost for the fiftieth time since my detachment from the apron-string of my Omphala, in Philadelphia, but what care I, when the songs of the goldfinch and thrush are in the air, the beauties of nature and the sad memorials of friendship all around. On the grass, under the tremulous boughs of a protecting tree, I prostrate myself with the dead

> "At (my) head a green grass turf,
> At (my) heels a stone."

and can imagine a reversal of the classic legend—that I have become a statue, amazed by the peculiarities of my new state, surprised by the unsusceptibility of my stony companions, wondering how they remain untouched by the "separation of friends, dissolutions of amities, nuptials, breaches, and I know not what," that occur under their *open* eyes every day; but as it is now two o'clock, the boat for Mayence leaves at five, and as before which I wish to go through the University of Bonn, with its library of 250,000 books, I take my leave. Spirit of Samson be my guide! for the feat is greater than carrying the gates of Gaza, "And is not thy servant a little man." * * *

Can you believe it? I am on the Rhine! Can't you feel the motion of the ship, and hear the rippling of the falling spray? Can you not see the forests and fields shelving to the pebbly shore, people strolling by the white margin of the great stream—the wind-riven sides of the Siebengebirge—in reality nine—castles and steamers—the storm-defying poplars waving their proud heads in the clear air—the precipitous cliffs,—the mammoth ruin of the mythical "grotto,"—and over all the vault of blue frescoed with moving billows of fluffy grey, the sun behind a translucent veil, softening and enhancing the glorious scene. Lieber Gott! how sublime the brilliant array! How multitudinous the ways by which bliss is administered to the sons of men! Towers, temples, and villas, encircled in living green; yellow, undulating fields rippling like the waves of a golden sea, until they strike against the lower rim of the blue-green dome; and over-head, piercing the clouds and stand-

ing apparently upon inaccessible heights, the ruins of ancient fastnesses, whose bleached and corroded ribs have been acted upon by centuries of sunshine and storm—not a wharf to interrupt the beauty of the shore—the people landing in small boats. But in what company are we making this voyage of delight. Let me see—over there sits a bevy of young ladies, voraciously devouring a Bedeker, their life for the present alternating between a bite and a stare. I shall go over and see who they are, and if agreeable talk by the way. Their guide-book is written in the language of Lessing. Good! I will speak by and by; but here comes the griffin-like chaperon with stony looks concentrated into one expression. "Avaunt!" I am repulsed; caused to make a precipitous retreat, with my resolution melted into thin air, leaving not a wreck behind, for which I am sorry. Over yonder is another group—three young girls in black, with a delicate, fatherly-looking gentleman, his straw hat banded with crepe. I move toward them, and see that his book with green binding and title in red is printed in Italian, and gives a detailed description, with illustrations, of the attractions of the noble river. His daughter, which he has called Laura, is next me. I instinctively think of Petrarch, and like a big spider sit down beside her, when a horribly-decrepid old ruin with ivy festooned about it in rags coming into sight, she flits as her predecessor did from Petrarch —and I think with the melancholy man, *Dolci durezze e placide repulse*—leaving me alone, and I turn my back on the old rattle-trap of a place in solferino and yellow, with trimming of green, and wait—for their shawls are here and they are bound to return. But here comes a party of three—a young man with spectacles, a field glass—and pair of tortuous ladies in steel grey—like spirals of two strands—one on each arm. No, *they* won't do; they have too many buttons on their gloves. Thus they come and go, sight-seers from every point of the compass, "more like a dream than an assurance," until we are under the shadow of a basaltic mountain. What can it be? It looks—its laminations, fluted sides, with pillared octagons—like a giants' causeway. "What's the name of that mountain?" I ask. "Erpel, sir." "And that snake-like creature winding up its side to thrust its head into the cavern at the top, what's that?" "Oh, that's the railway, sir, that runs into its centre.

You know there is a mine in it, sir; even now thousands of men are hammering away at its iron ribs, and blasting its heart, which is indeed much harder than stone."

It is like enchantment and paralyses speech traveling on this noble stream; I realize now that no writer ever has nor can do it justice.

> "The river nobly foams and flows,
> The charm of this enchanted ground;
> And all its thousand turns disclose,
> Some fresher beauty varying round."

But here we are at Andernach, and I can hear the voice of Mrs. Wallace read from Longfellow, "There was once a poor old woman in Andernach whose name was Frau Martha, and she lived all alone in a house by herself, and loved all the saints and the Blessed Virgin, and was as good as an angel and sold tarts down the Rhunkrahn," and sure enough here is the home of the legend, and close by, Ehrenbreitstein, the Gibraltar of the Rhine, and across yonder, with golden pipes running into the transparent water, is illuminated Mayence, where we bid good-bye for awhile to the noble river and sleep like landsmen ashore.

P. S.—You will please notice that in this letter, written on the Rhine, I have said nothing about "vine-clad hills," why? because I took, until about ten minutes ago, the green carpets of waving corduroy that covered the sides of the mountains for drills of potatoes! It was only a nearer inspection that enabled me to see that they were vines, but according to the custom here only a few feet high.

* * * * * * * * *

In ascending to my mansion in the sky—eighth story of the hotel,

> "Steig mit Vorsicht und Bedacht,
> Damil hats mancher weit gebracht."

were the encouraging words arched over the stairway of the seventh-story. As I stopped, panting, and read them, I felt as if they were mocking my impotence. I took a long breath, started again the laborious ascent, and here I am high enough to bid good-night to the weathercocks. Yours, in the clouds.

COBLENTZ, August 11, 1887.

"Acquérir n'est rien, conserver est tout."
EUGENE SCRIBE.

NINE o'clock; on the streets and alert (for all to be seen), I espy in the distance a church—they are never without interest; I enter, but not before reading an announcement on the outer door to the effect, that "There is to be a convention (*versammlung*) of the Holy Brethren of the Sacred Heart of Jesus here, on Sunday, for the purpose of granting indulgences;" I find servants dusting—getting things in order for the daily service, and I wander around at large. This rococo place is the Church of the Jesuits, brilliant with pigments and gold; I look at the curiously-carved but diminutive confessionals all around, with the name of the conducting priest painted over each, also the vessels for holding holy water, which are of brass and consist of a series of flattened spheres getting larger towards the top and glittering like gold; as orderly and neat are all things here, as in Holland. The houses, especially the older houses of Coblentz, are strikingly peculiar, because of their curious roofs, each generally having three-stories of projecting windows like eyes blinking upon you as you pass. *The Schloss*—one of the palaces of the Emperor William, is an oblong building two and a half stories high with two-stories of dormer windows—is substantial but plain; I count thirty-eight windows across the front. The garden, surrounded by weeping willows, their trunks giving evidence of being scrubbed, like the trees in some English lawns, are about twenty feet apart, and from these, encircling the great plain of flowers in front of the palace, are festoons of vines, a beautiful enclosure, intimating something of privacy and at the same time permitting those on the outside to see within. As I write, I observe at the root of a tea rose a little thicket of canterbury bells, daisies, yarrow, and a miniature convolvulus—speaking thus their sweet English in a German town. An irresistible impulse to possess them seizes me—but I must obtain them honestly; how shall I do it? if they are not neatly spread within the leaves of our *hortus siccus* to-night it will be strange. A company of splendid-looking

cavalry—fine horses and men—are within a stone's-throw on my left, going through a galloping drill. * * * To the victor belongs the spoils—the flowers are mine, by permission of the gardener, to whom I make my obeisance, and leave.

* * * * * * * * *

In the church of St. Castor—moresque pillars, arches half of a circle—Christ is still dead and Mary glittering with jewels. It was in this old church that Charlemagne divided his empire, like Lear, among his children. On the open space in front stands the historic fountain, erected by Napoleon on his way to Moscow, on which he had inscribed words to the effect that he was going there to whip the Russians—without much trouble either. This modest assertion he signed with his name, "Napoleon." A few months later the Russians—in *pursuit* of the French, who had taken to their heels to Paris—have gotten possession of the city. Their general, noticing the vaunt of his confident predecessor, ordered the following addition to be written under the Napoleonic inscription: *Vu et approuvé par nous commandant Russe de la Ville de Coblence, Janvier 1er, 1814*—"Seen and approved by us, Russian commandant of the city of Coblentz, January 1, 1814." And yet it has been said that the Russians have no humor. The grim wit or irony or whatever it is of the above telling words—in their way unique—brings a smile to the features of almost every traveler that visits the town. * * * I have had a pleasant stroll through the village of Ehrenbreitstein. Crossed the bridge of boats, walked up to the fort, passing the spot where stood the house occupied for a while by Goethe. "The Goethe house" has been demolished, and a new building is being erected on its site. Everything about the old town indicates its military character. The fortress is capable of accommodating one hundred thousand men; it stands on a rock four hundred feet above the level of the Rhine; it contains four hundred guns that can be brought to bear on the river, and could, you would imagine, bid defiance to any sort of assault, as the magazines can hold enough provisions for eight thousand soldiers for ten years! After a walk on the ramparts overlooking the river we are ready to proceed. * * * On our way to the Wild Boar Hotel in Mayence—the largest town in the grand duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt—noticed a curious bell-

pull at the door of an ancient house. It is the custom here, in the low countries also, instead of a bell-knob projecting from the jambs, to have a chain terminating in a hooked handle attached to a bell—all on the outside of the dwelling. This pulled by people wishing entrance, enables your neighbors to know before you do yourself, that you have a caller. In this particular bell-pull, a hand, like the cuffed and sleeved hand of a living man, projected from the wall, holding an apparently freshly-plucked spray of digitalis in bloom. The twisted stem of this was the handle which, when pulled, rang the bell. Its realism was truly startling. This is but one of the numerous devices, most of them very beautiful, used for this purpose here, and which are attached to chains so curious that they compel you to stop and examine them; but, talking about chains, a chapter could be written about the strangely fantastic shapes into which it is the custom to twist the links, both here and in Belgium and Holland. Instead of public squares being surrounded by immovable railings, chains are used, which, running from post to post with their artistically-bent and interlaced links, form a flexible undulating band, indicating with sufficient distinctness to a people so law-abiding and respectful of authority as the Germans, that the enclosed ground is not to be trampled under foot. Also noticed that at the entrance to houses instead of fixed iron railings, are handsome wrought-iron chains, to keep children from falling and to enable the feeble to help themselves up. Observed also, that as in Bonn, so in Mayence, the windows of every bookseller contain translations into German, of George Henry Lewes's (George Eliot's first husband) splendid "Life of Goethe," and occasionally his "History of German Philosophy," also *verdeutsched*, and that in the picture-stores the pile of photographs that represent the celebrities of Germany always contain the portrait of Longfellow, they evidently thinking that the man who has spoken most eloquently and lovingly and enthusiastically of the Rhine, must be one of themselves. Hyperion is as much at home in Germany, perhaps more so, than with us. On the boat I heard a German mention Paul Flemming's name in connection with one of the legends, without seeming to be aware that he was quoting from an American.

* * * * * * * * *

In the church of the Loving Women, *Liebfrauen Kirche*—glorious strains from the organ are reverberating through its arcaded aisles, and as I close my eyes and listen to the soul-soothing notes, prayers and thanksgivings ascend like incense to our common Lord. I am one with the devout people coming in, and as their petitions go up, so mine are wafted also on the wings of music and faith to the great white throne and the attentive ear of Him who sits thereon.

ON THE RHINE, August 12, 1887.

"Yea, this man's brow like a title leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume;
So looks the strand whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witnessed usurpation."
King Henry IV, Second Part.

"By my troth, nature hath framed strange fellows in her time."
SHAKESPEARE.

"A man sometimes speaks two languages correctly, his father's and his mother's, or his own and his wife's, but never three."—"*The Intellectual Life.*"
PHILIP GILBERT HAMORTON.

AGAIN on the Rhine, with the deck of our comfortable steamer crowded with delighted people. I am in company now—my friends, an English schoolmaster from Cambridge and a German student from Bonn. We have just passed the "Castled Crag of Drachenfels," where Siegfried killed the dragon and, later, where the old Kaiser entertained Queen Victoria in the way that has become famous. The *Schloss* commands a lovely view of the Rhine valley, with the winding river, for miles, yet making picturesque reciprocation for what it receives, inasmuch as it, with its combination of graceful and rugged surroundings, sprinkled with towered embattlements and ornate Gothic spires, independent of its traditions, is truly a place upon which the eye loves to linger long after you have passed it by. We are gliding along castle- and ruin-capped mountains of precipitous rock, their brown sides originally more barren than Connemara—now, thanks to German thrift, covered with vines. Many places, mere ledges in the stratified rocks—apparently inaccessible and containing not a

particle of clay but what was carried on the backs of the industrious residents—are now clad in tremulous green, suggesting the belts of forest that, according to Byron's anthropomorphic description, encircles the waist of Mont Blanc.* There is evidently no supine blaming of God or the government for such unproductiveness of soil by the painstaking and all-conquering inhabitants of the winding river.

But here comes my shadow—a strange shadow he is, too; a man that I first noticed when crossing from England to Belgium. When approaching the mouth of the Scheldt I first observed this curious-looking specimen—his appearance presenting a combination of many nationalities. He wore a red Turkish fez, with long tassel, a short, tight-fitting coat, knee breeches, woolen stockings of English make, and laced German shoes—all the worse for wear. In a strap he had a shawl, a rain and sun umbrella, a Scotch-plaid Mackintosh, and three canes. He was very much sunburned, and, although his hooked nose seemed to deny it, yet there was the unquestionable look of a German about his broad, thoughtful face and pleasant but perplexed blue eyes. I noticed him often enough during the voyage to be somewhat interested,but as I saw him more closely when entering the river, I was attracted more particularly by a dumpy little book that he held in his hand than I was by himself. It was bound in vellum, ornamented with Persian devices in gold, the corners decorated in the colors sacred to the followers of Mahomet, and around the margin, running over the vellum-covered boards, a border of hieroglyphics, also in gold. I must find out something more about that lovely book, thought I, as I observed him intently poring over its pages. There are some simple souls who imagine that books are good for nothing but to read! Of course they are good for that, too; yet the pleasure of many richly-sealed tomes consists in their never having been looked into at all. See the opposite margin of the river lined with clumps of underbrush and spreading

---

* "Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
They crown'd him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.
Around his waist are forests braced." * * *
"*Manfred.*"

trees. How the birds sing in the branches. How patiently the nestling mother sits on her eggs while her mate makes music and indulges every whim, and whispers of confiding broods and freedom, plenty, and blue skies. And far away behind the skirts of the forest, so pleasantly reflected in the breeze-rippled water, what stately mansions and wide-stretching plains. There a ruin, the crumbling embodiment of tradition and romance, with its memory-stirring messages from the noble past. Yonder, partially concealed behind tremulous leaves, a trim cottage, telling of the present with its placid joys. Down below is the church. The village, with its hopes and fears, rests in the valley, while through its heart runs the river, babbling of green fields, on its way to the sea. Get in a boat, pull across—penetrate the screen of waving foliage, and behold!—instead of imagined enchantment, a morass!—the cormorant and bittern possess it; there is stretched out upon it the line of confusion and the stones of emptiness. So it is with many books. The great army of the uncut, as well as some of the sentinels of the centuries that shake their dust and frown upon us from their serried ranks near the frieze. The pleasure is not in having read them, but in keeping them—closed—for the charm is broken with the opening of the leaves. But it would not be so, I felt, with the little book in the hand of the strange man. I saw that it was pleasant to the eyes, and I resolved that, if possible, I would discover if it was, also, calculated to make one wise. In a moment I was by his side, looking over his arm. I saw that the volume was printed in Arabic, and by the charmingly distinct little pictures in brilliant colors, illuminated by glittering points, I knew that it was a guide-book, open at the page that described the river on which we sailed. Well, I thought, here is a revelation. This curious-looking stranger, who has evidently bought his wardrobe in all lands, so that it is a sort of index to the countries he has travelled through, is an Egyptian; and even there, they find that it pays to send out such elegant specimens of printing, binding, and illustration as that—as mere guide-books, too. My interest in the man for the time was swallowed up by my interest in the book; but we were soon at the wharf, and in the hurry of getting ashore I forgot about him. He was lost. Next day I bumped against him in a dark corner

of the cathedral, in the act of turning up his beaked nose in contempt before one of the images, around which a few people were praying. He went out muttering something that I could not understand. I saw him again in a picture-store in Brussels, and three days after I met him in front of the Museum in Amsterdam, book in hand, looking up at the friezes, and soliloquizing in an unknown tongue. I entered, expecting that he was coming in also, but to my disappointment he walked on.

"Oh, stop scribbling for two minutes and come over here and see the Siebengebirge," said the Englishman, coming from the other side of the boat, and laying his hand on my shoulder. I look up and observe towering overhead the lofty summits of the twin mountains, on top of which stands the noble ruins of two famous castles. I stop writing, awed into a silence, broken occasionally by exclamations of wonder and delight. The Rhine cannot be described—cannot even be painted or photographed —it must be seen. What about these castles? I asked. What is their story? The schoolmaster began: "You know they were occupied by two brothers—Conrad and Heinrich; both were in love with their foster sister, Hildegarde. Heinrich retired from the contest in deference to his brother, whom he loved next to Hildegarde, and went away to the Crusades. Conrad, without a rival, grew cold, and also went to the wars, and poor Hildegarde was left alone. She pined in solitude, longing for Conrad's return. He came back, but with a Grecian bride, when the poor, heart-broken woman shut herself up in her room and longed for death. One evening a stranger appeared at the gate of the castle and claimed the hospitality of a night's shelter. It was Heinrich, intending to kill his brother for neglecting Hildegarde; but she discovered the plot, reconciled the brothers, and, retiring to a nunnery near by, was the means of having them live in amity to the end of their days." "Herr schoolmaster," cries the German, who had moved again to the other side of the boat, "here is the 'Mouse Tower'—the castle in which Bishop Hatto was eaten alive by mice." "What!" "Truly; one of your own ballad-mongers has written a flesh-crawling poem about it, and it must be true;" when he began crooning, in his peculiar verdeutsched English, Robert Southey's rhyme of the popular

legend about Bishop Hatto and his voracious rodents—stopping now and then because of a defective memory, yet seeming, by his graphic gesticulations, as if it was to drive away the rats. "There had been a great famine," he began, "and

"'Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last years' store;
And all the neighborhood could tell
His granaries were furnished well.'

At last the bishop appointed a day to quiet the poor without delay. The starving people came from far and near—men, women, and children, until the great barn was filled with them.

"'Then, when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door,
And while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn and burnt them all.'

Yes: and he rejoiced in the blaze; thought the country would be obliged to him—

"'For ridding it in these times forlorn
Of *rats* that only consume the corn,'

Thus congratulating himself on his great achievement, he went to bed.

"'And he slept that night like an innocent man;
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.'

For in the night millions of rats surrounded his castle, devoured the corn, frightened the servants pale, ate his picture out of the frame, and—a servant ran in with countenance white with alarm, and shouted:

"'Fly, my lord bishop, fly! quoth he,
Ten thousand rats are coming this way;
The Lord forgive you for yesterday.'

And so he fled to his tower on the Rhine.

"'The walls are high and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong and the water deep.
But they swim the river and climb the shore,
And in at the window, and in at the door,
And through the walls by thousands they pour;
And down through the ceiling and in through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once to the bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the bishop's bones.
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him.' "

By the time our enthusiastic friend, after the dramatic manner of Frank Edmonds, had finished his rat story, made, perhaps, more interesting by his interlineations, which inability obliges me to omit, a number of the other passengers had formed themselves into an audience around us, and at the conclusion began an applause, which was taken up by the echoes and reproduced indefinitely from rock to rock like the Gap of Dunloe, as if the *Hamadryads*, who died when the forest was destroyed, had come to life again to rejoice in the heaven-imposed death of the wicked bishop, and the strange capers of his revengeful rats. Just around the bend of the river is a companion castle, built by a rival neighbor, which has been christened "The Cat."

But my solitary Egyptian,—I lost sight of him, as I said, in Amsterdam. One night in The Hague, I dropped into a music hall, and there he sat at a table that contained his umbrellas, mackintosh, shawl, etc., and in addition a gourd-shaped vase of bacharis ware, suspended by a noose around its neck, and dangling over the side of the table like a thief on a gibbet. Only the merest intimation of a flutter of recognition lighted up his serious features as he saw me. The next evening a couple of chance acquaintances and myself took a walk to the graveyard of "The New Church" to the tomb of Spinosa, and, as true as life, there was my Egyptian, copying the inscription from the tombstone into one of the blank leaves at the end of his little volume in vellum and gold; and—here he is again on the steamer at Mayence, the same observant, puzzled look; the same bundles: umbrellas (three now), shawl, mackintosh, bacharis vase, still dangling by the same string, and in addition, a Rotterdam beer mug, with incised figures and pewter lid, together with a little wooden model of the "stocks for scolding women," from the State prison of The Hague, all suspended by strings from his shawl strap. The Fates seem to have thrust him upon me. The desire to make his acquaintance has got beyond my control, and I feel that I must speak when we meet again.

There he sits at the extremity of the bow of the ship, and, as usual, alone. I stand by him; in a few moments I say: "This is a wonderful place, is it not? impressive, infatuating; it exceeds all that I have ever imagined." He looks up from his reverie, a twinkle of recognition and pleasure in his blue eyes: "Yes—is it not awful? Please sit down by me for a little, for I feel as if I was being bewitched by the sights and *memories* of this place, and want something—some one—to break the spell. Since I came on board at Cologne, until now, I am scarcely myself; and as now we are not far from Lorelei, I feel that I, too, like so many of old, was being lured by her incantations, and that even if I had strength enough to resist her destructive charms, I am sure to become entangled in the meshes of the net set for the unwary by the seven sisters beyond." He seemed to be in a sort of dream as he said this. I didn't know what to say for a few moments. During the short interval of silence, I thought again. This is a peculiar being, a sort of reversed metempsychosis, perhaps —the spirit of something supernatural has entered the body of this weird man who has so strangely wrought upon my imagination. What does he mean by "the seven sisters?" Just then the Lorelei came in view. "Oh! there she is," was his subdued exclamation, and he seemed at once to become fully awake. "How strange; every depression and scar on her weather-beaten face have made their indelible impression on me. I wonder if the profile of Napoleon can still be seen as we pass along." We moved silently onward like a painted ship on a painted river. The silence was again broken by the dreamer: "Yes; there is something like the outline of a human face—I would judge, though, that nothing short of the vanity of a Frenchman could see in that the profile of their chief. Now for the sisters." "What are the sisters," I venture to ask. "Don't you know about the obdurate seven?" "Please tell me." "The legend is simply of seven sisters who lived along the banks of the Rhine, so wonderfully beautiful, that every man who saw them fell in love, and made it known; but they preferring the independence and freedom of celibacy to all the sweet submission of being the slaves of single Lords;" I quote his very words, which being English, took him long to select, the fluency of his sentences often interrupted by apparently

insurmountable vocal boulders, which, for a moment, would send him rippling into rivulets of foreign speech—sometimes German, then Italian—French—sometimes the language of the little book; and then again he would substitute words that he seemed to sound without using his lips or tongue at all—came directly from the larynx, and made their exit equally through his mouth and nose; but he invariably returned to the English word, would pronounce it in a strange, triumphant way, when he would again pursue, as if in victory, the current of his theme. "The young men rejected usually preferring death to defeat, killed themselves, or went off to the wars, which meant the same thing. At last, the hands of the ladies—they had no hearts—were sought by seven princes—the scions of a noble house—brilliant, proud, and brave. The sisters listened attentively to their plea, which, nevertheless, like all the others, was answered by an emphatic 'No!' and the broken-hearted suitors immediately jumped from the rocks into the Rhine, and were never heard of again. When the good spirits who love men saw this, they turned the seven sisters into seven rocks, placed them in the river where the princes were drowned, and—here they are! But, hello! there are only *four* now; how is that, I wonder? Oh! I remember; the seven rocks were as dangerous to ships as their predecessors were to men, and so they have been blasted, just as legends are, into atoms by the Spirit of Progress, who, indeed, has left the foot-prints of his wanderings all along the banks of the river." He again subsided into himself; we both sat there speechless with admiration, for the view is truly one to silence the tongue.

From Coblentz, in particular, for seven or eight hours to Mayence it is a succession of rapidly-changing scenes, that for variety and everything calculated to excite the enthusiasm of a man is surely not exceeded by anything on earth. It can't be told, can only be felt. He again broke the silence, "Oh, there is the Pfalz. I took it first for a Pagoda; but no, it must be the Pfalz." He removed the little book from his pocket, turned its leaves nervously, stopped, and there sure enough was an exact picture—a lovely little engraving in stipple—of the curious house in the middle of the river in front of us. I remembered it then, but not in detail, and so received in a

rather stilted manner, because of an apparently inadequate vocabulary, from his "Arabian Days Entertainment," the following translation of the story of the broad octagonal building with one hundred and forty-five (?) towers and peaked roof, that stands in the middle of the Rhine above the "seven sisters," and that can only be entered by a door in the roof. "The History of the Pfalz," he began slowly, like a man resolved on literal transcription, "is not entirely known; when it was built and by whom, but that it has stood where it does now, from time immemorial, an object to excite the wonder and admiration alike of the cultured and unrefined, is well known. This much is certain, that in the long, long ago its rooms, which are under the bed of the river, were appointed, by kingly command, the place where all the countesses Palatine were confined. The custom had its origin in this. The emperor fell in love with a young lady, the daughter of one of the barons, the ruins of whose castle still stands on the banks near the Pfalz. He asked for her in marriage. She refused, as she was already in love with, and soon after married, the Count Palatine. When about to be delivered of her first child she, afraid to excite the vengeance of the emperor, retired within the protection of its fortress-like walls, where, after some months seclusion, with no friendly word to encourage and soothe her through the long struggle that came near costing her her life, and hearing no voice but the voice of the murmuring river constantly rolling over head where she lay, the child was born. News of the fact coming to the ears of the emperor he had it proclaimed as a law, that henceforth and forever the children of all Counts Palatine should be born in the vaults of the Pfalz. Time rolled on, and revolution after revolution obliterated the law, when the place was simply used as a station to exact toll from the boats that went up and down the river; but now a causeway has been built from the dry land, over which only passes the investigators of the curious and the lovers of the picturesque." During the time that my strange companion was employed in unravelling, without hyperbole, this tale from his vellum-bound book, I was busy studying the strange play of shifting expression constantly making its exit and entrance over his face, as if he himself had similar experiences, and this harrowing up

of old memories was too much. However, by the time he was through with the narrative I felt that I had seen him before, and said so. He smiled, and replied, "Ever since I first looked into your face on the deck of the steamer crossing to Antwerp you seemed like a friend. Have you ever been in the West Indies?" "Yes." "San Domingo?" "Yes." "Peru?" "Yes." "Venezuela? Charleston? Philadelphia?" "All." "Where have you not been?" I said, somewhat astonished by the promptness of his answers. "During the American Centennial," he replied, "I was one of those that had charge of the Japanese Department. Not, remember, because I was really a native of Japan, although I suppose I am as much that as anything else, but because I was supposed to know the languages of the West, and would answer, therefore, to interpret to the people who might come to examine our display; but, indeed, it would be easier for me to say where I have not been than where I have, for by compulsion I have been a wanderer in many lands, until I feel sometimes, when my spirits are gay, that my home is everywhere, and, when sad, that I have none; that my mother tongue is the tongue of my mother earth; and then again, for example just now, as I have been trying to tell you the sad story of the melancholy Pfalz, that I knew none, for I have long felt that English speech was the one that I best knew, and yet I may be unintelligible even in that." I said, "Your English is very carefully selected, and your use of it without fault. Of course your pronunciation is somewhat foreign, but then so is mine. The English that we all speak is foreign to the English of somebody else." He replied, "The peculiarities of my tongue—of course I know that it is unlike anything before heard—is due as far as I am aware to a cause entirely unique. By birth I am a German. You look surprised; well you may; but nevertheless I was born in Thuringia within the shadow of the Wartburgh, where 'our Martin Luther'—my father always called him 'our Martin'—was concealed from the fury of his enemies, disguised as a knight under the name of Ritter Georg, during which time he performed what seems to me now, since I know something of the ancient tongues, a miracle, especially in such a short time—that is, the translation of the Bible in a few years, the New Testament in one.

so that the people had in their *native tongue* the word of God. It at once, as you know, became a household book, and not only made the German nation acquainted with what was needed for salvation, but it also fixed the language. As some one said of your Bacon, 'he brought Philosophy home to men's bosoms and lives,' so Martin Luther gave and established the laws of German speech, made Revelation a classic in his native land, and found for it a home in the hearts of his countrymen. But I am wandering; as I said, I am a native of Thuringia. My father, who was a traveling merchant, remained in Eisenach, where I was born, until I was six years old, when, hearing of an opportunity for making a fortune in Egypt, he sold all, and mother, he, and I, bidding farewell for a few years to our friends, we set forth, like Abraham, and with equally as much faith, for a land that we knew not of. How well I remember the hour when; leaving my playfellows and my native woods, we went down this river.

"It is now forty-two years ago, and yet to-day every scene was as fresh in my memory as if it was but yesterday. We remained in Egypt three years, during which time I went with other children to school, and before long Arabic was as familiar to me as my native tongue, indeed more so, for I soon got tired of my playmates' laughter at my unmusical tones, and besides in the constant practice of Arabic I forgot my German; it was cast out, as I said; but this period of rest in Egypt did not last long, for my father being in the confidence of the Khedive was sent on a mission to Japan; of course mother and I went along. After the accomplishment of his duty there, although he received the thanks of the Egyptian government, yet he decided to remain in Japan, as he found that among these people who were and are still anxious to study, and where best to introduce the customs of the west, his services were in demand; for seven years, therefore, I was under the tuition of Japanese doctors, until the language of their philosophers and poets, and the dreams of their sages, and the feats of their mythical gods were to me as the air I breathed, and the food that sustained life; I longed to rival their great scholars and devote my days to the study of the philosophy of the past, but—my pleasant dream was again disturbed by father one morning, announcing at break-

fast that he had made up his mind to leave Japan forever and settle in China! "in Japan he had too many competitors, in China none." I protested as well as I could; I told him what I had desired—to devote my life to learning, he only smiled and said that I was not yet sixteen; what did I know about what I wanted to do. I remonstrated, was supplemented by mother, but in vain; I had to bid good-bye to my dear teachers and beloved studies, and even the musical speech that I so much loved and go among a people that made their wants known by monosyllabic grunts, whose lives are materialism put into practice; who are skeptical and indifferent to everything that concerns the moral side of man, who are destitute of religious feeling and belief; thus I had been taught. Among such, it was the will of Fate, that I should wander and I had to obey. Before many weeks we were safely ensconsed in a comfortable house in the very heart of China. How can I describe my solitude and dismay, when discovering the next morning after arrival, when meeting some boys on the street to whom I talked, that my beloved Japanese was a speech unknown, and that my kind salutation was received by an idiotic simpering stare. But a child can soon accommodate himself to new surroundings, and before long I was able to join in their games, enjoy their fun, see the point of their subtlest jokes, and found under their placid exterior and somnolent ways a life awake to every beauty of nature, every refinement of wit, and notwithstanding their exclusiveness, a liberal tolerance or rather indifference for the views of other men. I became a lover of the flowery kingdom, an enthusiastic Chinese, with Confucius system of morality and the more spiritual writings of Lao-tse and the lyric poetry of Tu-su, the object of my study by day, and my exhilarating dreams by night; but alas for my Japanese—three years after, meeting a former companion from Tokio, I could hardly find words to make known my joy, so constricted naturally the capacity of a lad—I could understand but in a limited sense his expressions of gladness, for just as when you pour a heavier liquid into a glass containing wine, it expels the wine and occupies its place, or like the cuckoo that Eckermann, in the "Gespräche" wove into such a delightful tale for the delectation of the unorthinological Goethe, so my Japanese was evicted by the new tenant, nothing re-

maining of him but a few indistinct *sgraffitos* that he had left on the walls. Not only this, therefore, but many other similar experiences have convinced me that it is impossible for a man to speak more than two languages correctly, and that even this is possible only when his mother-tongue differs from the country where as a child he goes to school, and that the stories of men being able to talk "with fluency" many languages—have you noticed that it is those who can't speak a sentence of their vernacular without hesitation, that talk with "fluency" in languages unknown—have their origin in vanity, not in fact. Every language takes from your existence instead of adding to it, and if it were possible for a man to speak many, I believe that the effort of acquiring them would unfit him for much else. Some one has said of a great linguist that he could drive a cat out of his back yard in nine languages; that's possible, but to *talk* intelligently in several tongues—to be able to quarrel with your landlady—to haggle about your missing linen with your washerwoman—to see the point in the arrows of wit shot from player to player on the stage, or to be lulled to rest or stimulated to noble deeds by the stately cadences of classic tragedy, or the consolatory words or soul-stirring sentences of a Wesley, a Bossuet, or a Knox—no, it can't be done; life is too short for it, for if even William Hulmboldt, the greatest philologist of his day, after a long residence in Paris, never allowed one of his French papers to be printed, until corrected by a native, how then can you believe in such polyglot fluency as you hear of in ordinary men—but to my story.

"I am a Chinese in thought, word, and deed, and my father decided to cast anchor for life where he had lived with so much happiness and joy. He was already negotiating for a home in the suburbs, where, with the double advantage of country and city, he might retire; but was overtaken in his efforts by one of the terrible fevers that so frequently rages among the Chinese; and in twenty-four hours "he had saluted the age," he was dead! Oh, my poor mother; she never had any speech displaced by the languages of the places where we lived. Indeed, her means of oral communication had become a sorry mixture of tongues, so that now in this period of her greatest distress she had the expressed sympathy of none. She knew

no women, and could not understand the words of pity that were spoken by those who learned of her loss. She longed, in her solitude, for home, and in a few weeks after my father's death, her desolation becoming intolerable, we sold all, and engaged passage on a ship for Rotterdam, from whence we intended reaching Cologne, then up the Rhine, home. But she never rallied from the shock of my father's death; she continued getting worse and worse, until, when twelve days out, in a great storm, her gentle light went out; my father's name and mine, mingled on her lips, with that of her beloved Thuringia, as she died, and left me alone. What to do I knew not; I did not understand a word spoken by the ship's company, or the country to which we were going, and had to stand aside when my dear mother's body was being dropped into the sea, without being able to utter a sound of intelligible protest, or receive a sentence of consolation that I could understand. At last we were landed; that is, myself and my chattels. It was all that I had now, when, by a series of strange circumstances which I have never been able to comprehend, I was taken to Russia. I judge the authorities thought me a Chinese, and that in the kindness of their hearts intended to return me in this way to my home. Anyhow, I was delayed in Moscow ten years, time enough to be reconciled, ultimately contented and happy, with the language of Russia, but at the expense of what I had already learned, at my fingers' ends. The wheel of fortune made another turn, and I am in Paris; was employed for a number of years on the new opera house, where my Russian, also, if it had not been for a society of Russians that I joined there, would have got a silencing knock. French has always been the language in which it has been most difficult for me to get along. I can't believe that any foreigner could ever speak French correctly. However, because of difficulties of pronunciation, I decided to try my hand in another clime. America had always been to me a land of promise. I embarked, was there long enough for me to learn its speech, and, what was better, get acquainted with its books, viz., the books written in the English tongue. Have you Americans a literature distinctly your own yet?" he unexpectedly asked. I was surprised by the directness and irrelevance of the question; hardly knew what to say; how could I, *mon cher*, answer this pertinent

interrogation? How I wished, then, that he might only hear you expatiate, as you only can, about the genius and spirit of our native literature; then he would, indeed, have felt like giving his days and nights to Emerson, Hawthorne, and Holmes. I confessed myself unable to give a satisfactory solution to his riddle; but he proceeded: "And found that in everything that makes literature the strength of a nation, the glory of humanity, the flower, that in the heart of a people ripens into the fruit of heroic and noble deeds, the literature of England exceeds them all. If I had my life to live over again, and was allowed—what I never have been—to choose where I should reside, I would elect to be a citizen of the New England—the United States—that with the experiences of the past, and the glorious heritage of Old England's experiments and thought—is in a position to become the illuminator of the dark places of the world, for the universe of the weary, benighted, and heavy laden is flocking to you, like birds around a lighthouse—not so much to be naturalized as to be civilized; not so much to be made equal, as to be made free—free to think good thoughts, to do good works; to *train* their children into the rights of citizenship; to live lives of virtuous liberty; and woe to you, if, instead of rescuing them from the license that destroys, you permit them to dash themselves to death against your storm-defying sides——"

He hesitated again, but apparently thinking I demurred in regard to his theory about the identity of the two nations, continued: "Nevertheless you are the same people, not so much by blood though, as by mental habit—your struggle for Independence—a continuance of the effort that caused the pilgrims to leave the fatherland—prove it. Your free schools, abolition of slavery, equality before the law, and respect for mental and moral worth imply it. Your purity of social life, paying allegiance to the same standard of right and wrong, all indicate that you are warp and woof of the same web. Longfellow was English, Shakespeare, American; Hawthorn, English; Thackeray, American. If Irving was the Goldsmith of America, Hunt was, by prefiguration, the Holmes of England—the same impinging waves of mental similarity constantly commingling until the Atlantic ocean has ceased to be a dissevering band, for you are so inseparably united by

consimility of mental fibre—bound together by similarity of interests, aspirations and hopes, impulses, loves, and dislikes—that all the braying of all the English-hating ranters between Oregon and the opposite sea are unable to make you twain. There is one difference though," he added, a knowing twinkle coming into his blue eyes, "In England it is the government that wants the earth; in America, it's the man." Before I had time to reply, he continued: "But I am tired of it all—am going home. I have some relatives still there, and hope soon to get married and settle down for life,"—and smilingly pointing to his bundles—"you see if my wife should turn out a scold, I have the model of the 'infallible cure,' from which I can have a set made to fit at a day's notice." The boat was by this time united by the gangway to the shore, and in the bustle and confusion of the night I missed him, although I waited long to look around; and thus my trip up the noble river was spent in listening to, and recording, the story of this strange life. Fortunately for me that it was so; if it had not been I might have broken my stylograph by attempting an impossibility—a description of the enchanting sights and memories of a trip from Coblentz to Mayence, on the Rhine. Good-night.

MAYENCE, August 13, 1887.

"Languages are to be learned only by reading and talking, and not by scraps of authors got by heart."

JOHN LOCKE.

"The people of Germany are the best linguists of Europe."

JEDERMANN.

THE clock in the steeple strikes nine. I am resting under the shade of a locust tree (a German locust, except the mountain ash when in berry, the most beautiful of all trees), looking out on the Rhine, with a pleasant breeze making the leaves murmur overhead. On the bench by my side is a little boy, fourteen months old, on his nurse's knee. He makes me think of Irma, and as I talk to him I find that his vocabulary is already extended to "pferd," "hund," "Ja," "Dankeshön," and "shiff." A steamer passes, with puffing noise, when he

pronounces the universal "chu, chu," that would seem to be the first sound uttered by modern children among civilized people, as "ma," philologists tells us, was the first vocable uttered by the first baby and heard by the first mother in Paradise. Since leaving home I have been favored in various ways—was in England during the Queen's Jubilee, in Antwerp during the celebration of the birth of Rubens, and now I am in Mayence during the progress of the *Messe*—the yearly fair. People from all parts of Germany are here, and the market-places, vacant lots, and wider streets are crowded with booths, on which are spread products from all parts of the land. These, presided over by curiously-costumed women and men, present an interesting sight. It has been said that "three women and a goose make a market," but not so here. In front of our hotel are great stacks of the sort of stoneware from Coblentz, so rare with us. I have been looking at some pitchers, vases, and drinking mugs, as I came along, having the stories of Siegfried and Brunhild, Kriemhild, Günther, and others, with the customs, manners, and employments of the people of the past and present incised to the life on their sides —the prices almost nothing for such splendid work ; a pitcher, with heroes and scenes from the Nebelungen-Lied for about four dollars (16 marks). These and others I pass, just because I care not to have them dangle from my traps, like Mr. Polyglot; and already my valises are too full, so I have had regretfully to satisfy myself with these and much else by simply a longing look, in order to keep them in my mind's eye if not in a cabinet, a method having the quality of economy to recommend it. The little boy by my side is a girl; her name is Elsie ; she has just kissed me ; has said adieu, and is off. Touch and part seems to express my life of late—strange I am not yet weary of it, although I did feel rather sad when the baby said good-bye.

In the Cathedral of Mayence.—In this little recess, little as compared with the great building, I am surrounded by sculptured works of antiquity and grace that in their own impressive way tell sad tales of heart-sickness and hope deferred.

Under Charlemagne, Mayence was the first ecclesiastical city of the Empire. It was in this church that the sovereign

archbishops had their chair. I stand in front of a curious monument in black and white marble. On one side, Time, with scythe; on the other, Death. Between his long, bony fingers he holds an hour-glass; is gazing intently at its fast-flowing sands, and so real is it that it is only after a close inspection that I am convinced that the apparently osseous representation of death is not a genuine skeleton, but sculptured stone, with its eyeless sockets eagerly watching the rapidly running stream, impatient for the last grain to fall, that he might strike his victim down. The humerus of the extended arm, so corroded by antiquity that it and the hour-glass may fall any moment and be smashed to pieces, and then future archæologists, like those of the present, with the Apollo Belvidere, will make ingenious guesses about the significence of the broken stump. Between Time and Death, in robes of state, stands the subject of the group, not at all aware that his sands are so nearly run. Who is? And thus we indeed "find sermons in stones" that have been speaking their telling words about the brevity and uncertainty of life, not to the present generation only, but to generations long since dead. The church which was finished in 976 A.D. was five times burned, five times restored, used by the French as a barracks once, and is being restored again. Splendid frescoes by Viet, and scores of monuments of the most complicated and finished workmanship encrust its walls. Here is a tablet with a Greek inscription—before Latin became the language of the church—erected by Charlemagne to one of his nine wives—Fastrada, daughter of Count Rodolph, the Saxon. Here, also, is Swanthaler's monument to the minstrel Heinrich von Meissen, surnamed *Frauenlob*, who died in 1318. Like many others he was maligned during life, honored when dead, and the women of Mayence, reciprocating his admiration and love,—happy shade,—have erected this beautiful monument in his praise. Victor Hugo once visited this church. In passing out through a secluded exit he noticed a face partially projecting from a dark wall. Struck by its benign expression he stopped to examine; his interest increased the more he looked. Who was he? What could he have been? While anxiously looking for some clue to its identity he discerned underneath, scribbled by a pointed instrument in the hand of some admirer, "Frauenlob" (wo-

men's praise). And thus at last was discovered the portrait and grave of the poet, the records of which had been long since lost. The strange part of this story is, that although all the other effigies in the building had their eyes shut, the sculptor had made the eyes of this one open, as if among the mighty of the world interred here, whose lives had been spent in fierce struggles for masterdom and power, the secluded, forgotten poet was the only one who could see, and thus was punningly illustrated what has often been said: "It takes a poet to discern a poet." Since then the enthusiasm of noble women, combined with the genius of Swanthaler, has resulted in this new monument, which reflects well-deserved honor on all. Johannes Guttenberg, or rather Gänsfleisch (Gooseflesh), the inventer of printing by movable type, was a native of Mayence. It was here that he entered into partnership with the rich jeweler Faust, afterward his prosecutor before a court of justice in a suit that the defendant lost. It was here that he again began business on his own account and printed the Latin Psalterium, the first specimen of the art of printing to bear his name—a single copy of which, according to Dibdin, is worth 18,000 pounds. I stand in front of Thorwaldsen's statue of the great benefactor, who by his invention discovered for men a world of thought! just as Columbus afterward did of land. It is placed in an open area opposite the theatre,—is encircled with flowers, and surrounded by large handsome houses. I copy the inscription: "*Joanem Gensfleisch de Guttenberg patricum, moguntium aere, per. totam, Europam, Collato Posuerent, cives MDCCCXXXVII.*" From here I go to where he lived—now the court-yard of a brewery—and find that beer kegs have taken the place of printing presses, and the people around hardly aware that printing is used for anything else but the labeling of bottles and casks. In emerging into the open street I find that I am lost!—this time not to be enjoyed, as I am far from my hotel and must leave at 3 P. M.; but here comes an old fellow; I shall question him about it. * * * To my delight he has told me that the hotel is around the corner, the station near the hotel, and that I have plenty of time. In our conversation he said: "Oh, your Englander. I, too, Englander—two years (holding up two fingers), but couldn't learn speak him. So hard. Deutch light. It takes not long

him to learn. For leequer, you have only to say schnaps; for glass ale, porter-ein beer; ham und brood, vas you call sanfish (sandwich), 'brod und shinken' fur 'vill you pleashe one cleane bettchiambers,' you say 'bett;' fur 'toobeko,' tobak, und das ist alles—das ist genug." Yes; man needs but little here below, but wants that little quick.

The hour with my friend of the limited vocabulary—certainly the smallest known—soon came to an end, when I departed for the town where Goethe was born. Shakespeare with the greatest number of words at his command used fifteen thousand of them in the production of his plays; Milton built his matchless works with eight thousand; an educated American is said to use about half that number; an English laborer takes care of wife and children, loves his neighbor, and respects and serves his master well, with a running capital of but three hundred; but my philosopher of Mayence—happy man be his dole—grubs along and finds life worth living—his stock in trade, I imagine, not exceeding one hundred—and these chiefly nouns. Farewell.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN, August 13, 1887.

"Though the Jews were but a small nation, and confined to a narrow compass in the world, yet the first rise of letters and languages is truly to be ascribed to them." BISHOP WILKINS.

I HAVE been having a pleasant stroll through the streets of this fine old city, and, like everybody else, have been to see Danecker's "Ariadne"—the *manikin* of Frankfort, yet was not at all impressed by her. She is exhibited in a building erected on purpose and called "The Ariadneum." Through a wide door you enter a rotunda lighted from the sky, ornamented by casts from the antique—perhaps twenty or more. A curtain hangs at the entrance to a smaller room. When drawn aside you observe the naked beauty on the back of a great cat-like animal—whether lioness, tiger, or panther, I know not. The group rests on a revolving pedestal, which the gentleman in charge slowly turns, that you may see it from all points. It is simply beautiful—no character about it what-

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN.

ever—nothing in it that appeals to the soul. You would say of Ariadne, if *dressed*, What a fine-looking person! (not even lady)—symmetrical in form and perfect in health!—and that would be about all. On my way home I sought out the ancient *Judengasse*, mentioned by Goethe in the "Apprenticeship," where the persecuted Jews, by compulsion, had their quarters from 1462 to 1806, and where the Rothchilds were born. The streets that formerly were chained and gated at 8 o'clock (on Sundays all day), and when any Jew found outside was put in jail and fined, are now chainless and gateless, and not occupied at all by the descendants of Abraham, as far as the darkness of the night permitted me to judge. I walked through a number of these narrow and crooked lanes running out from Börnestrasse *nee* Judengasse, and could not help being strongly impressed by the memories that came up as I thought of the number of stately Rebeccas and matronly Sarahs and lachrymose Rachels and heroic Judiths and unsemitical Jessicas—the predecessors of so many of the race of Judah—who sacrifice all for love. These, with the scholarly Bonusus (the Jonathan Edwards and Pascal combined, of his tribe), born in one of these tortuous courts, together with numbers of the home-loving people, that Auerbach and George Eliot describes so well; people who above all else love their families and firesides, and yet in the "liberal old times" were not allowed to *own* a place to lay their heads, nor to possess real estate, nor to learn trades, nor to become members of the learned professions, except by special dispensation, nor to engage in honorable barter, except in Holland; and yet—because of their mental superiority, became foremost in traffic, letters, law, medicine, philosophy, and dialectics—through the night of the Middle Ages it was *they* that kept the lamp of learning from going out—and possessed the wealth of the world besides; yet, for their pains, instead of credit got scorn. The mills of the gods indeed grind slowly, or the grains of cruel and envious prejudice against this splendid race would have centuries since been ground so "exceeding small" that none of it would have remained. But it is midnight, and I weary. Good-night.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN, August 15, 1887.

„Steig auf mein Dank, zum Throne!
Dem Vater und dem Sohne,
Dem Geist des Herrn sei Ehre!
Anbetung! Preis! und Ehre!—**Klopfstock.**

I HAVE just entered the house where Goethe was born, and where he lived until summoned by the Grand Duke Carl Augustus to Weimar. I am sitting on the stone stairs, with wrought-iron railing, that as a child helped him to ascend, and looked down on the eleven feet wide by forty feet long hall, tessellated with black and white marble blocks, just as it was when he was here. At the end of the hall a door opens into the small yard containing a large pump, working with a lateral motion, and a basin let into the wall, into which, through a pipe in the closed lips of Zeus, pours an abundance of water, said pump, I remember, being mentioned in some of his works. All around me are indications of its being the home of wealth and refinement. I ascend, and find the second story hall inlaid with the same stone as the floor below; the landing of the third floor covered with flags of brown stone; the story above, wood, over which I cross, enter an open door, and am in the room where the child, Goethe, studied and received lessons from the teachers who came to the house. Around the walls are pictures relating to his life; his portraits in various stages of his career, and a series of well-executed water colors, giving the successive events in his development from the "*Märchen sessel*" through to his meeting with Napoleon, and on to his death. Here also is the manuscript of "Werther,"—the story of a sick world—also medallions of Goethe and Schiller, Klopstock and August Wilhelm; coins struck in Goethe's honor; a cast taken after his death, giving you a decidedly different opinion of his physique from that suggested by Eckermann, in the last chapter of "The Gespräche;" but all together, with photographs, engravings, silhouettes, crayons, etc., showing the wonderful beauty of his great Deus-like face. I approached in this room the window with antique panes that appears in our picture of the master, and leaning my elbow unconsciously on the back of a chair that stood near it, the "Sorrows of Werther" in my

GOETHE AT HOME.

hand, my knee on the seat, I thought, as I looked out and up towards a troop of fluffy clouds just then parading the blue firmament—well, I can't think Goethe's thoughts; no, they are all copyrighted; but I may look out upon the same sky,—thus I gazed perhaps a couple of minutes, until the custodian came up to me, and in his Frankfort-English, said, "Bravo! seer; bravo! You're an arteest?" "No." "An author?" "No." "A model?"—this with hesitancy. "No, no." "Why, seer, you must be, you have assumed the position of Kaulbach's Goethe, looking to heaven through the window of his work-room." As I detached myself from my pedestal *pro tem.*, and caught a glimpse of my baggy—that is, traveling trousers and round-about coat, I wondered where the resemblance was between them and the handsome Goethe's slashed and buckled costume; but as they say here, "in order to understand a poet you must feel yourself in him"—feel at home in him. Perhaps this was the reason of the resemblance, who knows; but to the house. The next room, the *arbeitzimmer*, is where he erected the altar to the unknown God, and invented the puppet stage, which figured so conspicuously in his childhood, and which is still intact, and guarded with reverent care. His sleeping-room, about as it was when he left it, is also on this floor. The next flat beneath was occupied by his father, mother, and sister, a suite of rooms containing much of interest, besides the apartment where he was born, although which room is not certainly known. On the floor beneath is the "great room"—parlor, the bedroom of Count Thonet, a friend of the family, who dwelt here for awhile, as did also the Duke Carl Augustus. Here are the flowered silk, and still new-looking clothing that his mother wore as a child—I judge of about two years. I forgot to mention that overhead, in a glass case, is the boy Goethe's overdress of white silk, with dark flowers; and in the same case, the well-thumbed Bible of his grandfather, although Bibles are not usually kept under glass cases in the Fatherland. Also, a drawing by Goethe, the boy, showing more invention than skill, although some of that, too; his intention, at one time, as you know, was to become an artist. We are not shown the back buildings at all, and some other rooms, besides; now used as offices by the custodians. It was in front of this house,

in Hirshgraben Strasse, in 1774, that Lavater's traveling wagon stopped. He was journeying in his usual style, and on his way called to see the great young man. They met for the first time. "Bischt's?" (art thou he?) says Lavater. "Bin's" (I am he), replies Goethe, aptly assuming the Swiss dialect of the great student of faces—they fell into each other's arms, and this was the beginning of the acquaintance that for awhile influenced Goethe's writings and life, but that ultimately resulted in some severe strictures on the personal pettiness of the immortal physiognomist, when they separated, never to meet again. I make the accompanying sketch of the façade, behind which this greatest man of modern times—perhaps of all times—was born, and think, standing in the Sabbath silence of the quiet street, what a slander it is—how absolutely false—to say that the Germans have no day of worship and rest. I have never known such a quiet day as this; and although "The Goethe House" is open for visitors, yet it seems to be a sort of religious feeling that prompts the people—rather worshipers than sight-seers—to enter. All stores are closed, all business suspended, and the two churches that I visited on my way were both full of devout worshipers; both were large; every seat was occupied, and yet I did not see a single person but that was participating in the great soul thrilling strains, the Twenty-third Psalm, that made me feel so much at home.

I waited until the conclusion, when the *Pfarer* saying "Lasset uns beten," (let us pray) in an instant every person in the assembly was on their *knees* and the house was filled with prayer—a whole congregation united in confessing to God their shortcomings and asking for help to overcome sin. The next place I entered, they were reading from Isaiah, every man, woman, and child with an open Bible in hand following the pastor as he read the passage, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters and drink." His voice, without being loud, was so distinct that it could be heard in every part of the great building, packed with people intent on every word; after this a psalm, when reluctantly I came out, as I had much else to do, but as I slowly walked away from the place dedicated to the worship of God, a familiar melody from the united hearts of the great congregation, swelled up, reverber-

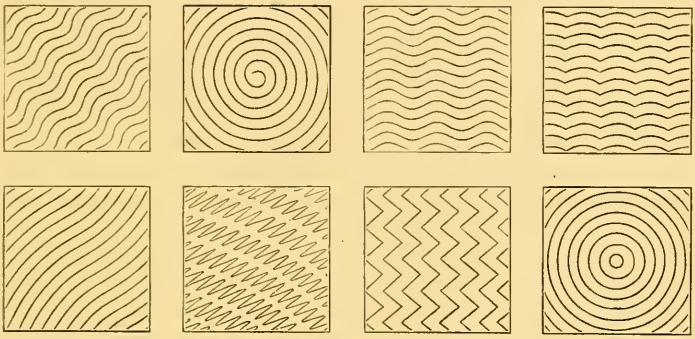
ated through the quiet streets which it seemed to sanctify and bless. Besides this sort of direct worship, there is religion in everything done here; for example, the extreme willingness to oblige—ask the first person you meet any question you please and notice the result—"Will you please tell me where the Palm Gardens are?" the answer variously given—with exuberance of good-will will be, "Yes, *indeed*," or "Yes, *well*," or "Yes, most willingly," or "With my heart." "I will, certainly," etc. If you show that you don't exactly understand, invariably they say, "Allow me to go to the corner," "I will point out the way," until you are often embarrassed with their kindness. Do you imagine that they desire, or like the people of Belgium or Ireland, wait for a fee; not at all; you might as soon expect a Hollander or Scotchman to take a reward for an act of kindness as a German. You know that he would be disgraced by the mere thought, for mendicancy is not a virtue encouraged in the fatherland. I wouldn't give my experiences, for example, while being bewildered on street corners and the like, and of having these good people put me right for a great deal. I have had such a multitude of happy examples of the practical workings of the golden rule, that I am convinced that Christianity is in their hearts instead of on their lips; and then when you thank them for kindness their responses sound like the rippling of refreshing water to a person perishing from thirst, saying variable, "you are welcome *beautifully*," "you are welcome greatly," "welcome, welcome," and a dozen other expressions of good-will that refuse to be pressed into a foreign tongue. When you enter a hotel, especially in the smaller towns, every one greets you with a friendly welcome, are ceaseless in their attention as long as you remain; even "boots" and the stablemen look you honestly in the face and kindly "wish you a good appetite" as you go to meals; hardly ever speak to you without first touching their caps; open the door of your carriage, hand you out and salute you, as if it was an honor and pleasure to be kind; and when you are leaving, waiters, landlord, and landlady are at the door to bid you a clamorous "fortunate voyage." You suspect again for a fee, but no; the subordinates sometimes receive such, but it is not the cause of the custom, which has originated in

the profuse hospitality of the German heart, this kindness not being put on as a holiday garb, but innate, extended to each other as well as strangers; even the drivers of omnibuses and street cars but rarely pass each other without saluting—touching their caps—are even more polite to their colleagues and the general public than the hack and 'bus drivers of England; but—I must leave for Weimar. Farewell.

* * * * * * * * *

What a country I have passed through since I said my last word in Frankfort. Every beauty that a land could possess it presented, and such homes! very few grand places. The buildings that are called "castles" we would think rather good country-seats. But the houses of the poor—low, broad, and substantially built, no fences enclosing the accumulated rubbish of every tenant who occupied them since first erected, nor are they so narrow-chested that the occupants can hardly take a long breath when inside. There is an amplitude and expansiveness about them indicative of the soil. "Full of sweet dreams and health and quiet breathing." The poorest are not only built of brick or stone, but have tile roofs, curtained windows, rows of flower-pots on every window-sill; no enclosing fences or rails, the whole country for a yard; no divisions between the farms, which look as if they all belonged to one man. A stone at each corner of a field indicates its boundaries. The different tracts are only distinguished by the difference of crop; not a hand's-breadth of unoccupied space; no neglected corners, the different growths running into each other until they touch, like a chromatic potpourri;—here a great field of flax—light green; touching it, oats—"french crown color, which is a perfect yellow;" there mangel wurtzel—*red;* then a field in furrows—brown; stubble—orange-tawny; poppies—scarlet; cabbage—dark-green; tracks of potatoes with white blossoms, others crimson, and all looking like an immense patchwork quilt made from bits of rainbow. Here and there forests and streams, hills, mountains, villages, churches, ruins—long tracts of new-mown grass or oats, wheat or flax, cut in such a way that the swathes fall in rows according to preconceived designs, as if wanting to be beautiful even in death. You may judge by these diagrams, representing only a few of the fields which I

copied by the way, how innate is love of the beautiful among even the peasants in the land of your ancestors, and how they take laborious pains to add variety and grace to even products so evanescent as oats, grass, flax, and barley, spread out to dry, but for a day.



These are but a few of the simpler forms into which the artistic mower makes the grain fall under his scythe, others so complicated that I could not copy them because of the motion of the cars and the great speed. The entire country so quiet, too; no working in the fields as I had expected. The few people that we occasionally passed dressed in their Sunday clothes and loitering by the way. At last the Wartburgh shows its undiminished head, where one of the most complete men of all time, Martin Luther, was concealed from his enemies, and where he translated the Bible. At the base of this Eisenach, where he went to school. We stop here for passengers. The station is full of people, visitors to the spot most sacred to the German heart. All the men have branches of beech and myrtle in their hats, and hardly suspect that they make me think of our Birnam Woods, the women carrying bunches of wild flowers.

At last Weimar! It does not seem possible that I should see these celebrated places. It is like a dream. I stroll through the "up-hill-and-down-dale" streets of the little city of "ten thousand poets and a few inhabitants," and to my delight find none of the "chocolate-colored mud" of Bettina Brentano, "that stuck to you like wax." Instead, the streets

well paved and clean. It was half-past seven when I landed. In another hour I was again in the open air, but to find most of the houses closed and dark, except the churches, and here and there a light near a window, enabling me to get glimpses of interiors that were a delight. The streets brilliantly lighted, yet all around the stillness and solemnity of death, only broken now and then by the laughter of children or the pleasant "Good evening" of some one at an open window to a passing friend: and here and there, as I stroll along, voices accompanied by piano or organ, singing hymns, or the swelling chorus of a congregation pouring out through the windows and doors of a church, making me feel that although alone I am with brethren. But I am not alone, for Johann Peter Eckermann has been with me since I set my feet on this soil, made sacred by the footprints of almost every great name in German and in modern European letters. And although my imagination still sees him barefooted, with his shoes tied by their strings around his neck, as in the day when with raw feet and weary, an humble admirer, attracted solely by the great qualities of the inspiring man, he entered the city where his emperor of thought had erected his throne. I am delighted to be in his company as we jog along to get a view of the theatre, that was the cause of so much trouble and delight to his future master and friend. I returned wearily to the hotel as the streets were being crowded by the people coming home from church, and retired.

WEIMAR, August 15, 1887.

> "For he pursued a lonely road,
> His eyes on nature's plan,
> Neither made man too much a God,
> Nor God too much a man." MATTHEW ARNOLD.

ANOTHER faultless day; and I stand in front of the theatre planned by Goethe and Schiller, under command of Carl Augustus, and where their best plays first saw the light under Goethe's personal direction, who was manager for many years—a long, low, perfectly plain building, in front of which stands the poetical twins of the Fatherland, the

statues of which we have the heads. In getting to the theatre I passed through Weiland street, on which stands the former home of the author of Oberon. On the other side from this commodious home is a bookstore. I enter, with the intention of buying a set of his works, but to my disappointment and surprise they are not in stock! and I would judge by the nonplussed expression on the apologizing bookseller's face that the demand, at least at his shop, for Wieland was much less than he cared to confess. "Götter Helden und Wieland" might well be surprised at this curious deficit in the chief bookstore of the town where he wrote his best works, and where nearly all of his fourteen children were born. He had special books —had this trading Dominie Sampson—by Wieland, and of his portraits taken by various people, copies galore, but of complete sets of his works, no; and yet this "prophet" was, and is, honored "in his own country" and town, too, as shown by the various objects here and elsewhere in his memory.

* * * * * * * * *

Can you believe that I am sitting in the hall of the second story of Goethe's house, just resting a moment, in order to write you a few exclamations before entering the audience-room containing the great bust of Juno — the "Juno Zimmer" of the Gespräche. I am surrounded here by pictures, none of them remarkably good, that hung just where they are when their great possessor was alive. I see here also large busts, in gips, of Zeus, Clito, Mars, and others, all too big for their contracted surroundings, for notwithstanding the brilliancy of the architectural axioms, and suggestive delineations of effective homes scattered here and there through the works of the masters, notwithstanding the enthusiastic ejaculations of the "Italianishe Reise" over the stairways, halls, and doors of Bramante, his house here is architecturally a conspicuous failure!—the ugliest house in Europe—not even well adapted for the display of pictures or statuary, with which the walls and halls are lined. Departed shade! pardon me for the severity of the above assertion—it sounds ugly as I read it over, yet it cannot offend you now. If you were alive and could hear I would be as obsequious as any Boswell that ever spoiled a pen in your praise; but since your great soul will not be disturbed by what I write—could never

have been—I will add, that even the stairs over which I came to where I am, although the design is from abroad, and was an object of your especial delight, somewhat in keeping with the house, I admit, yet both workmanship and plan are naught. The recessed statue of Silence, with finger on lip, I admire and praise, especially as it suggests to me your mother's first stipulation when hiring help—"no gossip to be repeated," and more—it, rather than the eye of a reporter, should be at the entrance to every house; all else about the much-talked-of stairs is strangely common-place. I ascend a second flight and enter a sort of vestibule, in the centre of which, on a pedestal, is a plaster mutilated antique, and around the faded blue walls—the color of the coat that Goethe wore during his first audience with Eckermann—are the torsos and medallions, already made familiar by "The Conversations." On a shelf overhead a number of plaster busts of friends; the frieze of this room Greek; the ceiling in the Greek style, ugly and faded. Many very fine portraits are here, and water-color copies of what I take to be Italian friezes, but all in the flimsiest sort of lacquer or wooden frames, evidently made by the town carpenter. In the "Gross Zeus Zimmer"—it is not the room that is large, but the bust, still extant, from which it derives its name. Here is the piano on which Mendelssohn and nearly all the famous contemporary musicians played, and it was in this room, I think, that Ludwig Tieck gave the celebrated reading of "Clavigo," mentioned by Eckermann, so effectively that his small but select audience, in tears, did not observe the candles going out for lack of snuffing; and when, after concluding the play, the reader stood up, wiping the perspiration from his brow, his audience still lost in thought, "*gefesselt auf ihren Stühlen*," chained to their chairs, "penetrated to the soul" by what they heard and felt, the artful reading having driven the ordinary words of thanks out of their minds, until by degrees they came to themselves and began to talk. The furniture and decorations of the room are the same as on the day the master died, except that the director has taken a number of copper and xylographic plates from Goethe's great collection of over five thousand specimens, in cabinets, in the next room, and has framed a number of fifteenth and sixteenth century patterns, and hung them on the walls. The custodian

has told me that it was Goethe's custom to replace his pictures in this way, the backs of the frames being on hinges and fastened with clasps, and that *he* only continues the plan of the former owner, thus telling me of a contrivance that until this moment I imagined myself the sole and only inventor. Many of the pictures here, faded and not at all remarkable, are familiar from Eckermann's microscopic descriptions.

I go at will from apartment to apartment, stopping now and then to look at something familiar or unknown. The "Urbino Room," so called from the life-size portrait of the Count of that name hanging on the wall, contains some very good pictures, besides his collection of engravings. I observed a bust of Martin Luther on top of a great Dutch stove, indicating that at least here, if not hereafter, it is at times rather hot for the sturdy Reformer. I also noticed cases containing many presents sent to Goethe from foreign lands: A deal book-case, painted in imitation of ash, is filled with statuettes, medallions, small busts, fragments of various antiques and pictures, and, in the "Juno Room," the golden coronet with flowers of emeralds, sent to him from Frankfort, August 28, 1819. In the "Drawings Room"—that is, the apartment where he kept his collection of drawings—a number of his own hang on the walls, some of them suggestive of Victor Hugo's frenzies. The gentleman in charge has just said "it took over a year to catalogue all the art treasures that he left when he died," which I can very easily understand, as there is one cabinet here consisting of perhaps twenty large drawers, containing Italian fourteenth and fifteenth century medals alone. In the "Alcove Room" you are surrounded by casts and drawings by Rembrandt, Rubens, Querchino, Wille, Boucher, Peter Vischer, besides chests of thinner drawers filled with cameos, intaglios, medallions, and coins in silver and gold, and a large case of death masques, including those of Dante, Schiller, Alma von Goethe, Lessing, Carl Augustus, Tasso, and Rubens' skull! In a letter found among Goethe's papers it is claimed that the skull sent to him from England (this one) was the skull of Rubens. I looked at it, as you may imagine, with much surprise. No one has spoken more eloquently about the exuberant power of the famous Dutchman, born in Cologne, than has his great counterpart in many ways, Goethe. I feel

towards Rubens—if little can be contrasted with greatness—as I do, but in a less degree, towards Edwin Forrest; that is, as an iconoclast, who has not only destroyed my saints but the happiness, too, with which I was enabled to contemplate their images arranged in the chambers of memory. With reference to Forrest, Lear was one of these that I regarded with special reverence. In an unguarded hour I went to see the great actor in that *rôle;* and since, there is an unoccupied pedestal in my hall of heroes—so, frequently, with Rubens, many objects and events long held sacred have been shattered by the great desecrator. So that it was with no small degree of satisfaction that I looked upon what I trust and hope are his bare bones, although it requires much faith to believe them dead, especially when you find every gallery you enter filled with apparently fresh lots of his abominable pictures. "Dead men tell no tales," and, thank fortune, empty skulls can neither conceive nor execute horrors; but of the death masks, that of Goethe himself completes the collection of casts from the faces of the dead. The "Majolica Zimmer," also, contains much that is fine in the way of old pottery and the like: Etruscan vases and Limoges ware, together with a number of small bronzes from various parts—especially Italy—and a collection strangely including an American dollar and a cent! and I, who not only love my country, but the very blood that runs through her veins in the form of these same coins, especially the former—I leave the pennies to erect a monument to Franklin—bent reverently over this "dollar of the daddies," that in such good company reminded me so forcibly of home. I know you will not regard the enumeration of the remarkable objects stowed away in this little pocket in the particolored coat of Germany as wasted time, for who that has ever been astonished and enlightened by an examination of the contents of the pocket of a child can avoid being pleased by an inspection of the treasures that fill the nooks and corners of the wallet of a seer; and, after all, what is a man's house but his wallet or poke? I would almost be willing to risk this as an axiom: "Show me your pockets, and I'll tell you what you are." The "Busten Zimmer" contains, besides casts from the antique, a splendid marble portrait of Herder—a noble face, with an expression as placid as a cow's. I find

also in this room a number of pine cases filled with medallions, worth thousands of dollars, and many of his two thousand original drawings by masters that, perhaps, now would bring millions in any market, besides busts of Hegel and Christiana von Weimar (looking like Mary Norton—if you can imagine Mary's handsome face encircled in curls). Lord Byron, whom Goethe admired above all Englishmen, except Shakespeare, is also in this pantheon, and Wieland, and the young Humboldt, together with Voss, Zelter, and many more. In the hall is Angelica Kaufman's beautiful picture of the ruddy, middle-aged man of the house; also, Peter Vischer's "Allegory of Luther:" Luther a young man, before him a number of nude figures, representing, I suppose, unadorned truth. On the floor, prostrate and awed, a great man covered with barbaric and other ornaments, which but conceal truth. A remarkable work, showing by a few adroit lines the view the Nuremberg iron-worker took of the Reformation. From a contemplation of this famous allegory I enter the work-room, and am at last awed. The reader of Eckermann's "Gespräche mit Goethe," for the last ten years of Goethe's life, becomes as familiar—perhaps more so—with what happened in this house, especially in this room, than if he had occupied it every day himself. To be brought thus, therefore, face to face with what you have seen in imagination over and over again, and find it just about as you had supposed, is something startling, especially if it is something that touches you nearly as this does. I think that this is one of the many attractions of Eckermann's three little volumes (how I love even the very wrinkles on their homely German bindings!)—they make you an inhabitant of the house. How I remember with what delight I read the familiar beginnings of the various entries in his journal "With Goethe to Dinner"—wondering, what is he going to say to-day—in what charming way will he instruct me now! And here I stand in the flesh, in this secluded room, by the plain deal table—the throne from whence flashed out thoughts that were an inspiration to the whole land. Do you know that it was Emerson who taught the world to regard Goethe "as the great phenomenon in the development of mankind?"—and Germany recognizes the service done by our great countryman. The *Hand Library*, consisting chiefly of books of reference, is here

just as he left it—the entire room as it was. The Director has just handed me from a shelf the "Farbe Lehre"—perhaps Goethe's only failure, and, like all children astray, the cause of its father's most assiduous care. But why call it a failure when such a book teaches more even when wrong, than others do when right? This special volume, bound by Goethe (for, like Southey, he knew how to bind books), has back and sides of the sort of blue paper that we use for wrapping Seidlitz powders; and on a bit of white paper pasted on the back is the title, also done by the master. It caused a thrill when I took it in my hands, as if something sacred had emanated from it to keep me ever from becoming common or unclean. "It reminds me," I said, "of the glass bust of Napoleon that Eckermann brought as a present from Strasburg." Goethe said of this particular figure—I recall distinctly the day, when the white rays happening to strike it, and were scattered into their prismatic colors on the opposite wall—he said that "Napoleon had come all the way from Strasburg to prove the correctness of *his* doctrine of color." "Where is that bust?" I ask. "I have been looking for it ever since I came into the house." Pointing to the head and shoulders of the "Little Corporal," on the top of a high desk in the corner of the room, he said, "There is the identical figure." I looked and saw the long-sought-for effigy! it was of common glass, about four inches high, costing perhaps sixpence. It has been having the dust brushed off it every morning for the past fifty-six years, all that time remaining in the same spot—has not been removed from where Goethe placed it a few days before he died. An open door from this study admits you into the little six feet by ten bedroom containing the single iron bedstead, without posts or ornament, where the poet slept, also the chair on which he died. How well I remember the day! A common patchwork quilt that he used, still covers the humble couch, and on it, since his death, a succession of laurel wreaths, coming from no one knows where, keeps his memory green. The floors of this little chamber, like all other floors in the house, are carpetless, void of ornamentation, too, unless a strip of coarse ingrain carpet tacked to the wall by the side of the bed might be called so, yet it is just as it was when he lived. Here he worked and here he

died, for, unlike Disraeli, he could not write in the presence of luxury. He spent a princely fortune in collecting objects to aid in the development of his many-sided mind; articles of mere physical comfort he always scorned. A strange problematical life was that of Goethe, and his great works—were they good? Who can tell?

> "The little foolery that wise men have
> Make a great show."

and there are those who ever keep their eyes on folly, while they allow wisdom unheeded to cry aloud in the street. "Will you please tell me the way to New Church yard?" "Ja, wohl; take that street, go straight and you're at it." I have followed directions, have been going straight like this: until weary, and here I am, under the trees in the cemetery, containing the dust of so many once great in Israel. Among others, the brothers in the domain of letters, Goethe and Schiller. I have reached the little chapel built over the grand ducal burial vault, where looking down through the lattice opening in the middle of the floor, the opening through which bodies are lowered into the crypt, I can see the coffins of the dead. The custodian tells us "this is the spot set apart for the last resting place of princes, and Goethe and Schiller, princes both—among men and poets—are here." We follow him into the cold, damp vault, lighted with lamps—burning American oil—and find resting on the floor the coffins of the Princes and their families, that have died here for the past two hundred and fifty years. Most of the coffins are made of oak, lined with zinc, others entirely of zinc; that of Carl Augustus, whose enlightened patronage it was that during his life made this little town the Athens of Germany, is of bronze, of beautiful pattern and workmanship, on one side the words "Brave and wise," on the other "Just and mild." We see also a little casket, not more than four feet long, which made my heart bleed afresh: and here are the oak chests containing the remains of the poetical pair, inscribed simply with their last names; they are covered with laurel wreaths, the last of which came from Italy. These graceful expressions of appreciation are con-

stantly dying, withering, and without solicitation, being replaced by new. At the head of Schiller, in a glass-covered case, is the crown of silver-oak leaves from the women of Hamburg, also the wreath of silk having stitched into its leaves the names of his works. At Goethe's head is a similar case with the wreath of gold laurel from the women of Germany—when the curtain again falls, and I am under the trees with the goldfinches and blackbirds, singing their ever new and always delightful song—they are the singers who never die. The trees here are alive with goldfinches, as numerous as sparrows; also the streets, and the Rowan and locust trees around the hotel where I stop, continually resounds with their songs. Rowan trees—mountain ash—what in all nature more beautiful than these, with their bright feathery foliage and clusters of brilliant red berries, and where can you find them in greater perfection than here. Surely, no Scotchman after visiting Germany can ever sing again:

> "The apple and the oak and the bonnie Rowan tree,
> They flourish best at hame in my ain countrie."

Wilkins Micawber, when meeting his friend Copperfield, reminded him of the day when "Metaphorically, they pu'ed the Rowan's fine"—adding in an aside by way of confession, "Although what the Rowans were, he never was able to find out."

At the grave of Charlotte Von Stein—Goethe's friend: "Charlotte Freifrau Von Stein," is all that is said of this famous woman who had such a remarkable influence on Goethe's life. His letters to her, forming perhaps one of the most enchanting and tender memorials in all literature, exceeding in every attraction and grace those of Swift to Stella, Mérimée's "Letters à une Inconnue," or "Abelard to Heloise," or even William Hulmboldt's "Briefe an eine Freundin." For exemplifying as they do a devoted friendship of the noblest kind, they will give "delight and hurt not," as long as friendship and the German tongue are understood. How I wish for time to visit Schiller's home. I passed it to-day; the lower rooms occupied now by a dealer in plaster of Paris casts; and how much I would like also to give a few days to Thuringia, Eisenach and The Wartburgh, but cannot. I have been basking too much in the lap of Fortune, drifting

with the stream in an Arcadia "of brooks, of blossoms, birds and flowers," until now, I must hurry to the Capitol to get my mail, and every hour is a day until I hear from home. I have been inquiring in his home about Eckermann, and find that he is not only recognized as one of the factors in the elucidation of Goethe's many-sided life, but occupies a warm place in every heart as well. His haunts were everywhere, except the great companies to which he was always invited, but at which he was but seldon seen, prefering rather to roam alone through the streets and lanes, or to rove in forests and fields with bow and quiver full of arrows, or to search for nests among the branches, or to observe the habits of birds in their native wilds. There was not a nest for miles around unknown to Eckermann, with the number of their eggs, and could prognosticate the date of hatching to a day, after which he watched the development of the young brood, until able to fly, or if abandoned by the underweening precipitancy of the alarmed parents, too soon, he carried the naked creatures to his room, fed them at regular intervals, and watched over them with a mother's care, until self-sufficient and fledged. A man somewhat like our Thoreau was Eckermann; wild things had no dread of him. How I would like to walk from "The Schloss" to his lodgings, and sit for a while in the room where he kept his books, and had his cage of linnets, of which he told his uninitiated master such pleasant tales. Goethe so ignorant of birds, that on one occasion he called partridges—larks. Why is Eckermann compared with the sycophant Boswell—dear, simple hearted man—there never were two people more dissimilar. To me he is more like Goldsmith—although not strictly a genius—than any one I know; an independent spirit too, audacious enough to refuse to agree with his master when wrong; sagacious enough to make known to him many "sylvan secrets," in his own charming way, and brave enough to attempt to correct the errors of a friend, even at the risk of incurring his wrath. Adieu.

BERLIN, August 16, 1887.

——"Guide my feet
Through fair Lycéum's walk, the olive shades
Of Academus, and the sacred vale
Haunted by steps divine where once beneath
That ever-living plantain's ample boughs
Ilissus, by Socratic sounds detained,
On his neglected urn attentive lay;
While Borias, lingering on the neighboring steep,
With beauteous Onthyía. his love-tale
In silent awe suspended. There let me,
With blameless hand, from thy envious fields
Transplant some living blossoms to adorn
My adopted clime."—*The Pleasures of the Imagination.*

AKENSIDE.

THIS—my first morning in the Capital; has been devoted to the adjustment of my chattels, emptying valises, putting clothing to rights, and getting my little collection in order, previous to its transportation for Liverpool; making the necessary arrangements with my landlady, who is convenient to the University—a few minutes after lectures I can be at home—and then hurrying off to the post to get my mail. Two letters from you and one from your little friend Eleanor. How I wish you could see what a sweet creature this young lady has grown into since you saw her last; a small, dark brunette, with large brown eyes, long wavy hair, which she does her very best to keep smooth; straight nose, wonderfully expressive mouth, a bright, penetrating, well-developed mind; an independent but quiet spirit, unobtrusive to shyness, but with a correctness and sharpness of observation that notices the peculiarities of the smallest speck in the inside of the petals of the most diminutive flower, and at the same time can comprehend the universe; and yet she is a little motherly old woman of but sixteen years, devoted to her house, that she keeps entirely alone: her chickens, that she counts every night and watches as carefully as if she was a Mother Carey; her flowers, that develop into great brilliancy and size under her encouraging eye; and her uncle, whose irregularities never seem to cause her a sigh, or to teach her anything but the necessity for greater regularity and temperance in her own life. Her aunt, poor girl, is different; she

also has a good understanding, a mind that as far as it has gone has developed in the right direction; is scrupulously truthful, unusually disinterested, is busy from morning to night without a word of complaint; a little bit given, perhaps, within the small circle of her friends, to display, submissively, sensitiveness, and yet running through her life is an almost invisible current of bitterness, which shows itself more by an occasional effort at suppression—to prevent it from breaking its banks—than by any outburst that I have seen. She is fair, looks somewhat like Ellie Newland but more like Raphael's most beautiful Lillie, except that at times there is a somewhat sinister gleam—disappearing as soon as seen—in her large gray eyes; she has an ugly flaming scar on her left hand, a stigma under which she winces not only because of the disfigurement, but because of its being an inheritance from a father for whom she has no love. She silently frets under the embarrassing and confined circumstances in which she is placed, a subordinate to a niece, not her age; and yet her great love for her grandmother and a helpless aunt, living just on the outskirts of the town, keeps her from breaking the bars of her constrained cage and flying away; nevertheless, with all her suppression she has already achieved for herself a position as an etcher, not great, but graceful, of the designs of others, that are recognized abroad. You will be pleased with both, and I know that when you come to Leamington your days there will be made bright by their prattle and song.

* * * * * * * * *

To-day has been one of rest; I went out without paper or pen, intending to matriculate, or whatever it is that foreign students do at the University—then to do the somnambulist through the streets, without waking up to anything like a careful inspection of what was to be seen; would simply dream from place to place—when tired, rest. And so here I am sitting at a marble table in a comfortable room, with the soft light of a lamp shedding its beams over the page. How very pleasant it is to write thus, as compared to pirouetting on one foot when you rest the other, and in this way attempting to tell about what you can't always see.

On my way to the post this morning I noticed, in the little park in front of our house, the peculiar velvety softness

and beauty of the lawn. The individual blades, not much broader than hairs, with a miniature clover hugging the roots as closely as vines around the head of Bacchus, not a pin-point of bare space seen. As I stood there awhile admiring the verdant carpet a woman with a big broom, emerging from behind a tree, calmly began sweeping the grass, which really looked as if a fine comb would be much more appropriate than a besom. The same process was repeated in the evening, women sweeping off the dust accumulated during the day. This habit of scrupulosity in the matter of order and neatness enters into every detail of life both here and in Holland. In Berlin dogs are used, but not to the extent of the Low Countries, as beasts of burden, and draw loads equally as large. What a relief your letters have been, and how much they have added to my joy. Yet when I think of the intense heat and dust, discomforts of home, am actually ashamed of myself because I can't get miserable, or something or other disagreeable, no matter how hard I try. If a little bubble of anxiety does, now and then, get into the stream of my peace, which flows like a river, it eddies but for a moment on the surface and explodes, when there is the same old placid current, smooth and deep as before, the reason—my *complete calm* being but eight years, is not yet old enough for wrinkles. After strolling shiftlessly through the streets to-day, I finally drifted in the direction of R's, glided along the stream running through the heart of the city, on the banks of which he lives, and found the door-jambs and lintels wreathed in evergreens and roses. I rang, "a neat-handed Phillis" answering my call, told me that the prodigal had returned, the fatted calf had been killed, but that he had gone into the country to see his sister; no one at home. "Would I leave my card?" I had none—had lost my address; I did not know the name of my hotel! nor the street where it was, nor the name of the lady who kept it, nor the square near it, nor the neighboring railroad station, nor anything about it. In my confusion, almost forgot myself. The maid seeing my perplexity, disappeared, in a moment returning with a sheet of paper, pen, and ink, when I wrote Reineke a letter, in which I told him I was lost; didn't know where I was stopping, but that as soon as I found out would write again. I felt very much disappointed and confused, and really knew not

what to do. Could not ask any person about it, as I did not know what to ask for—was utterly at sea. In despair threw myself under a willow growing on the banks of the mournful river; tried to remember the song in Othello, that before dying I might sing it like poor Barbara, but I couldn't, then I resolved that at least I would not die with an empty stomach like a man in a besieged city. "A stranger found dead from *starvation* on the banks of the Spree" would hardly be pleasant reading for my ghost, nor would such a post-mortem announcement be flattering to my friends. What shall I do? for I was not only lost but famished. I must find something to eat. Walking to a bend in the promenade, I saw a large house, in front trees, underneath tables with snowy cloths, surrounded with chairs. With the courage of desperation I took possession of one, and simply said, "Dinner." I shall give you an inventory of what was brought. First bread and butter and a glass of bier with a lid to it, which I declined,—the lid,—then a plate of delicious soup. When I had taken all this and, like Jack Spratt and his wife, had licked the platter clean, I was brought two small lobsters. I forgot to tell you that when in London I almost lived on lobsters; everybody does. I ate so many, that more than once I found myself blushing when I came near where they were sold—so that I need hardly say that I devoured these two and crushed the shells. After this, a dish of potatoes, cauliflower, beans, peas, tomatoes, cucumbers, and vermicelli *mixed*—more palatable than you imagine—this also disappeared; then a little plate of minced lettuce: then a great dish of potatoes with gravy, a vegetable marrow, and the front quarter of a goose, went the way of all flesh. After which a plate of cherries, large enough to make two bites of each, were downed. Then a portion of ice cream and a plate of small cakes—the finale—melted in my mouth; as I bent my head and thought of home—oh, I exclaimed mentally, oh, if I could only afford to give my poor, emaciated wife and half-famished children such a meal how happy I would be. You will remember, that I expected this to be my valedictory dinner—my farewell repast. "My bill, please." The *kellner* disappeared. In a moment he returned, and my heart failed me. I knew I was going to be made a bankrupt. Please tell it

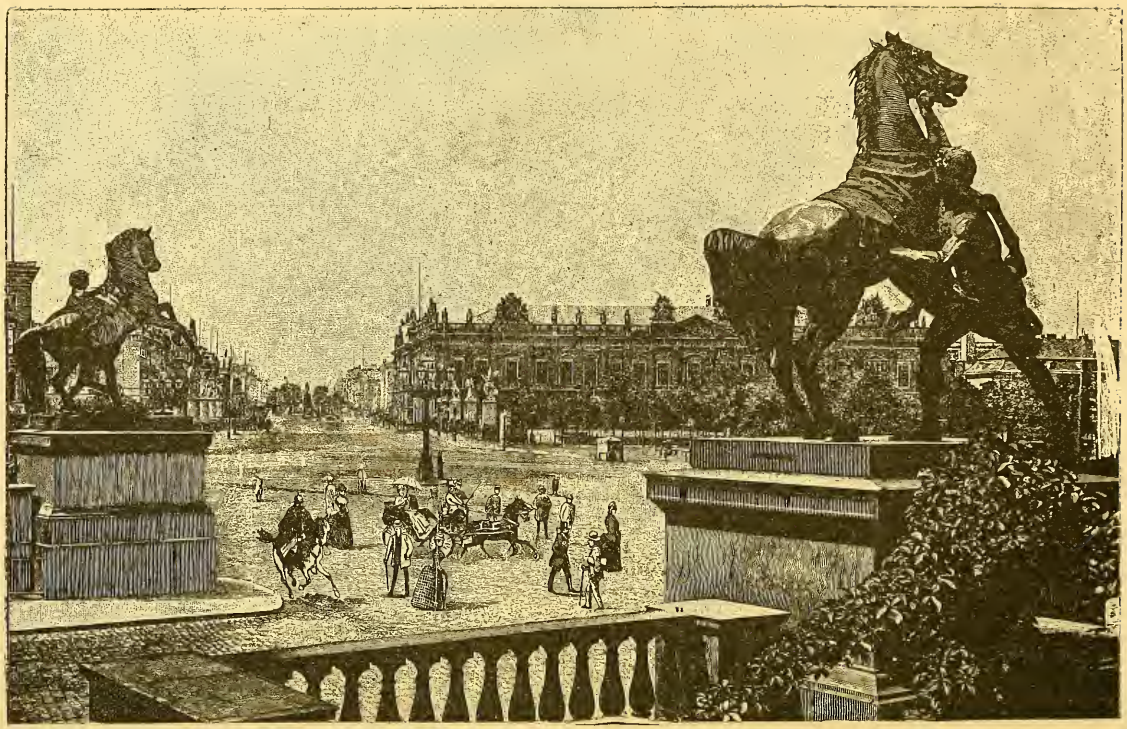
gently, "How much?" "Thirty cents!" "What?" He made a head-waiter shrug, repeated, "Thirty cents, sir; you know we include beer." I jumped to my feet, took him by the hand, shook it rapturously, came near falling on his neck, like "the strangers" in Tirrotsi's "Grateful Wanderer." Instead, I gave him three marks, all the money that I had in the world—unless I found my hotel. "Keep it all," I said, for I had forgotten in the excitement of the moment that I was lost, bade him good-bye, and, fortune favoring the brave, as soon as I had gained the street I met my landlady, and she took me home. Yours as ever.

BERLIN, UNTER DEN LINDEN, Aug. 17, 1887.

"They went likewise to see the drawing of metals, how the lapidaries did work, as also the goldsmiths and cutters of precious stones; nor did they omit to visit the alchymists, watchmakers, looking-glass frame makers, and other such kind of artificers, yet nothing impressed them as did the wonderful sights of the streets."—*Life of Gargantua.*

RABELAIS.

TO-DAY I have been riding on tramways through wide, smooth, perfectly clean streets, lined on each side by magnificent houses, mostly with their fronts a complete network of graceful carvings. In building here the custom is to use rough stones, and when the house is erected, carve over it the development of some legend, the illustrations of some classic tale, or it may be, the story of the rise and progress of the builder, or the man for whom it is being built; or, perhaps, simply a reproduction in stone of some Pompeian wall decoration, so that a simple stroll through the streets, or a ride on a car, exhibits sights that I imagine are seldom if ever seen outside of Germany. To write down all worthy of perpetual remembrance and praise, even during a stroll through the streets, would require much time, and I will therefore only say that amid a profusion of ornamentation, you seldom see anything meaningless or incapable of pointing a moral or adorning a tale. The street where I write, what words could record its splendors! From the moment that I passed the Royal National Gallery, with its great front covered with the commanding pictures by



VIEW FROM THE CASTLE TERRACE LOOKING TOWARDS UNTER DEN LINDEN.

Cornelius, with background of gold, and crossed the handsome bridge, *Schloss Brücke*, ornamented with colossal marble statues, full of action and life, that spans the lovely embanked Spree, until now, with a charming park and the Cathedral at my back, the University in front; on my left, in the middle of the street, Rauch's wonderful statue of Frederick the Great, said to be the grandest monument in Europe, and by my side the plain Palace of the Emperor, I have been amazed; words cannot describe the splendor of the place. The tops of the houses—cornices, are lined with marble figures larger than life; the pediments are alive with men, women, children, and horses, in high relief, and along the sidewalks are sitting and standing celebrities in stone, whose very pedestals contain enough to employ the admiration for weeks; and yet this is but the approach to the famous street that, beginning at the Castle of the Kaiser, ends in the Brandenburg gate —I am merely within the Garden of Eden, with long vistas of prospective bliss extending interminably before. I stand for a few moments in front of Rauch's stupendous statue of Fritz surrounded by his friends. I use the word "stupendous," not in reference to its size, although it is enormous, but to its effect. It occupies a position in the middle of the street, in front of the plain two-story-and-a-half Castle of Kaiser William, now in his ninetieth year, and well. Where is there another avenue in the world that would not be obstructed by this massive group? The Monument—clustered around a granite pedestal twenty-five feet high, on which is placed an equestrian statue of Frederick the Great, are bronze groups, life size, of the leading generals and statesmen during the seven years' war, standing or mounted on horses as they lived—in animated discussion or thought, forming a glorious aureola around their chief. From where I stand I count nineteen people and four horses, all apparently endowed with immortal life; besides these, on this side, (there are three others like it) are cannon, armor, trumpets, helmets, muskets, and trees; which, although of metal, to say of them that they look real would be short of the truth; they exceed reality, at least as we ordinary beings understand that most complimented word. I would venture to say that outside of Prussian Germany, *models* for these magnificent figures could not be found, and that a sculptor

producing such, would have to create them himself; and yet these are the men of the streets of Frankfort, Weimar, and Berlin, as splendid looking fellows as the sun ever shone upon —the very street-sweepers even exhibiting a bearing and dignity commanding respect.

But the subject is too prolific in suggestions; I can't proceed. This is also too great for my limited time, epecially as other attractions are luring me on. * * * What a street! what shops! filled with wonders in metal and precious stones. What bronzes and jewels! Why do we never see such exquisite productions in our palatial stores? Lingerers around shop windows find a paradise in this promenade; but here is an "Arcade," the stone sides carved to the lofty cornices; arches of glass stretching across the way, from eave to eave; the street paved in mosaic; and here and there in recesses clusters of exotics and palms. What wares are exhibited in this virtuoso's Eden. I stand in front of the windows, lost in thought, until tired with the contemplation of unspeakable things. Seeing a shrubbery and seats, I sit down by a little table for repose, when in a moment, from some invisible source overhead, like the orchestra in Wilhelm Meister, there bursts forth the most bewitching music. I am in heaven. I hear the hosannas of the celestial hosts. The shops are where the redeemed work for the love of men. The people passing to and fro know nothing of accounts, nor the perplexities of trade. Have ceased from their troubles—are at home—at rest. I am brought to eat ambrosia and drink the nectar and hear the music of the gods, and yet I am but a novice in this celestial city, and wait for the loving hands that shall lead me to the friends gone before. Dante was said to have been in hell. I am in heaven! but the angel of necessity, with flaming sword, expels me from this paradise of the blest. I reluctantly go on—where? I know not, nor care to know. I am so elated with what I have realized that I walk as if on clouds, and henceforth can have no doubt nor fear.

> "I know not what the future hath of marvel or surprise.
> Assured alone that life and death His bounty underlies."

Such the effect produced by the attractions of this wonderful thoroughfare and its charming retreats that you can hardly be-

lieve your senses. * * * I have made the tour of "Unter den Linden," and am sitting here just long enough to collect my wandering thoughts before moving on. I feel as if I had been the victim of one of De Quincey's dreams, and wait the awakening that will release me from its spell. As I recline here at my leisure, with a sandstone fountain making music at my feet, and grapevines and beeches embowering me about, I get a good view of the famous Brandenburg Gate and the statue of Victory, with her chariot and four on the top. As I look on the magnificent group from where I am on the Thiergarten side, Victory has her back to me, her horses galloping with full speed towards the palace of the king. I had supposed, from pictures I had seen, that she was driving towards the park. I can't have been mistaken. If so, why was such a ponderous mass turned around. While endeavoring to explain to myself what seemed so strange, a young man took a seat by my side. Addressing him, "How is it? Isn't Victory reversed?" "*Ja wohl!*" he replies. How assuring the affix, "*wohl*," in the hearty German expression of assent. It is the abracadabra that drives out fear, and fills up the great gulf between the stranger and yourself, enabling your sympathies to run over and interchange. Long live the noble people that always say, "Yes, well;" and never "Yes, ill." "*Ja wohl!*" he replies. "Why?" "Well, you see"—I knew by the expression lighting up his face that he was going to tell me of something that pleased—"it was before the last struggle that Victory was driving her horses in the direction of Paris. The war came. The French were victors, and carried off our statue as a trophy to flatter their vanity and decorate their capital at the same time. Good—but in '70 it was our turn. The whipped became whippers. We beat the French, and brought our Victory home; replanted her on her original site, with her back to Frankreich, her face looking proudly towards the Fatherland, as if she was glad and happy to be at home." "And long may she wave," says I. "But, tell me, do you know anything about the great structure, 'The Gate,' that serves both as a pedestal and thoroughfare through which wagons and carriages pass on their way to the park? It is Greek, of course. The columns, Corinthian; the capitols, Doric; the pediment and frieze

decorated with reliefs like the Pantheon, except that here they are in panels, each consisting generally of a human figure, with a centaur, a horse, or an ox. Is it a copy, or is it simply invented in the Greek style, by a native architect?" "No;" he replies, "it is a copy of the Propylæa, at Athens, exactly the same in proportion and decorations." Just then a friend came up, when he says, "Please excuse me. I would like to remain, for I see you are a stranger, and as such entitled to the best that we can do to make you feel at home; but I have a positive appointment at six o'clock, and it lacks but ten minutes now. Adieu." He offers me his hand; bids me a *fortunate voyage*, and is off; and so am I. Adieu.

"I pray the prayer of Plato old:
'God make thee beautiful within,'
And let *thine* eyes the good behold
In every thing save sin!"

BERLIN, August 18, 1887.

„Euer Excellenz," sagte ich, „haben vorhin in der Aeußerung, daß die Griechen sich mit persönlicher Großheit an die Natur gewandt, ein gutes Wort gesprochen, und ich halte dafür, daß man sich von diesem Satz nicht tief genug durchdringen könne."

„Ja, mein Guter," sagte Goethe, „hierauf kommt Alles an; man muß etwas sein, um etwas zu machen. Dante erscheint uns groß, aber er hatte eine Kultur von Jahrhunderten hinter sich; das Haus Rothschild ist reich, aber es hat mehr als ein Menschenalter gekostet, um zu solchen Schätzen zu gelangen."

Gespräche mit Goethe.

I HAVE been for an hour in the museum—not, remember, the dime sort, which, though ubiquitous with us, I have not yet seen abroad. All over Europe the term museum is applied only to collections of sculpture, paintings, and antiquities; generally connected with the fine arts. This museum, in particular, was founded by William II, for the special study of æsthetics—cultivated as a science here, and taught in the public schools. Since his time it has been enriched by contributions from various sources until, at present, traversing its corridors and salons is like traveling through the universe of art. Judges who know, say there is nothing

that approaches it in the world; and even I know that it far exceeds the wonderful buildings for the same purpose in London. Its latest additions, archæologically, of transcendent value are the sculptures and architectural fragments brought five years ago from the Temple of Pergamon, in Athens. I am sitting very comfortably at present on a wooden step with my back against a polished red-stone pillar, in front of a great picture of the buried Acropolis of this once famous town—Pergamon. The inimitable place, thanks to the enlightened liberality and energy of the German government, has been again brought to light. In the long-ago days of Hellenic greatness this was the burying-place of her dead, but by the accumulating dust of many ages it was buried itself, until an enterprising and lore-loving people, living long after its entombment, speaking a language it knew not, but ennobled and elevated by the spirit of Greece, which still lives in her literature and arts, resurrected it from the dust of oblivion, carried it in ships and overland from its island home, and re-edified it in this magnificent apartment, set aside for its use, thus giving it again a place, at least in the imagination of men. Can anything be stranger than this? A great temple, buried for centuries, discovered by penetrating the earth, brought to light, and carried in pieces and rebuilt in another land! The "architectural courts" of the Crystal Palace are but *reproductions* of what was, to be sure, implying generous and enlightened liberality too, but in this case the whole magnificent structure has been dug up piece by piece from the invisible recesses of the earth, and joined together among a people non-existent when the building was originally erected, just as a child would reconstruct a toy-building from blocks. There stands the Temple of Augustus, over yonder blue mountains with their heads lost in the clouds, between them the "Valley of Silenus" given up to unholy rites; to the right the "Temple of Athena," and still farther on "the Hall of Attalus the Second." Beneath, a long row of houses skirted with colonnades, then another temple, fountains, a wide street, palaces, and trees, and all this loveliness built upon a mountain of ashes, the product of the sacrifices burnt upon the altar of the older Temple of Pergamon, erected on the plain at its base. This temple stands on the Valley of Silenus side of a great rectan-

gle paved with cream-colored blocks, and surrounded by a low wall. It is in the form of a hollow square. Persons are flocking up its thirty broad steps to the centre, where stands the altar which even now is reeking with incense from the burning bodies of the slain. I can almost see the people move and hear the sound of the crackling flesh, and feel the wild enthusiasm of the deluded worshipers, and yet, strangest of all, around me in this saloon, in this German town, twenty-four centuries after this was, are the fragments of the mythic colossi that ornamented the plinth upon which this temple stood; not only these, but the mutilated remains of the votive figures that occupied the inner recesses of the building. And all the pieces great and small are placed in juxtaposition, so that you can study the very lines and exact relative position in which they originally stood. Is it any wonder then, especially when you think that this is only a small sample of what this great people have done for the *correct* enlightenment of the world, that she is reckoned foremost among the nations of the earth. A great many of the celebrated antiques, of which other countries are glad to have plaster casts, are in the original here. I will mention a few of them that I have seen already, short as the time has been since I came in. The Athena from the Temple of Pergamon; Heracles from the Altar; the Battle of the Lapithæ and Centaurs that you know from our own academy; the Bronze Praying Boy from the Tiber; the Daughter of Lycomedes; the Boy Extracting a Thorn from his Foot; "Dionysius and Ariadne;" the beautiful "Satyr Playing on a Flute;" the Statue of Victory from Rome, a small copy of which Goethe always kept on his table; the Apollo from the Acropolis of Athens; and the wonderfully interesting young girl playing on the ground with human vertebræ as if they were jackstones; the dog that has been scratching his right ear for nearly three thousand years; and a lovely bust, life-size, of a roguish, broad-faced little boy like Birnam, that I only wish could see me as I stand within a foot of his pug nose, with just the smallest piece broken from the tip. How I would like to take him home with me, to show him to his American brother. He is surely not a creation of the imagination, but a copy of somebody's hope, who has breathed, loved, played, and—died.

I leave Greece and Rome feeling that it would take hours to put upon record the mere names of the originals of importance here, and drift into an unknown sea. * * * I have never seen such a collection of statuary and plaster casts. I am dwarfed by them. They are in number like the jewels of a royal house, and yet their arrangement so systematic, notwithstanding the splendor of their surroundings, that their study is facilitated more than you can imagine. The lofty and well-lighted saloons, so appropriately decorated that you feel that the specimens were made for where they stand; the walls with friezes of great width, painted with scenes and events familiar to the people and land that the statuary represents; the floors inlaid with wood or stone in the greatest variety of designs—no two alike; the furniture, seats, benches, etc., all according to the period; and the walls panelled and painted with such skill that they present surfaces of never-ending delight; and as these magnificent departments, with their polished marble, onyx, and porphyry pillars—incredible opulence and grace—are arranged in vistas, so as to give glimpses of the most bewitching and harmonious beauty, you are translated out of yourself by what you see. Its grandeur exceeds the most magnificent dream. In the first exclamation of surprise you say, Impossible!—this cannot be real! And it is only after some moments of suspense and doubt that you begin to feel that it *actually is*. You may, perhaps, form some notion of this princely collection when I tell you that, with the exception of the ivory carvings of the South Kensington Museum and the "Courts" of the Crystal Palace, it exceeds beyond compare these, and the British Museum combined. Not only the contents but the wall decorations are the finest imaginable, painted as they are not only by Kaulbach, Richter, Moser, Brodwolf, Ewalt (whose specialty seems to be illustrating the Niebelungen Legends), Röber, and Bandemann, but almost every name great in German art. These alone are worth crossing the Atlantic to see. Everything of moment in classic story lives again on these wonderful walls. Not only Germany, but the history of the world is illuminated in fresco by the industrious and matchless brushes of these remarkable men. These, used simply as backgrounds to enhance the beauty of statuary, make a combination that in impressiveness and grandeur

cannot be understood unless seen. This wealth of decorative magnificence, too, used only as background for the treasures that fill the immense spaces, together with the wonderful ceilings, floors, and pillars, and all recent, for the Germany that excites the admiration of the world is but *one-quarter the age of ourselves*—pre-Bismarckian Germany, to be sure, with its morality, love for the beautiful, and thrift, being the foundation—eternal piles—upon which the present new structure (united Germany) is built; all—expressing that *soul* and *mind* are the great things after all; and yet we make our infancy 112 years! and with the culture of England—Europe, back of us, an excuse for every defect—governmental. artistic, educational. You know Richter, at least from his "Odalisque," "Empress Louise," and others; Kaulbach, from his universal "Reformation," his "marvelous mixtures of history and symbolism." You also know of the placid piety and repose of Overbeck, and of the manliness and action of Ewalt and Wagner, and of the classic delineation of Moser and Brodwolf and others. Well, the walls here are covered by pictures painted by these and such as these, and with a splendor and inventiveness of detail superior even to their pictures on canvas; and yet they are all but the necessary appendages—belongings—the mere pencillings on the walls.

It is now four o'clock. I have been here since ten, and yet I have not seen nearly all of the statuary alone. Nevertheless I go again to look on the devout features of "The Praying Boy"—Goethe has a copy of this in a niche as you go up his ugly stairs—as he has an attraction peculiar to himself, making you think of him first among a thousand. This is one of the treasures found in the bottom of the Tiber when drained and made to give up its dead—or rather its drenched—so many of which it contained, supposed to have been thrown in by their Roman possessors, rather than have them fall into the hands of their enemies. An old lady, seeing my interest in the youthful supplicant, tells me, "The old Fritz gave thousands of marks for this to grace his museum a century or more ago." A man indeed would need to be as immovable as the earth in the system of Ptolemy not to be overcome by the wonders of this marvelous house; not only the wonders of creative art and of costly and magnificent display, but of arrange-

ment, also, too great to be told. And yet it is all after a sketch and according to the will of one of the "effete monarchs," who designed it as a legacy for the enlightenment and delectation of the nation—his children! Oh, unhappy children, "crushed under the iron heel of despotism," that have never known of the magnanimous reign of the O'Briens, Gradys, and Kellys in the cities beyond the sea! Farewell.

"As fairy revels may your spirits be—
Happy, exultant, frolicsome, and free."

BERLIN, August 19, 1887.

"No great sculptor, from the beginning of art to the end of it has ever carved, or ever will, a deceptive drapery. He has neither time nor will to do it. His mason's lad may do that if he likes. A man who can carve a limb or a face, never finishes inferior parts, but either with a hasty and scornful chisel, or with such grave and strict selection of their lines as you know at once to be imaginative, not imitative."—*Mornings in Florence.*

RUSKIN.

„Entzückt in süßes Schau'n, den reinsten Lieb'sgenuß,
Steht Hüon da, als wie der Genius
Der schönen Schläferin."—*Oberon.*

WIELAND.

Again in the museum of the king, or rather the "Royal Museum," to translate correctly. I sit to rest in front of the headless but animated "Dancing Satyr," with the "Boy Extracting a Thorn from his Foot" about two yards away. Unless you have seen this beautiful figure you would naturally expect it to give an impression of fatigue, as if engaged in the occupation too long. To hold his foot on his knee and bend his head thus, so as to see the splinter, and keep his fingers ready to draw it out—and that for centuries, as he has—is enough, you would think, to produce an idea of protracted constraint; and yet it does not. The position, which would be constrained to us, if we think of it at all, is so full of engrossing expectancy that we are interested in nothing but the momentary discovery and extraction of the thorn—you feel that he could remain thus, without lassitude, forever, as he shall; for posterity, undoubtedly, will guard him through eternity as one of her most precious gems. Goethe said, "*We*

must take care of the beautiful, the useful takes care of itself," a sentence, I think, which by reversing would contain a greater degree of truth, as it seems to be the most beautiful objects chiefly that are transmitted to us from the past. This little fellow's manifest interest in discovering the splinter is so pleasingly intent, that you feel like saying, as you, too, look at the sole of his foot—everybody does—oh, there it is!—the marble is much discolored by time, and every black speck you conceive to be the pain-producing spine. A young lady in passing stopped for a moment and said, "*Ah meines dornroschen wei gehts Liebschen? Haben zie ihr nicht gefunden?*" A smile of pleasant recognition lights up the faces of the more enlightened as they approach him, novices stare for awhile—then bend—inspect the sole of his foot, and, when realizing that they are deceived, look confused—then smile, too, as if they said, "Of course we knew he was not alive, but—there is something in his foot, though; there must be, or why does he look as if expecting every moment to see it." So wonderfully deceptive is it that, although discolored, broken, and corroded by the tooth of time, yet you feel that if tired he could *verily* put his foot down, but that it is not necessary until rid of his troublesome visitor, which will be in a moment. He is such a flexible youth, too, so lithe and elegant, so dignified and serious—instinct with the grace, beauty, and flexibility of the antique world—a most enchanting creation; the longer I look at it the more am I charmed. I feel like sending you a page of superlatives to be applied as you will, as I know that they will be appropriate, no matter how used. Jean Paul said that "he had made of himself all that the stuff would allow"—the maker of this wonder has done better than even that; for in addition he has transfused his own immortal soul into the composition of this never-dying boy. I would willingly give twenty times over the labor that has enabled me to understand such objects as these, for the divine pleasure that I have had here, and at home, from the mere contemplation of the beautiful things I love; and I thank God daily, not so much in words as in appreciation, because that in this æsthetical world, though the least, I am at home. It is this that has enabled me to remain from home so long and without loneliness; neither in this city, where

I am entirely alone, nor in London, nor in this saloon, extending away, as it does, until lost in luminous space, and surrounded merely by these discolored blocks of motionless stone, with people now and then passing, awed into silence and but occasionally uttering subdued words in an unfamiliar tongue; yet I feel no more alone, and long no more *now* for the converse of men than a soul just entered paradise longs for the enjoyments of earth. There is no homesickness in heaven, Oliver Wendell Holmes to the contrary notwithstanding. * * * I have had a run through the money department, containing rare and precious specimens from many lands. "There is great affinity between coins and poetry," says Addison, in his celebrated essay, "and your medallist and critic are much nearer related than the world imagines." Besides coins, this collection includes medallions in copper, bronze, gold, and silver, arranged most conveniently for systematic study. You appreciate this, especially after Belgium, where you have to grope your way through dusty collections, and pay a guilder or so for everything you see, from the knuckle of a self-tortured saint up to a thorn from Christ's crown. *They* do worse than have a raffle for His seamless coat, they—also the mercenary custodians of fictitious sanctity in Cologne—make you pay for even *looking* at what He touched or what touched Him; but here, on the contrary, you are not permitted to pay for any service or privilege within the walls, notices to that effect, in three languages, being everywhere; no admission fee, either, and if needs be you are waited on by *gentlemen*—specialists in their departments—who seem pleased by any cross-examination that you may think proper to inflict; you may remain as long as you please, and on comfortable chairs, where, spreading your paper on tables, you can read or write as you wish. You are supplied also, and almost for nothing, with beautifully-arranged catalogues of the different departments, just as in England, containing fac-similes of the signatures of the artists, the cost of the picture to the government, if it is known, together with delightful bits of gossipy criticism, quotations from connoisseurs, flashes from their sometimes involved history and the like, which cannot help but impress you favorably with the paternal government that does such delightful things lovingly for its children. The poorest citizen

can say, these beautiful objects are mine—the good people that God kindly gave us as rulers bought these for *me.* I am thankful daily for the evidences of fraternal and paternal feeling that I beheld first in England, and perhaps even more so in Germany—it speaks so eloquently for our much-slandered humanity. But about the coins and medallions—you get a fair representation of their beauty from the money illustrations in Ruskin, and also from a number of Scribner of a few months ago. I noticed in passing a small Greek coin (no pun), time long before Christ, the device of a little terrier, of the black and tan breed, *his ears cropped*, as we do to the present day. Dogs of various varieties, but especially the graceful sort, are common on the money of Greece, which speaks well for their humanity, and recalls the noble but sad account of the death of a faithful hound, recorded by Homer. Other animals that the Greeks attempt are either conventionalized or exaggerated, but dogs and horses, even on the smallest objects, are done to the life—in drawing, absolutely correct. I wonder why it is that the living horses of Berlin look like the horses of Greek sculpture; no horses that I have ever seen before assumed these classic forms, suggesting so vividly the fragments of the Elgin marbles in the British Museum.

I have just procured a catalogue, in order to find out more about Birnam, before visiting the engravings and books. I have consulted my list, and find that he is a portrait, and that he formerly belonged to Frederick the Great, who brought him from Rome, and that for further particulars consult Winkelmann, which I will, that I may be able to tell about him when I get home. * * * Again in the *Saal*, confined exclusively to plaster casts from the statuary of Greece alone. All that is great in Greek sculpture is here, and in order to exclude as much as possible everything foreign, and to enable your mind to be in harmony with what you see, the decorations are all in the Greek style, the floors tesselated after the manner of Greece (such floors as you see in Alma Tadema's pictures, where it is a struggle in your mind which is most to be admired—the floors, the dignified people on them, or the exquisite objects around). The settles, here and there so placed that you may enjoy what is before you as you rest, are bronze, the seats covered with leather, and in the same graceful and

substantial style. The beams that extend across the sixty feet expanse of the room are bars of brass, with suspended acorns, and along their extent, as if in play, a variety of symmetrically-designed mythological nondescripts, looking as if they had ascended to their brazen perches from the shoulders and heads of the heroes and demigods because you came into the room, and that as soon as you leave they will descend again like a flight of birds. The pedestals for the statuary in form are square, in color drab, with black plinths; the walls for about twelve feet from the floor are arranged in panels of unadorned brown; above them, extending to the high ceiling, are beautiful mural paintings enclosed in arabesque, and with a bronze figure in a niche on each side. These pictures represent scenes, not only from Homer, but almost every important legend, tradition, and fact in Greek story as well. To say that they are masterpieces is only to say that they were painted by Ernst and Fritz Röber and Rudolf Bendemann, after Müller and Peter Janssen's designs. Here is Prometheus Bound to the Rock; there Ajax Defying the Lightning; over yonder the young aeronaut Dædalus with wings of wax, his father cautioning him in his sweet Greek about the heat of the sun. Here is Iphigenia in Tarsus, and there Jason with the ram's skin. In front of me the distracted Tantalus with his never-ending task; Pelops and the blind Œdipus are here, and Io and Kadmus the Greek Siegfried, Slaying the Dragon, Orpheus with lyre, the Centaur with his handsome pupil, and many more, and extending over all a glorious ceiling, supported on enormous fluted pillars of parti-colored marble polished like Venetian glass—and this is one of the least of these wonderful saloons! Can you understand it? As you look at the pallid inhabitants of this world you realize as you never could from books, even when Taine writes them, something of the dignity and seriousness of Greek life—a life of far more tragedy than comedy;—melancholy and grief was more congenial to them than hilarity and joy; but indeed if Aristophanes was their greatest wit it is no wonder that they seldom laughed. Thoughtfulness, sobriety, fear of the righteous judgment of the gods, grief, heroism, despair, love, but always for the noble or beautiful—with them an all-engrossing passion—dignified maternity, all this and much more seems, from the figures

before me, to have been their portion and glorious inheritance. "Astonishment has made man do much, and yet there is nothing more astonishing than man himself," is the inscription over one of the entrances to this apartment.

On the third landing of the great stairway, near the entrance to the antiquities and engravings, you are surrounded by Kaulbach's frescoes. They are arranged in six panels, three on each side, representing six great stages in the history of the world. Between these are double panels, smaller, and containing but one principal figure. Even if necessary, it would be impossible to tell of these wonderful groupings; but, thanks to Photography, we at least know their bodies, if not their souls. On each side of the enormous windows, at the ends of the space, are painted, on a plain, flat background without perspective, four draped females, each accompanied by two graceful boys, representing (judging by what they hold in their arms) Sculpture, Painting, Literature, and Architecture; but the presiding genii themselves, especially the one clothed in green and white, are in the air, as are also their pages, descending to the earth, to live forever with man! What strikes the spectator about these remarkable figures is this: that although large and well-developed, as genii should be, their companions, also muscular and strong, and carrying, respectively—one "The Apollo Belvidere" and Michael Angelo's "Captive," the second a tryptych and a single picture, and each of the others a large book, a Greek temple and a Gothic spire, and are floating with these ponderous objects in the air. The pages only have wings. There are no clouds—no houses nor trees. They do not seem too heavy for the element in which they move. They are in space, simply surrounded by these walls. They are descending—are in the atmosphere of this room—the celestial messengers that have filled the earth with beauty are going to alight here! This seems to have been the thought of the painter; anyhow, it is what it expresses to me. Please remember that I simply write down *my* impressions—what I *feel*—and that I have no books with which to correct my errors. This I may do when I get home, but at present I prefer poking about in my own way, using rather my own staff than accepting the more correct and intelligent guidance of even the best-trained dog. I simply want to tell *you* what I feel. The

strongest desire at present is for you to be with me, that we might solve together the riddle of their significance and force. The copies of these that we have, will do very well for us to brood over when together again; to *say* all about them would be to re-write the history of the world.

The building itself where these things are can never be too much admired. The floors alone are marvels of invention, more worthy of admiration than the pictures that hang on the walls of some galleries I wot of; no carpets, but every variety of inlaid work in stone, tile, glass, and wood; patterns which equally by their simplicity and intricacy never tire. Like music, you follow a strain—a line—undulating like the thread of life, having its *origin* in the unknown. It winds over meadows and flowers; plays by the margin of rippling streams, passing through confusing cross-roads of complicated lines; wanders cheerfully into valleys of delight and hopefully through sloughs of despond, now jumping a rock only to fall headlong on the other side; then climbing the green slopes of an enchanting hill, gaining strength as it ascends, and, when reaching the plateau on the summit, uniting with another, when together they move forward—two lines in one; they rise and fall like the cadences of an Elysian symphony, on the wings of which you are carried as if by seraphs to the abode of the blest. From these, other lines proceed, until I can count four, perhaps five, which, following, lead me into resorts haunted by the saints of God. I am among heroes and demigods, my soul in harmony with what I feel and see. This is simply a bad translation of one of the poems, without words, written upon the mere *floors* of this building, that he who runs may read. I think it was Burke or Reynolds who said that "the vague is essential to the sublime." If this is not clear, therefore, please ascribe it to its sublimity. If such, then, of the floors, what of the ceilings and walls—the niches and archways? And yet, with all its splendor, if I were an artist I would not wish to have the products of my heart and mind grace its corridors nor enhance the beauty of its painted walls. Why? Because —that honor is allowed only to the Dead.

BERLIN, August 20, 1887.

"Emori nolo, sed me esse mortuum, nihil æstimo."—CICERO.

"Some reckon their age by years,
Some measure their life by art,
But some tell their days by the flow of their tears,
And their life by the moans of their heart."
FATHER RYAN.

THIS morning, before I arose, Reineke was rattling at my door. He had been in Dresden when I wrote my letter telling him of being lost; from there he visited a friend in Poland, then to Carlsbad, then home; everywhere he went the letter followed and overtook him this morning at his mother's. The card he received the day before, spent the interval visiting the hotels where he thought me likely to have stopped, but found no clue; gave up in despair until this morning, when my circumnavigating epistle, scarred with the marks of various post-offices, was received, when he rushed out of the house and never stopped until he fell into a chair in my room. When he had recovered breath, and I had recovered from surprise, he told me the story of "The Traveled Letter" as above, except with characteristic flourishes. In the meanwhile I was dressed and ready to accompany him to his mother's. A lovely place it was, pleasantly situated, with handsome surroundings, on the embanked shores of the Spree. A house full of elegancies, yet not conveying the notion of some bric-a-brac homes that we know of, that say as plain as such things can—luxuries we must have, necessities we can do without. His old mother, who lives entirely alone, her husband having died seven months ago, was out, but Reineke, who has really nothing of the fox about him but the skin (see Boswell's Johnson), insisted on my inspecting the entire house, including the coal bins, and on my remaining to *second* breakfast at ten o'clock, as he wanted me to meet his mother—gone out for a walk. She returned in time, when we had a delightful breakfast in an enchanting room: oak carvings, rich hangings, marquetry floors, tapestries, stained glass, *et al.*, with style enough to paralyze a parvenu. The poor, solitary lady said many times that she was glad to see me, and to hear so

much that was good from me about her wandering, *irrenden* son. The tendrils of my pity grew rapidly towards the venerable woman as she told the story of his early wanderings and folly, with a profusion of excuses for both, he listening complacently, adding occasionally emphatic *das ist wahrs* (that's true), to the most incredible scrapes. She concluded by saying that he at last left Berlin humiliated and ashamed, intending never to return; but now, thank God! he is again with me, and comes back, not in disgrace, but with honor—all this told in a confiding whisper that the chief actor was not supposed to hear, notwithstanding his interruptions. At the end of her sweetly-melancholy, and at last victorious recital, which impressed me but as another illustration of the vanity of human wishes, was it any wonder that she had made the conquest of my affections, and that I felt that I could say or do anything that would make indelible and perpetuate this insecure realization of her hopes. In the meantime Reineke kept jumping up and down, surrounding me with glasses of different kinds of wine, telling me the prices and vintage of each, which I really could not drink, no matter how accommodatingly inclined, and keep my senses. His mother stopping now and then in her narrative to say, "he always was generous," "he always was careless and reckless—*that* still keeps by him;" at the end, with a melancholy smile, she says: "I don't drink wine myself anymore, and I see you don't either, but allow me to fill your glass; there, that is only claret, and I shall fill mine, and let us drink together in honor of our new acquaintance, and in honor of Herman, my son, and in honor of your wife and children (you are a very young man to be so rich); but may they have a long life and a happy one, and may God at last take them to himself; but I trust and pray that wife and husband may go together, for irreparable solitude is the lot of the one that is left behind." She hesitated; her eyes filled with tears; so did mine. Reineke ran to a window and looked up and down the street as if expecting a friend. After a pause she continued: "During the many happy days—years, when my dear husband lived, we had sorrows and losses—had children to die—and often felt like the first outlaw, that our punishment was greater than we could bear, but as a bubbling pot to a wailing, tempestuous

sea has been, these, as compared to my last great loss, when I was left in my helplessness alone. Around me, you may say, I have every thing the heart can desire, and yet—I have nothing. I would give all that I have and all that I hope for here, ten times over, and live on dry crusts to the end of my days, if I could only have again the personal fellowship of my dear, good master.

Here she stopped, sobbing. I looked around; we were alone, for Peggoty *alias* Reineke, *alias* Herman, *alias* my dear son, had made his exit when he saw that his mother was "thinking again of the old 'un." He returned in a few moments, however, looking more like a sheep that had been bleating than a fox, and said, "Now I am ready; let us forth." The old lady shook me by the hand, made me promise to *honor* her by a visit as often as I could before leaving for home, and I took my leave. We went together in quest of a new lodging house, as my exuberant friend wishes me to be somewhere near the attractions, besides he thought my landlady was not good-looking enough. I have rented a bed-room and parlor for three weeks, with breakfast and dinner in the house. A charming suite of rooms, elegantly furnished and frescoed, looking out on a splendid street, a case full of books, inlaid floors, rugs, piano, centre table, statuary, pictures, portfolios of engravings, magazines, hot and cold water from a lovely marble fountain in a recessed window, and heated with one of the great white stoves of porcelain that are the vogue here; but let me write the whole catalogue of my comforts. "When we sleep the enemy is sowing tares" except in Germany. Here when you sleep friends polish your boots, and leave them at your door; besides this, stuffed chairs and lounges, lace and silk curtains at each window, which consists of double glass to keep out all sound; there is no dust; two pretty young ladies and a little girl, daughters of my landlady—benefactress, I should say—add variety and charm; and for how much—guess? Five dollars a week! I came near saying, when told the price, "I shall take them for a year—I meant the rooms—when I happened to remember that I might be needed at home, I chokingly said *only* three weeks. It was a bargain. We separated; I to come to the museum, Reineke to be the lion (!) of a party at the house of a friend. And here I am in

my old haunts, this time among the drawings in the Kœniglicher Museum—drawings by Michael Angelo, Titian, Dürer, Lucas Cranach, De Witt, and the originals of Botticelli's illustrations to Dante, all things great in this department are here. Can you really believe it possible that I have rung a bell, have been admitted into an elegant and splendidly lighted room, long upholstered tables that cannot bruise the tender objects laid upon them; comfortable chairs around. Perfect quiet and order, and I circumvallated by the largest and most complete collection of engravings in the world—proofs, also drawings by the great men of all lands. I take my seat at one of the cloth-padded tables, feeling like a king. A young gentleman approaches, "What will you have, sir?" Let me see; what shall I have? I want to look at what you have by Leonardo da Vinci, a few of whose drawings I saw in the British Museum and in Warwick Castle, and which I could only look at hurriedly there, as my attention at the time was chiefly on Cleopatra, whose Antony has since been drenched, not in the Tiber nor "in the rivers of Egypt," but in a more familiar stream. Sad that the "gentle Avon," whose echoes have but murmured the whisperings of Love, should startle Night by repeating the death gurgles of a desperate man. I touch an electric button let into the table, and in a moment a voice by my side, as if from the skies, having approached without rustling of wings, says, "If you please." Here, as in England, people who wish to serve you introduce themselves by the same kindly solicitation, "If you please," and I would judge from my experience—to be sure, but very limited, and then only with the middle classes and laborers in England and Germany—that the same kindness and freedom from guile, the same spirit of accommodation and love of fair play, the same intense desire for *liberty to do right*, and for independence, and the same placidity and good will, slow to anger, but desperate when aroused, is characteristic of both. I look up, and there stood a young man, with a pleasant *Was wunschen zie?* I wish to see Leonardo da Vinci's drawings. Very well. He disappears, in a moment returned with a box full of them —worth a fortune. He arranges on a table a small easel, so that without standing I may see them at the proper incline, and says, "Our collection of these, sir, is not very satisfactory,

as there are some in England and other countries which we desire very much to obtain, but cannot, although we have offered every inducement." I went over what he brought at my leisure. When through I touched the button again, and in a moment the same kindly voice, "If you please." "Now I would like you to let me see—have you Rembrandt's etchings?" "*Ja wohl.*" "I want to see the 'landscape with three trees' and the 'old man with a white beard.'" He removes Leonardo, and returns with another box, saying, "I thought I might as well bring all of the etchings, and allow you to select for yourself." And thus I continue for three hours, always waited on with the same affability, and the same smiling readiness to add to my meagre knowledge from his generous store. I saw pictures in this time that could not be bought perhaps for a million of dollars, pictures and drawings gathered from the ends of the earth by an enlightened Father—say as we please, the Kaisers have been the fathers of the people—so that his children might have everything beautiful and great in their own home. Among a number of others I asked for Finiguerra's Niello's—we have but one of these that I know of in the whole United States, and that is in the Grey Collection at Harvard—when, with the same promptness, he brought me a little cradle of these babies from the infancy of the engravers' art, the possession of one of which would make a man spoken of with us. "Have you the Niello of the 'Coronation' from the 'Pax' made by Finiguerra for the Baptistery of St. John?" I ask. "Oh no, sir," he instantly replies; "that is in the print-room of the Paris Library." When through I offered him a few marks. "Thank you, sir," smilingly shaking his head; "but we are the servants of the government; receive no pay but from our master. All is free—even if you remained for years, and copied everything we have. It costs nothing; we are but too glad to contribute to your joy. We shall always make you welcome." In coming home I see a number of people clustered together like grapes around a stem. I look over their shoulders to see the cause, and read, "Lost! A little boy with fair hair, gray eyes, and dressed in blue, disappeared from Frederick Street at about 4 o'clock Thursday afternoon. His name is Paul. He is four years old, large for his years,

diffident, but full of joy. Good people, look narrowly into the face of every boy, and if it is our Paul return him to his distracted parents, who because of his loss are wild." Don't you wish they may find him—soon?

BERLIN, August 21, 1887.

"In early times art was employed for the display of religious facts. Now (time of Raphael) religious facts are employed for the display of art."
RUSKIN.

I ACCOST a policeman: "Will you please tell me the way to the church of St. Nicholas?" "*Ja wohl.*" He removes his white chamois gloves—all the police wear these—and thrusting his hand into a pocket as hard to get at as if it was in a ladies skirt, says: "I must look in my book *once*"—all policemen carry little directories to consult when in doubt. He finds the church and points out the nearest way. I thank him. He replies: "Welcome beautifully;" and I am off, and arrive just as the great flood of people are ebbing from the doors. There is nothing better therefore than to drift in the current to the museum, which is open also to-day, but only from 12 to 3 o'clock. I enter, with a devout crowd in holiday gear, and here I sit on the circular, leather-covered settle that occupies the centre of the great room, where are exhibited the pictures which represent the artists of Holland and Belgium from the thirteenth to the fifteenth centuries. The light comes into this apartment exclusively from the top; the pictures are in systematic order, the title on the upper rim of the gold or ebony frame, the name of the painter, the date, and the name of the school to which it belongs at the bottom. The doors through which you pass from one saloon to the other elegantly draped in rich plush curtains, with heavy silk fringe. Ropes of the same material, ending in massive tassels, pull them aside into graceful folds, exhibiting glorious vistas to be reached by-and-by. For the present we remain with the venerable masters of the Netherlands—will begin with Lucas Cranach, who, although neither a Dutchman nor Fleming, yet belonged to these schools, because he begins over yonder at the door with "Adam and Eve in Paradise"—a good beginning for

Sunday—and which carries you from scene to scene through a series of twenty-eight pictures to the "Last Judgment," a triptych, which hangs under the "Entombment," at the other end of the room. This magnificent series, exhibiting the art of Cranach, contains pictures illustrating subjects both sacred and profane—lives of the people, of the saints, and of the mythic gods of Greece and Rome. We shall select from the sacred subjects only, and listen for a while to the sermons preached respectively from the paradisaical "Adam and Eve," "The Fountain of Youth," and the terrific "Last Judgment," three pictures which takes us from the cradle of existence to the grave of all earthly hope. If we look at these properly we will learn just what the world in general, and Lucas Cranach in particular, thought on these great subjects, and comparing then with now we shall see if we have retrograded or advanced.

* * * * * * * * *

I have undertaken too much. I can't tell you to-day what "Adam and Eve" say, or what the "Fountain of Youth" tells me, with its multitude of lame, blind, and decrepid going to have their youth renewed by bathing in its *rejuvenating* pool. (Not a fiction then, as now; there were "Fountains of Youth," as you know, from De Soto; also, a Fountain of Death, as told by Petrarch and Pomponius Meta, also Torquato Tasso, in "Jerusalem Delivered.") Nor can I tell you but a little regarding "The Last Judgment," with paradise and hell making its right and left wings, for the various ways the artist has invented to show how sinners are tormented in this future state, which, strangely, is not a place of flames, far exceed in terror—sometimes the ludicrous—those invented by Dante himself. Said flames are in no case, in Cranach's pictures, used as a punishment for sin. I shall first descend into Hades, and select a few of the pastimes, apparently enjoyed by the demons, if not the victims, as an illustration of the artist's fertility of invention. Here, for example, is a poor, nude wretch being pulled back and forth across the vertebræ of an ugly green fish, whose sides are covered with projecting spines. The operators on this fishy fiddle, with its human bow, are a pair of wrinkled hags, grinning with delight at the screams of agony of the excoriated man. The fish seems pleased in having his back scratched in this manner by his revelling

friends. Another culprit, who, for his sins, has been thrust into the monster's maw, alarmed by the fiendish yells of his companion in sorrow, is attempting to get out, but the hooked teeth in the mouth of the leviathan piercing his bleeding skull, prevent it. Over yonder is an *unprotected* female, hanging by the heels over a boiling caldron, the steam from which is throwing her into convulsions of suffocation and pain. Here, a miserable sinner enclosed within the solitary confinement of a monster egg, but just as if some boy had blown it and put it upon a string; a barbed arrow has been thrust through, which of course penetrates the involuntary hermit within, who, in torment, has broken a hole in the shell, through which you can see how strongly he objects, both to the pain and lack of room. Above is a delicate looking offender, having her fair limbs pinioned by the fiends with snakes, while the libidinous lips of others are shouting hideous words into her distracted ears. The commonest torment in this pandemonium, where the wicked are being "punished for the deeds done in the body," is to be pierced through with arrows. You see these human pincushions—purgatorial rivals of the saintly Sebastian—walking around as if they thought their penetrating barbs rather ornamental. One vain-looking woman, not being satisfied by having an arrow pierce each breast, has had a row stuck through her thighs, another entering the brain, is walking around as proudly as if she was a sight to be admired. And so the catalogue of horrors is continued in endless variety; but I must desist talking about it, for, notwithstanding my laborious attempt at levity, I am getting under its spell; am obliged to run away, before becoming a convert to its frightful reality; for, with all its incongruities and heterodoxes, it is a great prduction, and, strange as it may seem, the artist was in dead earnest when he gave those gruesome humors a local habitation and a name.

These pictures by Cranach and his ilk, though grotesque, are extraordinary, because of their invention and manipulative dexterity, and produce an effect on most minds, I would imagine, more enduring than that caused by the rational and correct. They are valuable, too, because they make known the mental and religious conceptions of the people of a former age; for although Lucas Cranach was a townsman and inti-

mate friend and disciple of Luther, you see by this remarkable collection of his works that he had not, any more than his master had, liberated himself entirely from the puerilities of his age.

In the next room is a "Last Judgment," by Martin Shöngauer, or, to translate—Martin with the handsome face. Like many of the great, the name "Handsome Martin," by which he is best known, is a nickname. He, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Holbein are perhaps the three men to whom you must look for the essential and peculiar qualities of the genius of the fatherland. To Shöngauer belongs the additional distinction of having been studied, and even copied, by Michael Angelo. This present picture is an oddity in its way. I would defy any one with a mind not in harmony with the Archaic to be brought into its presence suddenly without becoming at least "a man who grins." I have examined it in detail, with all the reverence due to such a serious and splendid attempt. It is a "Last Judgment," and I see that of the great multitude of naked people, but as prim as Puritans, assembled for judgment around the great white throne, each has a little apron hanging in front, most economically small, as a substitute for the euphemistical grape-leaf, and that it is held in its position by white strings encircling the waist, and neatly tied in true lovers' knots at the sides—a combination of the artificial and naive which looks very funny. I thought to myself, if one of Philadelphia's breezes —the sort that blows linen from lines and fills the atmosphere of houses with the fetid accumulations of the dirty streets—was here, what havoc it would make with their *small* clothes, and how soon even their austere dignity would be blown to the winds. I moved to the other side of the room, to see Holbein's "Adam and Eve." Poor Adam had not even the inadequate apron, only a palæontological shell (genus *ammonites obtuses*), occupying the same position and held in place by a branch of grape-vine twisted around his waist. Irreverently breaking into laughter at the expense of the primitive wardrobe of our first parents arrayed in this "modification of the Highland costume," my respect for the place drove me, like a teacher with a scourge, from their presence into the street, to laugh as I pleased, without disturbing the solemnity of the serious people around. I had reversed the line from "The Deserted Village;" I came

to pray and went away to laugh. When on the street I thought of the modesty, reticence, and reserve—traits that have characterized the German nation from its infancy to the full maturity of to-day, when it has discarded every trammel, and stands in naked dignity, a form to be admired. And yet, when I again reverted to the picture and the habilimental straits that this particular artist was reduced by the indolence of the mistress of Eden—she kept no help, either—I reflected, Oh, naughty, naughty, disingenuous Eve! Did you not have even the inventiveness of the tailor-bird, that stitches the leaves together in which it builds its nest? Were there no thorns in Eden that you might not have used as needles? and flexible grass for thread? Did you not have the fronds of ferns, the foliage of oak and palm, and the multitudinous *blätter* that fell so thick in Paradise, by which with the slightest tact you might have made a crazy-quilt to gird the loins of your beloved? But no; your passion for apple-eating made you insensible to all else. Consequently your poor, red-pated, modest, flexible, peccable husband was and is reduced to the insufficient protection of a *conch!* (Why does every artist present Adam with a red wig?)

In speaking this soliloquy, I addressed myself, as you see, to my audience, after *the natural* manner of the stage. To-day ends my first week in Berlin—I have decided to remain two more. As far as I have seen I take the Germans to be the greatest people and the best, even superior to England, whom they resemble, and, I think, excel. This is the best I could possibly say of any people, and yet I can't understand how there could be any envious rivalry among these two great powers, which are indeed brethren of the same family, with the same longings for the impossible, the same standard of right and wrong. They are both ideal nations, pure, truthful, and humane; and will you pardon my modesty if I write in small capitals, that WE ARE BOTH ROLLED INTO ONE. You know it is said that "England is mistress of the sea; France, the land; and Germany, the air." It is true; but in possessing the air, Germany possesses all. In it she has created an ideal world, where phantasy, imagination, and mind are the ruling deities—their real world has been conformed to this; and if Taine's statement be correct, that "unconscious-

ness is the infallible proof of genius," then Germany is indeed a nation under the spell of the protean afflatus, that fills with forms of delight the imagination and life.

BERLIN, August 22, 1887.

"Great Britain and Ireland's estimated population is 35,000,000, and the public revenue for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1888, was $449,011,270. This amount appears to represent a taxation of $12.83 per capita. Germany has 47,000,000 population, and annual receipts of 745,208,436 marks, or $186,301,850, or about $3.97 per capita. Russia's ordinary revenues are about 960,000,000 roubles, or $768,000,000, about $7.33 per capita. France's ordinary receipts are 2,957,994,090 francs, or $591,598,818, which is nearly $15.48 per capita."

Kommt, Brüder, trinket froh mit mir;
Seht, wie die Becher schäumen!
Bei vollen Gläsern wollen wir
Ein Stündchen schön verträumen.
Das Auge flammt, die Wange glüht
In kühnern Tönen rauscht das Lied,
Schon wirkt der Götterwein, —
Schenk't ein!

Jetzt sind die Gläser alle leer,
Füll't sie noch einmal wieder;
Es wogt im Herzen hoch und hehr:
Ja wir sind alle Brüder!
Von Einer Flamme angefacht —
Dem deutschen Volke sei's gebracht,
Auf daß es glücklich sei
Und frei!

THEODOR HORNER.

THIS morning, after having my chattels and household gods moved to my new abode—don't be surprised because I mention my household gods, for if the Grand Duke carried his Madonna wherever he went, Napoleon his library, Oliver Goldsmith and Frederick the Great their flutes, Shelley, Horace, and everybody their sins, surely I may be permitted to tote my *penates* also, and set them up wherever my anchor is cast. Consequently, when I come into port, even but for a day, opening my locker and liberating my few treasures, I distribute them around the room to make me feel at home. Martin Luther, in a frame of olive wood from Jerusalem—I thought he would like that best—hangs by the side of my bed. He is

not beautiful, as it is a copy of the portrait by Lucas Cranach; consequently, would never be hung for his good looks. He is only sturdy—what he needed most in those days of racks and flames. But he commemorates a principle and a reform, and for that he answers just as well as a handsomer man; and besides, in the matter of mere personal beauty, I know no one that can better afford to dispense with it than this same Wittenberg monk, this truly universal man. On the other side of my bed I have enthroned Goethe, the flower of which Luther was the bud, Wickliffe, Huss, Jerome, of Prague, Galileo, Savanarola, Dante and Ziska—the leaves, the sacred soil, scripture—Christ, the root; the fruit are everywhere. As a protest against the arrogance of infallibility, as well as an inspiration to self-denial and prayer, I place the Sistine Madonna and the heaven-inspired Crucifixion, by Durer, where I may look into their benign beauty every day; and Oliver Goldsmith, too, ever hangs within sight; for, although annoyed by his undeveloped chin, it is pleasant to meet in a strange land a countryman and friend, even if the contour of his forehead and nose does make a note of interrogation. Why did not Reynolds paint him as he ought to have been, and not as he was, so that his picture would have suggested even to the uninitiated the author who "wrote like an angel" The Deserted Village and Citizen of the World, instead of a man that "spoke like poor poll;" Petrarch I carry for his looks; Sappho, for fire; Sophocles, for his virile force; St. Francis, of Assisi, for enthusiasm; Spinosa, for self abnegation and liberty; Böerhaave, because given by a friend; Shakespeare, for everything; you and mother, for all that is noble in women. These, with some bits of pottery, etc., gathered here and there, are the signs manual of my room. I left them adjusted this morning as I started out again towards the Museum of William the Third. To my disappointment it is closed, and so, instead of going further and perhaps faring worse, I have just taken a seat here for awhile, like Lazarus at the door of Dives, to tell you about it, and some of the peculiarities of Germany, as well.

In the first place the climate, to my surprise, is perfect. I am sitting here at noon in August—smothering with us—in an atmosphere exhilarating and cool; men are passing with light

overcoats, as if they were a trifle anxious to anticipate the September winds, and this is what the weather has been since leaving Erin, where it was, to my surprise, too dry and warm. Remember, that all I say about countries and people is only what *I* have felt and seen. Every evening I wear a light overcoat and find it about right. In the second place there is no dust in Berlin, simply because the streets, which are better—all of them—than the concrete around the Public Buildings, are never allowed to get dirty; are *flooded with water* and *dried* every morning, and kept so. Nothing objectionable is permitted to remain on them for a moment. *Clean, uniformed men*,—and handsome, gentlemanly-looking fellows they are, too,—are constantly moving along with enclosed wheel-barrows, shovels, and brooms, removing whatever may offend; even their implements for cleaning, designed artistically and free from soil. I can imagine the wheel-barrows, attractive as flower receptacles at large gatherings, so graceful are they. You would tie bows on the shovels and hang them on the wall. With these, whatever is offensive on the streets, is at once emptied into cast-iron receptacles, in themselves ornamental, arranged along the thoroughfares, and which are emptied before daybreak every day. The streets, as I said before, many of them flooded with water daily, then dried with enormous squilgees (that's what they are called on shipboard), that is—a band of rubber fitted into a socket of wood, something like what with us careful housewives use to dry windows, except that these are a yard wide, and one sweep of them over a wet street leaves a band its width as dry as a board and as clean as a dinner-plate. In order to do this, of course the streets have to be absolutely smooth, as they are; not the slightest indentation visible. Then neatly painted and handsomely designed water-carts traverse *every* street a number of times daily, ejecting showers of *misty* spray; a work of supererogation, you say, to prevent any particle of dust that may be left from getting into the air. It is actually true that a child with a cambric dress could roll in the middle of any crowded thoroughfare with as much security from soil as if occupying a chair in a summer boarding house. The cleanliness and order exceeds even that of England or Scotland, than which, until you come to Germany, you think nothing could exceed. If,

for example, a gentleman in lighting a cigar throws the match on the street, it is picked up; a leaf from a tree, a bit of paper from a store, a blade of grass, all are at once removed, and by men, too, that are Germans: this is,—clean, respectful, reputable, and intelligent. Even the business avenues, and around the wholesale stores, the pavements and streets are as clean as the white steps of the homes of Philadelphia. Most of the streets are as wide as our Broad street, some wider, as for exexample, Unter den Linden. That you may see for yourself this noble highway of the capitol, allow me to conduct you across. "When I speak of horses imagine that you see them." Just suppose we are crossing together, and because of the many vehicles and people on horseback, I will take you by the hand, so. We have been admiring the trees and flowers in front of Prince Blucher's Palace, one of a series of palaces on each side of the street near the *Brandenburg Gate;* they stand back from the pavements, and have extensive flower gardens in front, the only separation between these and the very wide pavement—a low hedge of delicate, almost thornless magenta roses. You remember, or did I tell you? with what genial pride the old gardener, yesterday, told us that this same was a perpetual bloomer—summer and winter—that it was a German creation—the development of its efflorescent peculiarity having been begun away back; but that he himself it was, by crossing it with *Rosa Centifoliæ*, that had added the apex to the temple of its perfection, namely, duplication of petals, diminution of stamen, heliotropism—turning its face towards the sun, by which acquired habit the winter bloom has become as profuse as that of summer. Well, we have been looking over this two-foot high blooming hedgerow, and have decided to cross to the gardens on the other side; so now hold my hand and fear not, for life is sacred in the Fatherland, and we are under the protection of the police. You see that the gardens in front of the palaces used by the nobility and foreign ministers are about as wide as Broad street, the pavement for the public forty feet more. We leave this and cross a strip as wide as an ordinary avenue, paved with square blocks; this exclusively for wagons, drays, and all vehicles of trade, then a row of trees; after this we cross a band about the same width, but as smooth and as hard as granite; this for pleasure carriages only; then

another row of trees; then a road the width of an ordinary street, which is neither concrete nor Belgian blocks, but a mixture of loam and sand, soft enough to be easy for horses' feet, and damp enough to keep it from being converted into clouds of dust; this is used by equestrians only, and a beautiful sight the lady and gentlemen riders present every afternoon on their way to the park. We cross this soft way and are in a wide promenade, perhaps eighty feet broad, arched over with the branches of lofty oaks, chestnuts, butternuts, lindens, beeches, and the like, originally lindens only, hence the name "Under the Lindens," with elegant seats arranged along its entire length, on one of which we will sit down and rest, for we are half way across the avenue, or rather series of avenues, which, up here, is flanked with lofty palaces and gardens of delight. On one side you go to, on the other you come from, the park. The lower part of this multiple avenue, instead of palaces and gardens, has the most magnificent residences, shops, and hotels that I have ever seen. I present you with a diagram; imagine a row of trees between the divisions, and you have Unter den Linden:

Palaces.	Gardens.	Pavement.	Business wagons	Pleasure carriages.	Equestrians.	Promenade.	Equestrians.	Pleasure carriages.	Business wagons.	Pavement.	Gardens.	Palaces.

UP. DOWN.

Then, again, Berlin—that, is the new part—has no small streets nor alleys, no criminal quarters nor bar-rooms; no drunken nor *untidy* men, no smoking boys, loafers, nor class that are rude or impolite, and no people *illy dressed;* plenty clothed in gingham and cotton, both men and women, and some with garments patched—these usually the workers on the streets—but such patches! (if hiring a man you would hardly wish for a better recommendation), and all scrupulously clean. I have never seen such babies, such lovely children; such nurses, laborers, workmen, shopkeepers. Even the working classes in England, or rather the "English working classes,"—a great difference—with all their superiority are not equal to them—I mean the English, away from the seaport and manufacturing towns, where, free from foreign contamination and admixture, they exhibit the admirable effect of the English method in

all its attractive purity. Germany seems one great family with no foreign help, where each member recognizes and respects the position of the other, and are united in the training of their children and the development of their own minds; but not though like other people, as if they had to *resolve* to be good; this, as a matter of course; virtue seems to come to them by nature. Everything they do seems a pleasure rather than a task, as if they said, industry and thrift are essential to happiness, labor the prelude to enjoyment; besides, they never seem in a hurry. They take an hour to drink a glass of beer, and talk of heaven, earth, and the waters under the earth while sipping it. The gesticulating German, outside of books, I have not yet seen; what they do they do well; they enjoy doing it, and they do it that it may be a joy to others, and it always is. This feeling enters into every service, from the making of a pin to the concocting of a new system of theology, or a free-and-easy-way of getting to heaven; and then the universality of culture that prevails, thanks to the standing army and the omnipresent public schools—they have private schools too, to be sure, but then these snob and denominational affairs, unlike with us, just as the public schools, are under strict *governmental inspection*, and their managers are not permitted to teach what they please, unless what they please is for the good of the pupils, the country, and the people at large. It is because of this national surveillance that the private schools of *Germany* are said to be as good as those under the direct control of the government. Then the familiarity with art and the natural sciences, which is an important part of German education, especially the study of *animal organisms*, "birds, beasts, and reptiles," as we used to say of "Goldsmith's Animated Nature." As an illustration at hand, since sitting here in front of a garden near the Kaiser's Palace, putting upon record the above traits, a workman watering the lawn noticed me looking up for a moment, just as he had enveloped the top of a lofty spruce with spray. Of course, as the sun was shining, and each particle of water becoming a prism, the disintegration of the white rays of light resulted in a rainbow, curved partially around the tree. I look at it, wracking my memory at the same time for the word I need; he sees I observed it and am pleased; he nods,

and says, "*shön*," (beautiful) I reply, very. In a few moments dragging the hose towards me, throwing the water over a weeping birch and making another rainbow, he points towards it—"Our Herr Professor Helmoltz," nodding towards the University, "says there are but three prismatic colors, and yet I can now see seven, can't you? red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet; and I suppose a Frenchman could see seventy, for it is said they can see colors where other people only see shades." He continues watering the grass, and I, having found my missing link, to write.

I said a little while ago that in Germany there are no taverns—I mean bar-rooms—I have seen none, yet, strolling around at night, I have seen corridors, at the extreme end of which was written "*Bier Garten*;" pass through the wide, long hall—at the end a door opens into a large room, filled with tables with people seated around; every man with hat off; ladies in street dress, drinking beer or coffee, seltzer water, ice cream, or taking lunch—of course no lady alone. I use the word *ladies*, not in deference to sex, but as implying women of refined manners. As I open the door, from every table near me comes a social "*guten abend*" (good evening). You are embarrassed in the beginning by this sort of greeting, as you are not over-anxious to be recognized so vociferously when entering a place tabooed; in consequence you drop nervously into the nearest chair—you observe every man is uncovered—your hat is on. In a moment or so you rather reluctantly take it off, and lay it temporarily by your side. The next moment, in passing, a waiter lays on your table a glass of beer; you had ordered nothing. Just then a fine-looking old man gets up from an adjoining party, consisting of wife, daughter, and a handsome young fellow, whom I suppose one day will be his son; he goes to the piano, sits down, and running his fingers over the keys, hushes the vociferous room into silence by the warbling or sighing strains—he is improvising a prelude. In a moment he breaks out into one of those native songs that spring from the heart of a people, and teach patriotism, religion, love of home, wife, children, friends—the things dear to the pure;—when the chorus comes the whole room, including myself, join in. I pick up my hat now, and hang it on a convenient peg, where it unites with the reverential band encircling

the room—the song is ended—the place is filled with hand-clappings and gratified bravos, the old gentleman bows, and, until somebody else plays or sings, the house is a Babel of laughter and incessant talk—very little beer-drinking, but a world of greeting and kind words. This is the usual method of beer-drinking in the Fatherland; of course there must be *Säufers* even here, but I have not seen them. This, as I have said, is the general mode; and the gentlemanly proprietor, circulating from table to table, like a sunbeam, is looked up to with the deference and respect that he deserves, for he really seems like an apostle of good-will conducting this place for the love of man, rather than for gain. This is a *middle-class* beer garden; there are others—for example, you are drifting through a fashionable promenade, when, at the end of a long corridor, the legend "*Bier Garten*" again invites you in. You cross a mosaiced vestibule, enter a wide hall, floor tesselated, walls encrusted with stucco, mirrors, pictures, and busts—you look around the electric-lighted place—see no evidences of its being divorced from morality. The busts are not those of actresses, celebrated chiefly for protuberances of form, nor are the male heroes pugilists or players of ball, but rather statesmen, poets, artists, benefactors, and the pictures are neither Frenchy nor French. Continuing your voyage of observation you arrive at a plate-glass door, enter, and you are in a magnificent room, or rather series of rooms, truly palatial—the floors black and white marble, tables and chairs massive and elegantly carved, walls wainscoted in oak of rich design—these walls, superior to anything in art gallery or private residence with us, really works of merit—the ceiling like a glimpse of the sky; and on the floor, in handsomely-decorated pots, great palms, ferns, and exotics, and seated at the tables picturesque social and family groups, the flower of the land, sipping their favorite beverages—beer, coffee, seltzer, or wine. In a few cases I noticed ladies drinking beer, the gentlemen of the party, seltzer water. These people, are such as I have never seen, even at the most fashionable resorts, or am I only under a spell? I must be, or how else can I feel that the guests here are superior to the people of England or home. They look as if they might be kings and queens. How I

would like to tell you of the eloquent things I read in their faces—of the grace, animation, charm—music begins; one of Mozart's symphonies. The performers are concealed, and the music is as if by spirits invisible. They continue wailing, complaining, exulting their pastoral and woodland sounds, until the house is seductively drawn into a world full of sublime and mysterious things—all around are people with closed eyes, and that combination of introspection and anticipation is produced that makes these unrivaled compositions so amazing and yet so impressive and grand. This continues until the very waiters seemed under the spell, and concludes amid a "flash of silence" too impressive for applause. After this, a string orchestra performed Beethoven's dramatic prelude to Egmont; then one of his quartettes for bows.

Or again, it may be a smaller place—"a neatly-sanded floor," but with the inevitable array of tables, and rack going around the room where the thirsty always hang their hats; where, perhaps, the matron of the house is a widow, and well-washed laborers, with wife and children, enter for a social glass and a bite with friends, the talk as much enjoyed as the beer. The evening is spent socially—the conversation always interlarded with music and song, and at the end—usually half-past nine—when men of family retire—bidding good-night to the bachelors, who remain longer;—there is still a little beer in their mugs, which is likely given to the children, on their knees. But what do these cheery people talk about? Intelligently about everything—the latest experiment at the university, the editorial in the *Anzeiger*, Professor Schroeder's last poem, Schliemann's excavations at Troy, electrical experiments, or something recently learned about the always-interesting *schmetterling und motte* (butterfly and moth), of which every German has a collection; or it may be that some horny-handed worker in metal is talking rapturously about the new statue of Aurora, as she steps from the doorway of heaven into the clouds to spread over the earth the light of day. All this and far more I have heard discussed intelligently by the people, rich and poor, in these drinking saloons—that seem rather to have been established for the interchange of thought than for conviviality; there is no excess; not an unfriendly sentence, nor an unbecoming word—neither im-

modesty nor forwardness—nothing but kindness, purity, temperance, and good-will.

After what I have seen, I am not surprised now, because the Emperor graced with his presence the opening of a new beer-garden in Unter den Linden some few years ago. Now, about the German Sunday; what is it, especially in Berlin? Factories and all places of barter are closed tight, including the windows, so that even wares are not *exposed* on Sundays, as often with us. In one of the chief business streets I have been unable to see what was for sale in any window; although in the same street people dressed in their best were passing in large numbers to church. Even the beer-gardens are closed until after morning service—one o'clock, just about as it is in London. No evasion of law visible—laws that a united people have made themselves. After church I noticed a store, here and there, doing business behind *Sunday curtains*—curtains hung on the outside of small shops on Sunday to prevent goods in the windows from appealing to passers by. The few people that I saw selling in this way seem to be doing it rather for accommodation than profit. I can assure you, therefore, that Sundays in German cities, if you can judge of all by a few, are genuinely days of worship, recreation and rest; and are more consistent with Sabbath observance as we understand it, than anything that I have seen in any other country, including our own.

On Sunday mornings the churches are well attended. After service the chief resorts, next to home, are art galleries, libraries, collections of antiquities and the like, such places being open on Sunday from the conclusion of the morning worship until 3 P. M. The afternoon services, in the various places of prayer, often end in time to enable the people to go to the theatres or concert halls, where the performances and the music, like all else, is of the best. Indeed it must be, as every laboring man even, has studied music synchronously with his letters, and knows the spirit of all composers, from the superficial gambols of an Offenbach to the soul-stirring symphonies of a Haydn or Bach. The theatres, also, as I have said, are open on Sundays, but in extenuation, you must remember that the player's art in Germany is a learned profession. That the stage is in a sense anciliary to the church, and under the control

of a government, I would say, genuinely Christian—a trifle too much so, says some of the more rebellious and thoughtless of her sons, but not so the stranger who only sees the magnificent results, one of which being that theatres here, instead of being schools of vice, as many of them unquestionably are in other places, are centres for the teaching of morality, the elevation of humanity, the inculcation of patriotism, filial, paternal, and maternal love; for the elucidation of the intricacies of history and art, and for the development and exhibition of the spiritual and heroic in women and men. While we prate about the stage, and that it ought to be supplemental to the church and school, and at the same time make "high kickers," "Hibernian comedians," and wanton elucidators of Gallic pruriencies—foreign and domestic—our theatrical gods, Germany, and England but less so, have made the stage an arena for the enactment of all that is glorious in life, for there is not a noble thing realized or conceived in classic or modern story that is not embodied in the dramatic poetry of the Fatherland, and presented with all the correct accessories of art, for the delectation of the people. I could mention a score of dramas to prove this, besides the great multitude of comedies that have the wit of the French without their evil; the beauty and invention of Calderon without his straining after spectacular effect; much of the subtlety of Shakespeare, and yet adapted to the present, so that indeed the stage in Germany is exempt from the salacious conditions that are its disgrace in other countries, and is no more divorced from religion than was the Greek in the past, or than are the tragedies of Talfourd, the masques of Milton, or the devout dramatic attempts of Hannah More in modern times. And yet, over all, there is a certain virile spirit and grace, truly inspiring, for morality is not a synonym for dullness here. Of course there are a few exceptions to this; you know of some yourself, but they are very few, the rule being that the theatre open on Sunday in Germany is not much more, if any more, inconsistent with Sabbath observance than much that is approved by orthodoxy with us. If the above does not seem possible, ask yourself who are the men who write plays in Germany. The reply is, Wieland, Tieck, Lessing, Schiller, Kotzebue, Herder, Gervinus, Goethe, Uhland, and many

others—the flower of the land—who are and have been pioneers of thought, leaders of reform, and creators of religious tolerance—men who have used the drama for the purpose of teaching the people the things that maketh for peace, and the best that they have done was for the stage. They never crowd people here, young and old, into places, as Joe Jefferson has said, "from which they cannot escape" without attracting attention to themselves, and then exhibit before them immoralities that would bring a blush of shame to the cheek of a bronze Silenus. They dare not; but if they did, and a manager said in justification of his insulting wantonness that the people demanded the unclean, I think a paternal government would say not what the children *want* but what they *need*. For, if you remember, as recorded in the *Gespräche*, even the too-liberal Goethe, with all his acknowledged greatness, when manager of the Weimar theatre, and desiring to introduce some of the vagaries of *Die Wahlverwandshaften*, said that he was not at liberty to show even an indecorous feather, let alone to spread out libidinous wings. When you hear, therefore, that on Sundays in Germany these places—not of amusement—of instruction—are open, please remember in palliation that the theatre here is one of the personalities of the educational triad, *school*, *theatre and church*, that united have made the people, like the English, American and Dutch, the noblest that Christianity has produced. Nevertheless, I am not in favor of Sunday theatres, and trust that America, like England, shall remain conspicuous by their absence.

Other traits. Houses have curtains on the outside of windows as well as on the inside, and windows are nearly always double, with a space of about four inches between. They open outward and inward instead of up and down; when closed all noise is shut out. Indeed, there is no noise on even the busiest streets, which are so smooth that no sounds are heard but those of horses' feet; no screaming of papers or wares of any sort permitted, and no chimes! Then again, people in the most ordinary circumstances have fine lace curtains and beautifully woven fabrics hanging around in graceful festoons, portieres, statuary, pictures, flowers, birds, and books; often the most beautiful things in the way of prints pinned frameless on the walls; beautiful marquetry floors, but no

carpets. Again, the orchards throughout the country are without protecting walls just as farms are. At each corner a stone marks the division, and when ploughing a couple of reversed furrows from stone to stone serves both as a division and promenade, and crops are not only grown to this line of demarcation, but grow over it, so that at a distance there is no visible division at all. I have seen branches bent to the ground with ripe fruit, and children walking under them to *buy* from an old woman or man across the way, never apparently even thinking of molesting what is not theirs. This is one of the things that fill you with wonder. In Weimar, between the Goethe House and the principal school, a large branch *loaded with red apples* hung over the way, almost touching my head, and yet it was under this that hundreds of children passed daily to and from school. A pleasant custom in Berlin, as London, is window gardening—windows constructed so on purpose, the glass projecting a couple of feet beyond the side of the house, forming attractive ferneries, wherein are contained various sorts of cryptogami as well as flowers in bloom, needing but little attention, as the moisture evaporating from the soil, etc., having no way of escaping, is taken up by the leaves. Also at the entrance to houses I have noticed beautiful dwarf apple trees, with glossy leaves, and bearing an abundance of diminutive fruit. On one of these little trees, yesterday, I counted fifty-three ripe apples. These on the pavement day and night, and just the height for a boy's hand in passing, notwithstanding what I had observed about fenceless orchards, made me suspect them Apples of Sodom, or they certainly would have been plucked. To satisfy curiosity, I called on a florist having some for sale, and found that it tasted as good as it looked. I have concluded, therefore, that if Adam and Eve had been Germans there would have been no Fall; and I know no people that are doing more towards having Eden restored than these same people.

BERLIN, August 23, 1887.

"I am owner of the sphere—
Of the seven stars and the solar year—
Of Cæsar's hand and Plato's brain—
Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's strain."
EMERSON.

I HAVE been up and dressed since half-past three, simply because recollections of what I have seen here will not allow me to rest. At four I was ready for work; sat down, and by the light of a lamp wandered through the delightful mazes of Wieland's "Oberon" until six, when I rang the bell. In a few moments a servant knocks. "Come in!" She enters courtesying, with tray, on which is a pot of coffee, three rolls, eight lumps of sugar, a print of butter, with the necessary cup, saucer, spoon, and knife. She draws a small table up to where I sit, and spreads over it a white cover, arranges dishes, pours out my coffee; and, after wishing me a good appetite, departs. This is ordinarily your breakfast here, and always brought into your room. During the above preparation I had opened the windows, when a cool, refreshing breeze, balmy with the *odor of flowers*, fills the chamber, and I feel as if a creature of the element I breathe. I have never felt so elated, so buoyant, so absolutely peaceful and at rest, as now. I go to the window and look down into the clean, beautiful street, already, and without noise, *washed* and *dried.*

"Auch ich hab hier wie weltversunken
Ein stilles, reines Gluck getrunken
Und wie ein susser Traum sind Stunden
Und Tag, und Wochen mir enschwunden."

I have never realized the exhilarating blessedness of mere physical life so profoundly as at this moment—*now.* What "Plato has thought I can think. What saint has felt I can feel." I descend to the street, stroll toward the "Kurfurst Bridge," spanning the beautiful Spree, and take a place on the circular seats near the monument of the Grand Duke. Three bareheaded women and a young man are my companions, the women now and then throwing crumbs to the sparrows and other birds, circling around in numbers, and, in their eager-

ness to be fed, are coming to their skirts and flying at their hands. How pretty the little brown bodies are, quarreling and chattering over their prey—as if for fun! They are around us now in scores, with my three *smooth-haired*, pleasant-faced neighbors occasionally feeding their feathered friends with crumbled dainties that they seemed to have filled their pockets with for the purpose. I enter into their joys and struggles, and feel that they and I are one—that God made out of one flesh *all* creatures, and that we are united by inseparable though invisible bands. A number of church steeples being in sight, and as I have been noticing for the past week that there is a difference in some of these—"Lutheran" and "Reformed Lutheran"—I ask one of the women what it is. "It is in the 'Lord's Prayer,'" she replies. "They, the 'Reformed,' say '*unzer vater*,' and we say '*vater unzer!*'" "No other difference?" She shakes her head—"No, isn't that enough?" Thus I sit enjoying the cool air and cloudless sky, while there is passing before me in troops my brethren, going or coming from work, their calloused hands generally occupying the position they do when employed. Hundreds have passed, yet not one with unpolished shoes or careless attire; instead, clothes carefully brushed, spotless linen, collars and ties. Yet they are not clerks, but laborers and mill hands going to the factories on the other side, their broad faces clean shaved, while with the number are many young girls, most with their hair uncovered, but combed smooth and tied into a knot; all of them neatly clad in unflounced cotton, and with an appearance of absent-mindedness about them, as if their thoughts were not of the present, yet self-satisfying and pure. Every now and then a group of street-sweepers pass, in uniform—white pantaloons, blue gingham coats, and the characteristic German cap—with brooms and sprinklers on their shoulders, their work already done—half-past seven—and going home for breakfast and well-earned repose. Here and there, also, are lamplighters, with brass buckets polished like door-knobs, giving a gleam as of gold to the human stream, and with their lithe, neatly-painted ladders and becoming costume are also hurrying home—"rather late," you say, for lamplighters—the reason, lamps are washed *every* morning; hence the pails; so that at night,

so clean are they that the gas seems to be burning in luminous space. Now all are gone; the women and birds have flown, and I, also—unlike the leopard—will change my spot.

My next point of view is one of the little squares with shrubbery, flowers, and plush-like grass that are everywhere. One of the advantages of the town is that it is pierced by a clear stream, and intersected by canals. Its heart a park, always green, and around, like satellites circumambulating a common centre, are miniature parks innumerable—over five hundred, and uniformly distributed, too—almost at the corner of every street. These really, like the gardens of the gods, that ornament them in the form of monuments, statues, and groups.

* * * * * * * * *

Some men are yet *sweeping* the lawns; how can they get grass to grow like that, so close and yet so fine that it actually looks like silk plush. I know you will say some day, when we with the children look together on these lawns, that you never knew what grass was until you saw it here. I will tell you of one more custom that I have noticed now a number of times, before I enter again the museum, where I have already spent the working hours of six days, and have only had a bite of it yet. Since leaving home, I have not seen a torn up street, with this exception. In Berlin, before business hours, I have occasionally met a couple of men, one with a wheelbarrow and a few tools, the other with four upright pieces, the same number of slender rails painted pea-green with red bands. They halt at what, if you observe closely, is a depression in the street, the place is not broken; you might cross the indentation daily without being aware of its presence, but not so their practiced eyes. They proceed to fence it around with the above-mentioned pea-green rails; then they get inside, barrow and all; the defective spot is torn up, blocks carefully piled on one side, the space receives a few trowels of cement from their barrow, blocks are returned, made smooth, debris carefully brushed up with the sort of brush and dust-pan we use between courses at table, the enclosing rail removed, and when they go away there is not a particle of dust or even a line of demarkation to mark where the patch was made, for they have artistically sanded the recent scar into invisibility. These street-menders wear white duck trousers and blue

jackets—assistants the same, and yet neither on their *hands*, *clothing*, *street* or *railing*, inside of which they work, will there be the slightest stain. This is done before or after business hours, so that many of the people, I am convinced, even of Berlin, never see it done. Such a thing as leaving pyramids of dust in the street to be blown into the air and breathed into the lungs of an enlightened people, I have not yet seen, not even in Cork.

In the Museum—the room with the conchologist and his fair and frail frau. I see that in my hurry to get out when here last, I did not get the correct name of the artist, which is Jean Gossart; I give it to you in full, because I feel that the honor of possessing such quaint ingenuity as his, ought to be handed down—and out. This room is filled with pictures by that amiable animal Rubens; my antipathy for him increases every day; if he did not do these bestialities so well you might forgive him; he is the only man I know that has made genius disgusting. There are some pictures by him here and elsewhere, such as the "Garden of Love;" also, his "Silenus" horrors, and indeed even *his* illustrations of religious subjects, too—so revolting, that you would think respectability would insist on their being destroyed. Here is his great "Silenus and his followers," a most obnoxious specimen, coarse in the extreme. His "Child Jesus," also, to think of him daring to paint such a subject. "Perseus Freeing Andromeda," "Andromeda Bound"—from which a little Frenchman is at present making a large copy—the French are great admirers of Rubens, and some English artists *affect* an admiration—but his libidinous creations are so contrary to English and German purity, that it is only, I judge, in proportion as they become denationalized, that they can tolerate the *blasé* brutalities of this Titan of the Brush at all. How could the church shower honors as she has upon a man capable of producing so much licentiousness, and to think, too, that his parti-colored tomb, day and night, for nearly two centuries and a half, has been guarded in the presence of a never-dying lamp, by a constant, continuous series of surpliced boys, generation succeeding generation.

The pictures by the great Belgian that I saw in England, like all else there, are not only the most decent but the best by

that master that I have seen anywhere, even in his home, and you get but little notion of him at his worst, by these his best. Here is also his wife as "St. Cecelia," and "Diana Stag Hunting," "The Waking of Lazarus," "St. Sebastian," "Neptune and Amphitrite," and a number of others, small and sketchy, and yet the whole famous collection occasion no feeling in me but loathing. These subjects are not coarse in themselves, he only makes them so; we dislike such things in real life, and certainly much more when we see that an unquestionably great mind has taken pains to make them immortal, and more, still, when we think that this voluptuary has painted his foul imaginings and fouler thoughts so well that they stick to you like slimy mud. Ruskin says of him: "He is a healthy, worthy, kind-hearted, courtly-phrased—animal—without any clearly perceptible traces of a soul, except when he paints his children." I judge Ruskin means *his own* children, which are certainly charming, also those of Charles I—most others abominable. Yet a "Holy Family" by him, in which all the figures are portraits—his two wives, *in grand deshabillé;* Helen Fourment, a child when he married her, and but twenty-six, ten years after, when he died; his daughter, his niece, father, grandfather; his lovely little son, like our Paul, and himself, as St. George in armor, glittering in steel and holding aloft the banner of that saint. This group—perfectly charming—sufficient to make expiation for a wilderness of pictorial sins. "The Communion of St. Francis of Assisi," in the Antwerp Museum, is also a marvelous work, enough to secure immortality to any man; these and a few others,

> "Like roses shut in a book,
> In which pure women may not look."

is what perplexes, when you attempt to denounce, without reserve. If he had not done these matchless things you could perhaps excuse his unrestrained audacities; but, after these, you feel like saying with Touchstone, "By my troth we, who have good wits, have much to answer for."

Surrounded by such monstrosities I feel what a pity it was that he didn't die after having painted a few of his best things, including the children of Charles I; the world, and especially

Belgium, I think, would have been so much better without him; and yet when you think of his affection for his mother, his generosity to contemporary artists, simple and temperate habits, like Goethe, *saying* more than he did, his high-bred courtesy and kindliness of heart, you feel like suspending judgment—doing what Wordsworth advised the boy chasing the butterfly to do—"either love him or let him alone." * * * How pleasant it is to be in the pure air again with the serene and perennial beauties of Dürer, Holbein, Van der Weyden, and the Van Ecks, looking wonderingly at you like holy creatures from their golden frames—windows of heaven. Here I can remain and enjoy everything around, but especially the wingless "Singing Angels," with comically puckered faces by Hubert and Jean Van Eck. The Celestials playing on instruments I like still better, as their faces are in repose, and beautiful, especially the one at the organ—if I could only adopt her; she is merely pretending to be an angel—not much pretence needed though. "How happy might I be with either." * * * I have just been looking into Hans Holbein's "*Kaufman*" (Merchant), and even when as close to him as I can get—the nails in the green wainscoting back ground, the book on the shelf, the bit of paper with writing stuck against the wall with sealing-wax, the cords of the scales, the glass vase containing three pinks, a sprig of snap-dragon, and a spray of Solomon's seal, are all so natural that like Thomas, you feel that unless you can thrust your hand among them you will not believe but that they are real; yet they are above and superior to reality, for these men paint the soul of things, while Rubens and his Bacchanalian school only exhibit the animal and the beast—to be sure they do it passing well, which is the pity of it. Most natural here, with even more exalted realism than that of Holbein, is the fur collar and hair of the beard and head of Dürer's "*Hieronymus Holzschuer*," and also, but in a less degree, his "*Jakob Muffel*;" also, a little triptych, painted by Van der Weyden, the left wing of which is a "Beheading of John the Baptist." Herodias is receiving the severed member on a plate. Looking down at her skirts, trimmed with precious stones, I think, how strange that such things should be inserted in the mere drapery of a picture. I draw near and examine them closely,

and even now cannot tell whether they are real or not, so greatly these wonderful men do even the little things of their art, that notwithstanding the freshness, iridescence and scintillation of the colors they are two hundred and fifty years old. In the *Hollandish und Vlamish Schule* are Rembrandt's "Susannah with the Elders," horribly ugly; his portrait of himself, handsome; his charming "*gattin*" (wife) lovelier still; his picture of a Rabbi perfectly grand—no photograph could do justice to them—while Franz Hals has many of his excellently ugly pictures here; yet I think the "*Hexe Von Haarlem*," about the most ill-favored bit of untempered clay unhung. You remember the hideous old witch that I burned about a year ago? That was she; and a splendid copy she was, but I am not sorry even now that I did it—we have plenty that's ugly in our present life without drawing on our ancestors. Here is a group of three, of an entirely different type; a pretty curly-headed boy, crying as if to break his heart, and rubbing the tears from his eyes with his knuckles; then a handsome but sad young lady, with a very expressive face full of melancholy and regret, her whole attitude appealing to your pity. By her side a venerable man with patriarchal beard, dressed in the half Spanish, half Oriental costume, with which Rembrandt draped his Jews; who can he be I think—purposely avoiding the catalogue—surely some father of the fatherless whose heart has been softened by the appealing face of the desolate widow and her child. I go near that I may become better acquainted with so much dignity, sympathy, and commanding grace, and read "*Abraham Verstöst die Hagar.*" Abraham casting out Hagar!—out with *you*, you old renegade, you heartless father of the fatherless; you are not sympathizing with the widow and orphan as I supposed, but casting out your poor victim and her child into the wilderness to die. Your faith without works is dead. You Pagan; willing to kill even your *legitimate* son because of a dream. You have many blots on your escutcheon, but your treason to Hagar is the greatest of all. You strange, heroic and cowardly, infidel and believing, scheming and open hearted, tender and cruel, narrow and yet broad pattern of what was best and worst in patriarch and man. * * *

Oh, what a group! This is certainly the gem of the collection, and yet it is only a young mother with three children. Ah, but this is not a picture at all; it is one of the celestials that in heaven take care of the young; but why does she sit here so long with her lovely babes? Why not soar aloft to her home? I sit here looking at her, almost afraid to speak for fear she may go away. I have been bold enough to go close to where she is; have had my face within a few inches of hers; have almost touched the children, and yet they remain there still. It is no matter how close, I cannot but believe they are real; but what reality; the perfection of purified life, the verity of lovely and loving humanity. To say that she is real is nothing, Rubens is that; to proclaim her fair is not enough, Van Ecks' women are that; to say that she is innocent and pure is insufficient, Dürer is this; to call her both human and divine is but to be like Guido; to say that she has never had ache nor pain, and that her life has been a continuance of peace and joy, Titian's women have had even that; or to say that she is confiding and lovingly devout, why Fra Angelico people are that; but to say that she is all this, and that in addition she possesses charms that exceed them all, is to come somewhat near the truth. * * * I have had my eyes on a level with the surface where she sits with the children at play, and even then I could see the rotundity of the features, the prominence, the perfect pulsating half-shut lids covering her eyes—she is looking down—have seen her hand project from her body as she says to the happy children "Beware," and I am puzzled to understand how without an apparent effort, all this is; for it gives you an impression of its being called into existence in a moment—"created, not made." I look up, and in the heavens over her head see written, "*Madonna del Duca di Feranuova*"—"Raphael," and the whole bewitching mystery is solved. There are four other Madonnas by Raphael on these walls; but besides this they are naught, for the virgin with the three boys, and the background of rocks, houses, and trees is a revelation from heaven. Here also is Titian's portrait, by himself, which is not as good as what we have at home. When the coloring of a picture is defective and the outline perfect, a photograph with the use of the imagination—that is to say, aided by an imagination that can fill in—is better than the

original; and so this portrait is not as good as our copy, any more than Guido's *Ecce Homo* in London, or his *Mater Doloroso* here, are as good as the engravings that we have of the same; nor any more than Rembrandt's picture of himself is as handsome as the copy that I put on my mantel this morning; nor any more than Landseer's animals are as good as the engraved copies by his brother; for just as the engravings and photographs of many of Turner's pictures are more seductive than the originals—as a person will sometimes take a picture better looking than himself, so these show the soul of the originals, eliminated from chromatic and other time-defects better than the original themselves. On this account, thanks to photography, aided by a dash of phantasy, I feel that I can have all that is great in the world. That all things are mine, and at a trifling cost. The frescoes of Kaulbach, the Madonnas of Raphael, the masterpieces of Rembrandt and Murillo, the revelations of Leonardo and Claud, Correggio, Hunt, Rosetti, Guido—the serene conceptions of Overbeck, the sweet nothings of Andrea del Sarto, the beauty of the visible world, the universe—heaven is ours! if we *can only get it into our minds.* How much more when we touch and feel and see that all things are ours, and that we are Christ's, and that Christ is God's? "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they *do* see God."

Every day and every hour,
In every leaf and every flower,
In every lovely thing around,
In every Providence profound,
In all the earth, in all the sky,
In all the works that in them lie,
In trees and sea; in rocks and land,
In blade of grass and grain of sand,
In heaven *below*, in *home* above,
For God is heaven, and heaven is love.

It is again closing time, but before saying good-by to this house and the glorious things that fill it, and to the more glorious men who conceived it and brought it forth, I will run down again and take a valedictory look at the statuary before I leave. I have never imagined such happiness possible as the sublime happiness of my days since I entered

for the first time this noble place. The Birmingham collection was a glorious revelation of the possibilities of art, even when practiced by a noble band of isolated men, and in a given space of time, but was necessarily somewhat exclusive. The National Gallery, London, was an exhilarating glimpse into an illimitable world of poetry, heroic daring, and romance. The low countries spread their placid and sublime creations before me like a panopticon, where the confined seemed to enjoy their seclusion; but here, illuminated by the brilliancy of heaven, and surrounded and enhanced by all that genius could construct, and enlightened liberality command, are spread before you in unbounded abundance and perfection every excellent and perfect thing conceived and executed by the mind of man, and all done by a nation with an existence of about thirty years! Much of it accomplished within the last twelve! I sit here for a little while in front of a splendid head of "The Dying Alexander," looking around again, perhaps for the last time, on the pure white, motionless, yet living beings, that have enthralled me. I am filled once more with admiration and awe, and feel that the purest joy the world can give is that derived from the contemplation of such creations as these; that the pleasure produced by a study of painting, great as it is, with its glowing colors, is not as pure a pleasure as that derived from the colorless but expressive proportions of the objects that surround me now, and I am one with Lessing, and feel that "beauty of line is a higher beauty than the beauty of color." The Greeks said of the Jupiter Olympus of Phidias, that the mortal that left the world without having seen it had been cheated of what was best in life. The same can be said, and with emphasis, about The Royal Museums, Berlin.

BERLIN, August 24, 1887.

"I was solemn yet full of rapid emotion, burning with indignation and energy. In the very tempest and hurricane of the passions I seemed to enjoy the most soul-ravishing calm. I cannot better express the then state of my mind than by saying, I was never so perfectly alive as at that moment."—*Caleb Williams.* GODWIN.

TO-DAY I dedicate to the streets, and will, as usual, take my camera—that is, my stylographic pen—in my pocket, for I

have become as intemperate in the use of it as a toper is with his cups—must keep tippling as I go along. Berlin is rich in the number and variety of its fine shops and wide avenues, and its windows filled with beauty are a constant delight. I go along *Friedrich Strasse*, which after *die Linden* is perhaps the finest street for shops, and where every window has something in it to covet or admire. It is strange to see a river *rippling* through the heart of a city, covered here and there with mastless vessels, and attractively sprinkled with black and white swans, Muscovy ducks, and other aquatic fowl, the property of the State here, as in Holland. I stand now on one of the many bridges that cross this charming stream—as clear as crystal—and as I look through the transparent water can see the light-green grass that grows on the bottom waving like dead men's hair. In other cities it is the custom to use the machine invented by Leonardo da Vinci (the mudscow) to remove the accumulated *débris* from the bottom, or the streams would become unnavigable in time; here, instead, the grass, growing under the limpid water, needs to be cut and carried away in boats. Men are busy now at this strange work, and numerous white and black swans encircle them in expectant clusters as they drag the snake-like growth from the deep, in the hope of getting crumbs of comfort from parts deeper than the length of their ogee-like necks. "Oh, Miss Thomas, how do you do? Miss Lucas, I am glad to see you. What in the world are *you* doing in Berlin? Still practicing the heroic—traveling alone?" "Yes." "Not tired of it yet?" "Like it better every day." "Did you go to Weimar? How did you like the Rhine? How long have you been in the Capital? When do you intend leaving?" All this and more was addressed to these congenial sisters, in thought—that you already know—at this unexpected meeting. The surprise that had made me garrulous had made them speechless. When I was through they said, "Come over here and take a seat and we will tell you all about it. There—you sit there; Sarah, you occupy this, and I will take a seat here—no, not 'like a rose between thorns.' 'Don't say that—the stereotyped is not tolerated in Berlin. Are you not here long enough to know that you must either be original or nothing in the German capital. Can't

you feel it in the air, in the streets, in the people, and" —Miss Lucas adds—"in the bread? In fact, Catharine thought this morning, as she almost cracked her jaws in trying to chew the morsel given for breakfast, that the bread was decidedly 'original'—old enough and tough enough to be the great-grandfather of all the bread that was made since the multitude was fed with a few loaves and fishes. I should think a very few indeed would have been needed if anything like the scraps they give you for breakfast in Deutschland—Crustland would be better—for I could almost believe that the bits of it they give you to practice on in this bread-ridden country were the fragments that were gathered up after the miraculous feast, over eighteen centuries ago. But with all we have enjoyed the city for the three days that we have been in it, and think to remain here for some weeks. We were delighted with the Rhine, of course. To say delighted is meaningless when applied to the Rhine, for you can say that of any river that ever rippled under the keel of a boat—the Styx included —if you but sail in the right direction; but of the Rhine!—well, Catharine says that when she gets home she is going to invent a thousand adjectives for the exclusive use of the noble river 'whose cradle is in the snow of the Alps and grave in the sands of Holland,' and any one found using them, except those who have *bought* the book, will be prosecuted for infringing on a copyright." "But Weimar, the Athens of the Fatherland! It is Weimar, but living Weimar no more—'*Das alten Sperlings Braut.*'" "Oh, there you are, at it again," says Miss Lucas, addressing me. "This *verdeutched* damsel has done nothing but jabber something in abominable German ever since she crossed the borders. I believe she does it to provoke me, because she knows that I am a unilinguist like Lamb, Shakespeare, Dickens, Sir Joseph Banks, and all the other *great* people that we love. Now, I don't know what she said just now, but when she quotes German it sounds so much like swearing that I am really afraid. Wouldn't you be, too, if you were me?" I was going to bring my lamentation about Weimar to a close by a few lines from Tennyson—

> "Oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still."

which appears much better, and perhaps comes as near the truth as what she said—don't you think so? for it seems to me that it *is* the touch of the vanished hand that Weimar needs. But for my own part I don't particularly admire the Wizard of Weimar; but this, I suppose, is because I can't read German. I have read the "Elective Affinities"—of course in English. Ough! it makes me shudder to think that with this head I did it. I unconsciously waded in, and, although it was in the Hate, the water was sufficiently Lethean to deaden the susceptibilities of perhaps a somewhat too-acute conscience; so that after my first step I continued to proceed with a constantly-increasing seductiveness on the part of the writer, and a constantly-increasing yielding on my part, until I came to Werter—out from the margin of the Goethean flood—from him and his sorrows I jumped to the next step, the triple stone, —The Apprenticeship—on which I trembled for many days, with irresistible water gliding past, sparkling and bubbling, and now and then breaking into blinding surf, until I knew not which was easiest, to return or go all the way across. To my first estate I knew I could not get. I decided therefore to take my life in my hands and shoot the rapids at the risk of my neck. My next step was an unstable rock—Faust—precipitous and irregular, its sides rent into gorges and bottomless ravines, with an occasional bit of green and bloom to lure you on, but so *danglingly* balanced (that is not one of the new adjectives for the Rhine) on its shagling base that you hardly knew whether you were in the clouds or on the bottom of the roaring river; yet after many moving accidents by flood and field, of "hair-breadth 'scapes i' the deadly imminent breach" rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whose heads touch heaven—antres vast—cannibals—anthropophagi—I did manage at last to get *through* it, not *over* it, where I long remained roaming from place to place—now a solid rock, then shallow water, a bit of sod, flowers from the main land—until at last I reached the other side; but I was in Hades for my pains, where it cost me some years of unrest to expiate for my temerity and restore to me my lost peace. No; I don't especially admire the Weimar Olympus, but, then, you know I don't read German. Oh, no; shade of Goethe! spirit of progress and the German Empire! forgive me—but he is bad enough in English for

me." "Oh, Sarah! Sarah! don't talk so." "Excuse me, my dear, for blaspheming your god; you know I tried to be a worshiper, too, but failed." Thus the two continued until I had, as usual, to interfere. Haven't you ladies suspended hostilities yet? I thought an armistice had been declared in the Hague; peace is usually made there, yet here you are as belligerent as if you belonged to the same church. How is it? Tell me? "Well, we have been living in perfect harmony," replied Miss Thomas, "and, indeed, I think you are the red handkerchief in the case; the Tauri have been doing very nicely until this moment. This is the first quarrel in two days, is it not, Sarah?" "*Ja wohl*," replied Sarah, in a ludicrous attempt to speak like a Berlin *Dienerin*. And thus ended the first quarrel in the capital.

Where are you going to-day? "We don't know." "We are at present rudderless barques, without either captain or mate." "We simply know that the coast is clear, and that every point is equally attractive. We have two weeks to spend in Berlin before the arrival of our brothers—have thought of visiting the old *schloss*—ought to have been there now." How would you like going to the *Austellung?* "The what?" The permanent art exhibition, where they have "the gardens," (?) and the "panorama of Pergamon," and the *Künstler's Kneipe*, (?) and the rotunda of Chenoskei, and—. "That's enough; we'll go." Miss T. had just begun, "*O einsamkeit*—," but her companion making an appealing face, the quotation was strangled in delivery, when taking a car we were soon among the flowers at the entrance of the *Austellung*, where we remain—I to tell you more about the ladies, while they stroll around to inspect the circumambient beauties of this wonderful place. They are both from Buffalo, New York; have been friends since childhood; went to the same school; read the same books; have never been separated longer than a week since infancy. They are about the same age; their parents, always living in the same street—have always been intimate—not like Hermia and Helena though—"Two lovely berries moulded on one stem." The reverse; for while Miss L. is extremely reticent, Miss T. is unusually self-asserting, and just original and independent enough to be piquant. She walks

like a soldier, perfectly erect and wide awake, and always carries a bag and umbrella. The bag, perhaps one of the most characteristic things about her, makes me think of a magician's hat, for I have known her already to take from it at various times enough to furnish a house, and still more to follow. When we went together, in connection with her brother, who introduced us in The Hague, to visit the grave of Spinosa—she admires him and Luther above all other men, calls them the leaders in the battle against superstition, and says that they have beautified the face and rejuvenated the heart of the world—when we had gotten to Spinosa's grave, and had talked about him and all that he had suffered, we sat down on the grass under a neighboring tree, when opening her carpet-bag and taking out a snow-white cloth, Miss Lucas spread it on the grass, and from the contents of the bag covered it with dainties fit for the palate of a king—enough to have fed the crowned heads of Europe. When through, and the fragments replaced, she brought from the same sack a great volume in Latin by Spinosa,—he wrote only in that tongue,—a Latin dictionary—an unnecessary bit of luggage for the reader of the learned Jew, for of all Latin that was ever written his was the most free from euphonisms, flourishes, or uncommon words. In order to be rigidly exact, the great man used the dead Latin of his day as mechanically as possible, deprived it of everything like ornament or display, even choosing as a title for his book, *Ethica ordine mathematico demonstrato.* It was this ponderous tome, therefore, that she extracted from her bag, accompanied by another equally voluminous in German, a commentary by some Teutonic admirer; this also accompanied by a page in shape of a German dictionary, when sitting at the feet of her dead Gamaliel, she insisted on reading a chapter aloud from each, stopping every now and then to hunt up a word that she thought she had not fully understood, until we felt that she was Pandora and the bag, but a transmogrified box containing all the weariness of the world.

On another occasion, when emerging from a gothic cathedral, overcome with exhaustion, I met her and her friend, surrounded by a flock of children, and each child of the multitude had received an apple from the miraculous bag. Again

—a very cloudy day—opening her capacious receptacle, she removed therefrom a mackintosh that covered her, head and all, a great pair of long legged boots, which, sitting down under a tree, with her back to the street, she pulled on, as if in the habit of doing it every day; on another occasion, she drew from it a telescope, which, stretching until a yard long, she began inspecting the surrounding country—it was near Waterloo—when she shouted to her brother, "Oh, it's a Belgian lion. I can see his tail." "I am glad there are lions' tails as well as Lambs and Hoggs," says Miss Lucas. "What's the plot?" "I always supposed the lion surmounting the Waterloo monument was the emblem of England, and thought how generous in Belgium to recognize England's victory, and at so much expense; but I see now the tail hangs over; that it is the lion of Flanders, not of England. The tail of the English lion, as everybody knows, is twisted around his left leg." With this she returned the telescope to the bag, brought forth four fans, presenting each with one, herself so much excited about the tail of the lion that she could hardly fan herself cool. She is impulsive, generous, unusually good looking, with a splendid broad face, fine mouth, lovely gray eyes, so conspicuously so, that even I noticed them. I would take her to be about thirty-six years old. She has all the tenderness and sympathy of a mother for everything that breathes, especially children and dogs. She is an active anti-vivisectionist. A knowledge of the mutilations perpetrated by vivisectors on helpless animals seems to have been the only thing that has ever entered her noble life to disturb its peace. Her impotence, also, in regard to the only remedy, "complete abolition," adding its corroding drop to the cup of horrors already too full. Miss L.—I will tell you of her when we have more leisure. The greatest of her attractions is her speech. I have never heard any one talk as she does, in such a quiet, distinct, musical way, as if soliloquizing—talking to her soul. Her conversation, like the unfolding of a panorama, where every picture seems more beautiful than the last, or like a symphony, where the successive movements suggest delightful places, translates you out of yourself, until, like Comus, you are ready to say, "Can any form of nature's mould breath out such sweet, enchanting harmony." But,

they approach, and I shut up—my portfolio. "Well, are you ready to go in?" "Yes." "How charming the whole place is. How fine the music. Did you know that there are three bands here—a string and reed for classic music, brass for military—and a mixed band for all sorts?" "Yes; I was fortunate enough to have heard them all." We enter the exhibition together, I warning them to not be so much astonished as I was at my first glimpse of the glorious rotunda, the vestibule of paradise, with its glimpses of heaven above and beyond. We have passed the door, are inside; both utter at once, "Oh!" —and are dumb. Miss Thomas dropped her bag, and clasping her head with her hands, looked, but spoke not. The first long, audible thrill merely ending in "Oh!" for this is one of the many things both here and in England, never described; words are inadequate. There are some things, because of their being lifted above sense, can only be told by music; and the rotunda of the *Austellung*, in Berlin, is one of these. There was scarcely anything but exclamations until almost half through with the pictures, statuary, and, more wonderful than all, the building itself, when worn out with traveling, looking, admiring, we sat on a bench to rest. Even the frames here, on some of the larger pictures, realize possibilities and suggest others never dreamt of before. At the conclusion, it was the general verdict that the "book of adjectives" would have to be enlarged for the *Austellung*. We walked along in silence until at the *Küntsler's Kneipe;* but its broad, Rabelesque humor being too much of a contrast to what we had seen, we passed on, and not until outside of the ground, and some distance away, did Pandora think of her box, that in her bewilderment, for the first time in her life, she forgot. Wonder and admiration entirely possessed her. Even then she was not sufficiently recovered to regret her loss. I ran back and found it in a corner where it fell, when she first threw up her hands in astonishment upon entering the rotunda. We parted at the door of their hotel; and, exhausted as I was with the sights of the day, was glad to get to the privacy of my room, where, throwing open the windows, I exchanged my coat for a thin sack.

I sat down to read; was just becoming involved in the intricacies of Wieland's "Oberon"—was completely lost with

him on the desolate shore of an unknown sea, where great trees wafted their horizontal arms like giants pronouncing judgments, with slimy sea-weeds shudderingly clustering around the monster's knees as if begging for mercy and help, when a knock on the door awakened me from the poet's spell; I shout "come in," like the hero of the poem, when *Frau* Lippe opening the door and thrusting in her head said, "*Herr* Doctor, would you not like to come into the parlor? Doctor B——, my daughter and myself would be glad to make you one of us." Unwilling to refuse the hospitable invitation, yet with regret I parted from my Wieland to become one of the prattling quartette—I felt so tired, my feet so sore—all the same, I went, and remained listening to the Doctor talk about his clothes, until I was ready to drop; he had just bought a new coat and was expatiating on it in mangled English as I entered. He can't speak German, nor they English; as a compromise, Osric makes his mother tongue sound like something that never was on sea or land, and screams it out loud as an approach he thinks to greater lucidity, at least he knows that they can't understand *plain* English and so tries to speak his vernacular as near the way they talk as he can. The coat flared up in the back, and he "hated a coat that flared up in the back." He appealed to me, to *Fräulein*, and *Frau* Lippe, as to what we thought of it and if he should not return it to the tailor. When the important subject was exhausted, and he had looked at himself a dozen times in the glass by way of illustrating his comments, the young lady, who by the way is very pretty, very young, and very "fresh," to borrow an epithet from the vocabulary of the tailor-made Doctor (she is now on a vacation from boarding-school) began and delivered a learned discourse on the care of the finger nails! I unconsciously looked at mine to see if she got her text from me; but no; I looked at Osric's and *Frau* Lippe's; no, all were as Chesterfield has recommended, I felt therefore that the great subject had spontaneously originated in her own brain. She continued without intermission for a half hour, to talk about pumice stone and chamois skin, brushes, scissors, twezers, knives, and prepared chalk, until I thought I would surely die, my lame foot paining me more and more every minute. Oh, my "Oberon," I thought, why did I leave you?

for by this you must surely be receiving the benediction of the Pope of Rome. I slipped my aching foot partially from my shoe, under the table—with what relief I cannot tell, as *Fräulein* L.'s fluency just then ceased—she had run out of chalk or something. I had noticed that Osric had been contemplating his boots for some time past—he wears patent leathers—and was only waiting for a lull in the linguistic stream to begin talking about them; he had not understood a word that was said. To prevent this I said—*Fräulein* Lippe, do the people talk about Lessing at your school? "*Ja wohl.*" Do they *teach* anything about him? "Oh, yes—*all.*" You have read "Nathan the Wise?" "Yes; Professor Wielsprache delivers lectures on him." Indeed! I am glad of it, for now I know you can tell us "The story of the three rings;" I think Dr. B—— would like to hear it, and I am sure that I would. "But—I don't know it well enough for that," she replied excitedly; "I really could not," blushing very much; "I don't know it—that is—I don't know which was the genuine ring; excuse me; no—I couldn't tell it." She became much embarrassed—when her mother, the old strategist, said, "You tell it, *Herr* Doctor; I would like to hear the story from you; I want to know the *American* version!" I saw now why they were confused; they were not familiar with the subject, and to relieve them, I said you wish to know how Americans understand it? "Yes, truly." Well, it is understood in America as in Germany, England, France, Ireland, for a native of Cork has translated it passing well. It has but one meaning. "Tell it, tell it." B——, who now knew that something was being said that he ought to understand, repeated the request of the ladies. And so I agreed that if they would promise to correct mistakes I would make them; a bargain—say, all.

Well, in the beginning I will say that the great play—"Nathan, the Wise"—in which the story is told, was written for the purpose of teaching *toleration*, and at a time when Germany was rent in twain—in fragments—by fierce theological, polemics—when families were divided by religious hate. The scene is laid in a period and land where the three great religions—Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism—were at daggers' points—that is to say, the time of the Crusades

and the country of the "False Prophet," *nicht wahr?* Yes. Every one that lived was a more or less bigoted adherent of one or the other of the above-mentioned forms of belief; am I right? "Yes." Living among the adherents of Mahomet was a rich Jew, his name Nathan, who because of his discretion, wisdom, and prudence, was by universal consent surnamed "the wise." "Correct, go on." The Caliph, in need of money, sent for Nathan, who had money to lend. He was admitted into the presence of the tyrant, surrounded by his minions, who at the merest nod would have put his calm visitor to death. The Caliph speaks to the Jew, the courtiers gather around; after some preliminary remarks: "Nathan, the world deems you a man of good judgment—liberal, tolerant, wise—now tell me which of the religions think you—Mohammedanism, Judaism, or Christianity—is the true? Speak out like a man, for you are in the presence of the king." Here's a pretty kettle of fish, thinks the descendant of the Maccabees. Spirit of wisdom direct me, and God of my fathers save me from wrong; for if I say Judaism is the only true religion, the time-serving courtiers will be at my throat. If I decide in favor of Mohammedanism, I will be commanded to acknowledge the supremacy of the False Prophet; and if I give my voice in favor of the religion of Christ, I will be accused of siding with the bitter enemies of the king. What shall I say? After meditation he resolves: "I shall be true." Raising his head, he replies: "Oh, Caliph! before giving my opinion on such an important question, allow me to relate a tale." The Caliph assented; Nathan was allowed to proceed: "Once upon a time there was a great man, who, although rich in cattle and land, and had children, and vineyards, and corn, yet there was no gift among his varied possessions which he esteemed higher than one—namely, a ring—because it gave irresistible beauty to him who wore it, and made him attractive in the sight of God and man. The rich man was about to die; before the end he decided to divide his property fairly between his three sons, equally dear; and not being able to show preference in favor of either. and not willing to mar the unity of the ring, he sent it to a goldsmiths, and ordered that two others be made in its image." "When the ring was returned the rich man was greatly pleased, because he could not

tell the new from the old. He called his sons, gave to each a ring, and died." Nathan ceased. Both Caliph and courtiers were puzzled, but spoke not; when he continued: "Which, Oh, Caliph! received the genuine ring?"

A long silence followed the question of the Jew, at last broken by the Caliph himself: "Thanks, Nathan, for your great lesson. I had expected to receive from you but gold, and you have given us that which is above gold and silver. You have taught us that contentions and arguments about religion are vain, and that he who makes his life beautiful by the performance of noble deeds, and endears himself to man by uprightness, self-denial, and good-will is wearing the genuine ring, and that the only proof that can be offered for the legitimacy of his possession is an honorable and upright life." The bard ceased his singing, and as the man who is soothed to sleep by the sound of a sawmill wakes up when the mill stops, so poor Osric, who had been entirely oblivious of all (I saw the very moment when his drowsy eyes lingering lovingly on his patent leathers closed), waked up and said, "What! eh!" We all laughed; he, rubbing his eyes, said, "It was no laughing matter for a man's coat to be so badly made." We laughed again. After a little *Fräulein* Lippe—saying, "Excuse me, but I want to show you a picture of Lessing that I have"—disappeared, and in a few moments returned with a cabinet photograph of the author of "Miss Sarah Sampson." When Osric saw it he became wide awake and delighted, as he said—looking at the unfortunate critic, whose ill-suiting coat was all that interested him—"Well, well, that's a worse fit still! I never could wear such a coat as that. Now I am reconciled to mine. Thank you, thank you, *Fräulein* Lippe; you're very kind. Now I am reconciled. That's the worst fit I ever did see." We all laughed again. Miss Lippe, going into an adjoining room, called me to look at a scene from Lessing's "*Emilia Galotti*," hanging on the wall. In getting up I stooped to pull on my shoe. Her mother, seeing the movement—my foot being under the table—said, "*Schrecklich!*" (horrible). I looked to see if Osric was again asleep. But no; the wrinkles in Lessing's coat had made him alert and serene. What had he done? I thought, as I joined the young lady. We took our time

to examine the picture, for Miss Lippe, notwithstanding her manicure. accomplishments, is very pleasing. When we returned her mother was telling the puzzled Doctor—who could not understand, yet knew that there was something wrong, that she and her daughter had been insulted; that it was shocking; and that she would insist on redress. "What's the matter now? What has he been doing?" I said. "*He* has been doing nothing; it is *you*," she repeats, trembling with rage. "I can't tell you; it is too dreadful. My son will explain, and demand an apology." I tried, but could get no other elucidation of the cause of her distress but "My son will explain,"—it became so embarrassing that in a few moments Osric and I, excusing ourselves, retired to our rooms. When I had relighted my lamp, and the first object I saw was my forsaken "Oberon," I felt like apologizing for my neglect. Instead, I sat down, and in a few moments was again under his spell—was a Templar fighting for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Saracens; and as I stood by the side of the brother of the King doing "prodigies of valor," another knock at the door interrupted the current of my dream of daring. "Oh, come in, confound you!" The door opened, and in walked *Frau* Lippe's six-feet tall son, a professor in the University of Prague, home on a vacation. He handed me his card:

Ferdinand Lippe,

UNIVERSITY OF PRAGUE.

and *demanded* an apology for the insult to his sister and mother, "Who by?" "By you." "Me! In what way?" "You removed your shoe in their presence." It seemed too

absurd for anything but laughter. He repeated it with emphasis. I saw that he was in earnest, and said, "I deny it; I only partially removed it, and even that was not intended to be seen." "Mother said that you *removed* your shoe. She saw you pull it on; and I, as a dutiful son, must believe and protect the honor of my mother." I realized for the first time since coming into this country the inadequacy of my German to express all that I felt. It was *I* that was being insulted. I had not made a dress-parade visit, was at home, and merely invited, in *negligé* as I was, to meet familiar members of the family in an adjoining room; had accepted *really* as an act of courtesy; would have been far better pleased to have remained where I was; and as my attempt to relieve my swollen foot was not intended to be seen, you would naturally have supposed that, *as with us*, true politeness would not have seen it. Besides, even according to his own definition, the act could not have been construed as an "insult," for I had not taken my shoe off; it was only partially removed, just enough to give the much-needed relief. Yet his mother said it was *off*. When I had recovered, therefore, my self-possession, and fully realized the significance of the visit and the card of the tall grenadier, for it seemed that he had served in the army before he became a professor in Prague, I can assure you, *la mia cara moglie*, that I felt that, not only German, but the united languages of Europe, would have been insufficient to have expressed my indignation. Yet—what could I do? A stranger enters my room, and with the cool *nonchalance* of a professional highwayman, implies that I am not telling the truth; and, as if that was not sufficient, adds that I had deliberately insulted his sister and mother. Now insult implies deliberation, at least intention! and I felt as if all the blood of all the Howards was in my veins, and boiling, clamorous for revenge, and yet, since my German, like an unnaturalized citizen as it was, at the first sign of alarm fled—English and everything else by my persistent visitor unknown—condemned thus to silence, in the very impotence of my rage I was almost in the act of taking him by the throat like a pugilist, and getting rid of him with a few blows. But my better judgment prevailing, I remained seated quietly listening until he had said what he desired, which, like the perfect gentleman

that he unquestionably is, he did with straightforward candor—like a man of affairs—without braggadocia or excitement, he said all that I tell, and again demanded an apology. For what? For the affront. "I decline, and for two reasons. First, even if I had taken off my shoe it would not have been an insult, since it is the thought that makes the offence; there can't be insult where none is intended; since there was none intended, therefore, none could be properly received. In the second place, to apologize would be to acknowledge that I had purposely done violence to the feelings of a lady. It would be to confess being guilty of deliberate insult, and that, I cannot—will not—do." "Very well; there is but one alternative—a duel." "I am satisfied; *I* am the insulted one, and feel maligned by the mere suspicion of being thought capable of offending a woman." "So be it; name your seconds." He knew I was a stranger, unknown. "Have a seat." "No, thank you." He waits standing, it being against the code to sit together until the insult is wiped out in blood. I think—who can I get? Reineke will hardly do, and besides he would spread it abroad; and Osric? he won't answer. I happened to think of Dr. H——, to whom I had a letter of introduction from Prof. L——, had called on him, had been kindly received. I decided to trouble him again for instruction and help. I mentioned the Doctor, but said I would see him at once for permission to name him as my second, when *Herr* Lippe took his leave stiffly. I left after for the office of Dr. H——; found him at leisure; told him at once the object of my late call. He kindly said he would be pleased to accommodate me; agreed with me that under the circumstances I could not apologize; that the insult was not on my side. "But I do wish, though," he added, "that your antagonist was less skillful. The Lippes have a great reputation in Berlin as duelists. In fact, they are constantly fighting with somebody or other, but I judge you will be his equal. Americans usually get along!" (You can imagine how I felt.) I told him I never had a foil in my hands except in play; never fought a duel in my life; was conscientiously opposed to that method of settling misunderstandings; and yet I saw no other way out of it consistent with honor. I could not apologize without implying a lie, and could not refuse to fight and retain

my self-respect; and yet what was I to do? I thought of you, the children, my mother—a thousand things. The Doctor was more than surprised at my inexperience, but said he could put me in a way to be made perfect in five days, and besides, at the worst, I will insist on means being adopted so that you can't be killed outright, as you will be protected, except your chin, cheeks, nose, and ears, and I know your wife will think just as much of you if you should return to her with an honorable scar or two! We think them ornamental here, although *Herr* Lippe has never yet been *favored* with one. But there is no time to lose, he said, getting ready to take me around even then—eleven o'clock—to a teacher of fencing, Professor Schwerter; introduced me; told him "I was a dear friend!" that I had five days in which to be a skilled duelist. The professor bowed, said it was a rather short time, but that he had known it to have been done in near that time, yet a month would be better. He went to a row of wardrobes by the wall, brought guards and foils. At his suggestion removing coat and vest, then and there rigged out in fighting gear—a contrivance with buckles and straps on my head, making me feel like a muzzled dog—I took my first lesson in fence. I got a glimpse of myself in a neighboring mirror while making a pass, and thought I looked like a marine diver about to plunge into an unknown sea, with the kind Doctor the only spectator. Thus ended *my* first lesson, and here I am at the close of the eventful day writing what has occurred; weary, anxious, and needing rest, yet feeling justified for what I have done. Even if I had thought of an ignominious retreat out of this foolish affair, recollections of home would have prevented it, for how could a coward look into your confiding eyes and live? and how could I teach the boys manliness if I had sacrificed my own. Good night, and joy be with you.

BERLIN, August 25, 1887.

"The whole division that to Mars pertains,
All trades of death that deal in steel for gains,
Were there." DRYDEN.

* * * "Nigh at hand.
Celestial armory, shields, helms, spears,
Hung high, with diamonds flaming, and with gold."
MILTON.

I AM to-day an enraptured spectator of the treasures—military and artistic—of the *Zeughaus* (Arsenal) on *die Linden*, and although yesterday was full of adventure, ending in anxiety and fatigue, I am now rested, hopeful and ready to enjoy the sights of this great place. As usual, entrance is without price, and you are not only permitted to remain as long as you please, but are supplied with comfortable seats as well, arranged in front of the objects of especial interest. It seems appropriate, after the prospective sanguinary experiences of last night, that to-day should be devoted to the inspection of arms; the way to use them; the result of their being used, and the portraits and the like, of men experts in devising offensive and defensive means. When in doubt as to the significance of what is before you, in German galleries and the like, polite directors are ever ready to dispel, by the sunshine of their clearer comprehension, the clouds that prevent you from seeing well. The magnanimity of the government in thus so generously enabling visitors to make their wanderings through their wonder-creating collections, instructive object-lessons in science, history and art, cannot be too highly praised—can only be properly appreciated by those whose pockets have been emptied by the greed, or rather the smallness of the powers that be, if reports are true, in other lands—England excepted. I am sitting here, for example, on a carved marble settee, fit for the palace of an Alexander, in the inner court of the *Zeughaus*. In front of me, in the middle of the court, stands Professor R. Begas' colossal statue of Borussia, a masterpiece of great force—the Goddess of War, according to Germanic mythology. (What a heritage for a country—a native mythology!—next to an honorable pedigree, the greatest inspiration for good.) She stands gracefully draped, her right hand

resting on a naked sword, in her left, laurels for the brave. As you look at her you feel that she represents, not a conjecture, an imagination—a fancy, but a glorious, ennobling fact,—comprehending within her divine nature a world of heroic interests,—you feel how willingly for her you could die,—that such a death would indeed be great gain. These creations, with which I have been living since entering the Empire, have greatly increased my faith in another and better world—if it ever needed such increase—inhabited by beings of a higher type than those, with a few exceptions, that we meet in this. How any person can refuse to believe in the immortality of life, after looking into the faces of even the open-air statuary of Berlin, is what I cannot understand. I sit and dream in front of these until I imagine they move and breathe, and have merely taken these positions, for the present, to humiliate us into new resolves for improvement and growth. How grateful I am for the vistas of thought and realms of suggestion opened for me by the statuary, art, and life of Germany. Over the windows that surround me where I am are a series of sandstone heads strangely impressive; they are large, splendidly thought and done, but *all* expressing the agony, and in some cases the glory, of the last hour. I go over to where the director stands and ask him what they mean. He calls them Schlügger's "Heads of Dying Soldiers." "They have been here about two hundred years," he says; "The banners you see standing around were taken from the French during the last war, also the cannon;" but the faces of the dying heroes eclipse all else. I can never forget them; so appropriately placed, too, forming a nimbus of glory around the Goddess that called them forth and for whom they died. The great sandstone sitting soldiers on the newel posts of the grand stairway leading to the upper corridors—also by Professor Begas, represent two of the heroes of Homer, and the bas-reliefs of "Rest" and "Peace," are by the same masterly hand. * * *

I have been through the armory, magnificent beyond degree. It so far exceeds the Tower of London in variety, grandeur, surroundings, and completeness—in everything but that indescribable romance of humanity peculiar to the Tower alone, that they can hardly be compared. You will get some notion

of what I mean, when I tell you that the armory of the tower is about forty feet wide—this one hundred; the tower has common wooden floors, as in keeping with its hoar antiquity. Here the floors are mosaic, divided into great panels of appropriate and exquisite designs, and as scrupulously clean, as everything is here; but, for that matter, everywhere in Germany the floors exceed in beauty anything I have ever thought of or known. You have seen and wondered over the floors in Alma Tadema and Cooman's pictures; have doubted their existence—so have I, yet they are reproduced here, and improved! Without having seen them, you can't understand what they are, and yet hundreds of people walk over them without giving them even a passing glance; they are made of different-colored marble, porphyry, natural crystals of various sorts and colors, lapis lazuli, calaminaris, horn blende, syenitic gneiss—indeed, a floor independent of its artistic arrangement is a study for a mineralogist; these adjusted, after the most attractive patterns, and then seeming to be vitrified, as if by fusion, into a protean mass, can be compared to nothing less than some great musical composition, on the wings of which you are carried from scene to scene of transcendent beauty, until lost in the heavens, and are alone with the stars, or, like Aurora, on-tip toe, you are propelled over flower-besprinkled meads, battlefields, rivers, plains, until in the "Hall of Heroes," where you sit down bewildered with the sights by the way. And then the ceilings of this wonderful building, architecturally as great as the crypt of the Cathedral of Glasgow, without its gloom. The splendid triple-arched space supported by square massive pillars of polished Egyptian marble, *rosso antico*, with capitals of gold—the whole tinted just sufficient for the solemnity and dignity of such a collection of arms, banners, medals, armor, bronzes, costumes—arranged in elegant stands, with leather-covered seats here and there to enable you to get the best view with the least trouble. The order and cleanliness, too, as free from dust as a jeweler's windows. The objects so catalogued, that as easily as a child playing with blocks, you pass from one scene of martial struggle to another, as illustrated by arms, until you come to the laurel crown and the grave. In no part of the world, it is said, can be seen such bronzes as those of "the leaders" in the Hall of the Heroes, nor have I ever imagined such

things possible. I stand in front of a collection of sacramental vessels used by the German army from 1740–1786. What years! Plates for the bread, and goblets for the wine. You have, perhaps, thought of the devastating hosts as frantic multitudes, without faith and without God. Although you knew that it was for freedom of conscience and thought that they fought—that is, freedom to do right and think so—which reminds me that I have never known a people more devout, devout with enlightenment, than these people are. Among them Christianity is too deep in the soul to sputter over in meaningless words. It is separated from childishness, yet childlike, and the law of "doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humble with God," is the very life-blood of the nation. On the base of the great monument erected to William the Third, founder of the museum, that every Berliner sees almost every day, is this, in letters of flaming gold: "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people!" and this is the foundation upon which is built the national life. Adieu. I leave in double-quick, as it is within ten minutes of the hour appointed for my second lesson.

IN THE FOREST OF CHARLOTTENBURG, Aug. 24, 1887.

Durch die Blätter geht ein Flüstern
Und ein Rauschen hin und her,
Möchte wissen, was sie lispeln,
Immer lauter, immer mehr.

Flüstern sie von Gottes Größe,
Von der Menschen eiteln Tand?
Von dem Licht der schönen Sonne,
Von des Meeres weitem Strand?

Lispeln sie vom Lenz, vom Winter,
Von dem Kaiser und dem Reich?
Sagt, was flüstern denn die Bäume,
Tanne, Föhre, Ficht' und Eich'?

Die geheimnißvollen Töne
Hauchen Liebe, Freude, Schmerz,
Sind wie Stimmen milder Geister
Und bewegen mir das Herz.

J. Otto Löhner.

WE started out early to-day to visit the Tomb of Louise and King William. We climbed to the top of a horse-car, and

after a delightful drive through handsome streets and past splendid monuments we arrived at the *Thiergarten*—then a couple of miles more, under the shade of overhanging boughs, brought us to Charlottenburg. What a nuisance these "overhanging boughs." I never think of a tree that my pen does not run into them, as if they were palm branches spread before me with hosannahs, and I hate to take them away as the phrase—*under the shade of overhanging boughs*—especially the shade, is quite Arcadian and Shakesperian, too, reminding me of Rosalind, Orlando and the Forest of Arden. However, in a few moments we were at the entrance of the wood in the heart of which the world-famous mausoleum stands; we dismount; a sentinel at the gate directs us how to go. We enter and are confronted by an orange and lemon grove—growing in painted tubs! with a background of lofty trees. How wonderfully quiet is this secluded place, although only separated from the city by a fringe of green trees; yet there is no disturbing noise, no duality of odor, for Berlin, although populous and the most rapidly growing city in the world, smells only of forest and plain; here, in addition, you have the quiet that enables you to detect the falling of a leaf or the song of the smallest bird, and the babble and murmuring respiration of the not distant city, because of the solemn stillness of the place, steals into your ears like the hum of honey-seeking bees. How luxuriantly here nature blends with art; how majestically, on every hand, stands the mighty monarchs of the forest, elm, ash, and oak. How can I tell you of this evidently dryad-haunted wood, to paraphrase from the "Merchant of Venice." On such a day as this, when the sweet winds gently kiss the trees and they do make no noise, you can imagine me strolling, at my leisure, to the last resting place of the dead, picking up here a leaf, there a flower; now looking into the curious formation of an unknown plant, then becoming familiar with the luxury-loving features of an Emperor of Rome. One moment counting the lemons on a branch overhead, the next plucking daisies at its base; on my left a long line of marble busts stretching away into night; on my right, in exuberant abundance, every vegetable variety of unrestrained nature, until a sudden turn reveals to us, at the extreme end of a

branch-vaulted promenade, the Mausoleum of Louise, and feeling now like crusaders making a pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre, or knights in an enchanted forest, we are in a state of exhilaration that nothing could surprise. In this mood we enter the little chapel and behold the tomb of the King and Queen—now this also is one of the things that out-paragons description, and yet it is so simple and plain that you can hardly tell in what consists its indescribable charm. Just imagine yourself inside of a diminutive Greek temple—as exquisite as a gem—on each side unornamented marble walls, polished like onyx. The light which enters from the top passes through light blue glass, which enhances the beauty and whiteness of the objects around, and produces a sort of mystic twilight of the gods that seems to hallow and soothe. Look down, and under your feet are the remains of the royal pair; a white marble slab over each, with appropriate inscription, tells the story of their noble lives and of their faith in God. How great is German faith, so deep and clear, I realize now as never before. Amid the clash of arms and revolution of nations, amid the exuberant joy of domestic and national life and the awful realities of death; the refuge and solace and inspiration of the German heart, is God. You know it, you feel it, no matter what may appear on the surface of the national stream, and there must be more to object to than I have seen, since man is man. Yet you are convinced that the German nation is of God, and that nothing can live in it long that is not good. On a stand by a slab covering the grave of the Queen, is a fine copy of Guido's "*Ecce Homo*," painted by her daughter. This is one of the few bits of color in the building; all else is white as snow. This part of the temple, which would correspond with the auditorium, is divided from the forward part —the chancel, by four circular pillars of Florentine marble; pass between these, and you are within the space that contains Rauch's renowned masterpieces, the recumbent effigies of the good King William and Queen Louise, the parents of the present Emperor, who, when his brother became incapacitated in 1861, put the crown on his own head at Königsberg, saying as he did it, that he ruled by the favor of God, and of no other; not only the "favor" but sanction, also, I would be willing to add,—but to the statues, one of them was

finished at Rome, the other in Berlin. Here the matchless pair sleep in the hope of a glorious awakening; on each side are exquisitely sculptured lamps, and in a recess behind a simple kansel, is a most expressive crucifixion of snow-white stone, rendered still whiter by the pale blue rays that flood the whole house like a benediction. Behind this, on the wall over the pulpit, is one of the most touching frescoes that I have ever seen, "Jesus Enthroned;" on his left the Queen, on his right the King, humbly laying their crowns at his feet, the group so beautifully planned and finished, such an ineffable combination of glory, humility, dignity, and grace, that it seems almost sacrilege to disturb the heavenly impression it has made upon my mind by a word. There are some things too sacred for speech—like the unspeakable experiences of Paul on his way to Damascus; when caught up into Paradise—"into the third heaven,"—he heard celestial words not lawful for him to utter—*this*, as profoundly sacred as that—can never be told. Underneath this unparallelled painting is the inscription, "For our Lord is God, and beside him there is no other Saviour." This fresco, the "*Ecce Homo*" and the Florentine pillars—the only color in the place, are subdued—softened by the peculiar light, which makes it a place in which the soul delights to revel. There is nothing here to distract; every voice is hushed into the silence of eternity as if listening for the archangel's trump; for you are, indeed, in the presence of, and behold all the calm dignity, of death, all the ineffable tenderness and pity of the righteous and loving Judge. You feel like taking the shoes from your feet; realize that the place is holy, and that in it is nothing that defileth or maketh a lie. I noiselessly come out, and for some time after, not until waked from my dream of bliss by the song of birds, do I feel like putting on my hat or speaking a word.

> "And then in dreaming,
> The clouds methought would open and shew riches
> Ready to drop upon me, that when I waked
> I cried to dream again."

You would think, that it would almost silence the brazen tongue of one of Cook's guides, and open wider the mouths of his famished brood. It does!—actually! A chattering flight of these ubiquitous exclamation points have just passed, mak-

ing me think of a flock of sparrows, with voluble chattering, chasing a rapacious hawk; although in full flight you know the result. He will turn on them, and there will be nothing left but—feathers. Thus I sit here, vainly attempting to tell of the experiences and sights of the day—realizing full well that it cannot be done, yet knowing what I know now, I would be willing to live on little, and deny myself for years, for the opportunity of being allowed to see what I have seen and to feel what I have felt about Germany; its treasures, its generosity, and its glorious people. I have beheld many things here that could hardly be described by a professional writer, even if he had Shakespeare's words, and keep them therefor in reserve for future winter nights, when time will pass as if on angels' wings.

Instead of riding home, or rather to Herr Schwerter's, I have walked. It has taken me three hours, loitering by the way. The road was through the park, and although somewhat warm, yet because of the walks being completely canopied by trees and moreover watered twice, daily, there was neither fatigue nor dust, and as seats are placed all along where they command the best views, you can imagine how pleasant it was. When entering a museum or the like I remove my hat from my head to my pocket. I did the same while strolling through the *Thiergarten* to-day, and for the same cause—reverence. The place is full of lakes, waterfalls and melodious streams, all, I judge, hand-made, and as they are spanned with handsome bridges and covered with boats, I had plenty to see. The park is especially rich in handsome trees, many of them entirely unknown to me. I have never seen trees so large—and as most of them have their great boles, covered with a delicate pea-green, with lichen and cryptogami all the way to the top and extremities of the branches, they look like emerald veins carrying life blood to multitudes of fluttering and sighing leaves that murmur their thanks when fed. I have not seen an imperfect specimen in the collection, that is, a tree with imperfect bark or dead branches, or prevented in any way from developing according to their "beautiful nature," as the Germans say, it does not seem to be "anything so that it's a tree." It must be the very best of its kind, and planted in a spot where

it has room to spread. No pollards, nor barbarous lopping of branches, for the Emperor himself is the Forester of this lovely Arden, and no Orlando can mutilate, no woodman can fell, without a letter of consent, signed by his (the Emperor's) hand. Even if a tree is blown down, or falls from decrepitude or decay, it requires the same process to get permission to lay it out—of sight. So great is the veneration in which the Kaiser holds the trees, that the hamadryads but seldom die in the *Thiergarten*, and as the same *fine* grass that covers the innumerable parks, scattered over the city, is here also, no bare places or ragged edges at all, and as I meet various people that like myself, are at home, and many children that I occasionally stop, because they make me think of my own; and as I find numerous floral and leafy beauties for the herbarium, I am unusually jubilant, and feel like flapping my wings because of nine more days to luxuriate in this charming place; perhaps more, by *necessity*—who knows? Who can read the riddle of the future? Ah, me! that this scarlet line has to be woven into the white web of my peace. Yet it was with a light heart and free that I jogged along, hatless, with the big book, the treasury that receives our umbrageous spoils, under my arm, for

> "A merry heart goes all the day,
> Your sad tires in a mile-a."

There was hardly a yard along the whole walk that did not have its peculiar charm. Now you are in the way set apart for equestrians, and the prancing of the Bellerophons, with their generally graceless Alexanders, convince you of the wisdom of having these novices practice behind sylvan screens. (Why can't we have such sequestration for our bobbing amateurs?) Then in the grass with carriages filled with jolly people rollicking by; again wagon loads of children, going or coming from picnics in the woods, or perhaps it is a clearing with a back-ground of dark green—Norway spruce, combined with "red-stemmed hazel;" the delicate shades of a weeping acacia—the handsomest tree that grows—then the grey of birch, and the pure white of *acer negundo foliata*; then a lovely bit of sloping lawn, and at the next turn disappearing behind a great pine you get a peep of the snowy skirts of

the chaste Diana and her stag, and reflected in a calm sheet of clear water the trees, the huntress, and the blue sky.

And thus I continue until out of the woods and on to *Thiergarten Strasse*, with its lofty houses built in such various styles, with shrubbery and statuary and wrought-iron gates. I stop now and then to admire it all, although within an hour of the time when I receive my second lesson in the "gentlemanly art of parrying and thrusting and warding off." How apt I have been a few more days will tell. I have made up my mind to one thing though—namely—that if I am wounded, it will be in the face. As I stand outside of a beautiful gate and look into a handsome garden containing an artless and wonderfully droll pair of statues (children), representing Hercules and, I judge, a member of the Peace Society of Athens—a parody on myself and my affairs; I cannot think of myself, therefore, but as very lamb-like compared with the leonine contour of the master of the knotted club; and yet, strange as it seems, I am only afraid of my nose. I dread the possibility of having the tip taken off and going through life like an antique bust, or a second edition of Tycho Brahe;* would rather resemble *him* in something else. I can spare a bit of cheek, but my poor nose turns up in horror at the bare thought of mutilation; and yet over yonder is Hercules resting on his bludgeon and with lion skin thrown over his shoulder, listening, with a haughty sneer, to some taunting remark of his more pacific companion, who, with nothing on but the toga of a simple citizen, is leaning his arms on a great scutum that comes to his breast—Falstaff's page, with his master's shield,—and seems in a serio-roguish manner to be asking the supposed lion slayer where he *bought* the hide, and if that was all of the lion he kept.

---

* Tycho Brahe, the astronomer, lost his nose in a duel and had a golden substitute constructed, which he wore until his death.

NATIONAL GALLERY, August 27, 1887.

"A sculptor wields
The chisel, and the stricken marble grows
To beauty; at his easel, eager-eyed,
A painter stands, and sunshine at his touch
Gathers upon his canvas, and life glows."—*The Flood of Years.*
BRYANT.

TO-DAY I am one of a company enjoying the treasures of "The National." This, as its name implies, contains the works of Germans alone. The "National Gallery" in England, on the contrary, exhibits the masterpieces of the whole world (including its own), the best specimens, and in the best position for their display. I am among the loveliest statues. Please do not be surfeited with sweets. It is not my fault, for I have been searching in vain for something wicked and ugly, just to introduce by way of variety; but either I am a poor detective, or else they do not exist, although Schwerter told me last night—for the purpose, I judge, of quieting my exuberance—about the feminine frequenters of the gilded saloons, that they were not queens, as I had innocently supposed (I think he meant that in some cases the second *e* should be an *a*) —not even vestals, nor *incipient* disciples of the chaste Diana —rather priestesses of Venus,—adherents of Circe.

"Who knows not Circe,
The daughter of the sun, whose charméd cup
Whoever tasted lost his upright shape
And downright fell into a grovelling swine."

However, here I am surrounded by figures, many of which have made their authors famous. Of these I say nothing now, because I want to tell you of objects in many cases more interesting than even these, yet overlooked, as I observe, by most of the visitors—I mean the pedestals. You rarely see such elaborate ornamentation, exquisite stories, and beautiful and life-like pictures as the sculptors of Germany are accustomed to twist around the mere *Fussgestelle* on which stand or sit their masterly works withal.

I will give you a few examples seen from where I sit under the shadow of August Wittig's "Hagar and Ishmael." In

front of me stands Paul Otto's "Vestal," a slender, gracefully-draped figure, holding in her extended left hand the never-dying lamp. The marble of which she is made is of unusual whiteness, yet the uncovered parts of her body are tinted the color of flesh, her hair a delicate brown, and the skirts of her drapery embroidered with gold, like unto the so-called "innovation" by the English resident of Rome, Gibson, but which was not invented by Gibson at all, as any person may see by visiting Shakespeare's church in Stratford, and long before Stratford had a Christian church, the same custom was practiced by the Greek sculptors of Herculaneum and Pompeii, Gibson being original only in using *tobacco juice* to produce his "flesh tints," while they employed some chemical solution still unknown. Of course a number of people are admiring the parti-colored beauty and superlatives in reference to her, in the languages of the four continents, fill the air, and yet, of all the enthusiasts who slowly walk around delighted, I have not seen one look at the pedestal, nor have I heard a word in its praise; nevertheless, the pedestal is more beautiful perhaps, certainly presents more for contemplation and thought than the vestal herself, for there sits Phidias satisfied and at rest, his right hand leaning on the great head of Socrates that he has just finished, and which next to Jupiter Olympus has served most to give him a niche in the temple of the immortals. On his right, partially encircling the pedestal, is a noble-looking woman, a bas-relief, which I take to be Religion, because she stands in an attitude of thought, with her hand resting on a beautifully-carved altar, by her side an owl peering into the future, the emblem of wisdom then as now. Going a step farther around, I see a half-dressed figure sitting with an open book on his knee, his head inclined in study; by his side serpents, the types of subtlety, twisting about and around the vases, that as an artist he has designed, and as a potter brought into material form. He represents, perhaps, the maker of the Portland vase, as the illustration of the legend of Peleus and Thetis, like that on the above-mentioned receptacle for the ashes of the dead, is embossed upon one of the vessels he has just finished. Another step brings me in front of a most dignified, erect, muscular woman, her left hand resting on the head of Mars, in her right a scroll, her

head slightly upturned, calmly looking into space. Standing thus in contact with war and letters, she seems to be the genius, military and literary, of Greece and Rome. Then Leda, the mother of Clytæmnestra, with her Olympian swans. After this, I find Praxiteles giving the final touches to the "Marble Faun," on which rests much of his fame; before him and Phidias stands Apollo striking the lyre, by his side a great powerful lion, soothed into the gentleness of a lamb by the all-subduing sounds; and behind these, on the pedestal, are incised outlines of great ingenuity and beauty appropriate to each—all this, and more, on a pedestal! and almost unobserved.

Just now a crowd of "Cookies" enter—the same that I met yesterday at the tomb of Louise. They stalk past like the ghosts seen by King Richard before the battle of Bosworth Field. The last, a young lady with a note-book, stops a moment, looks up, when, putting her hand to her mouth like an oyster man, she halloos, "Mamie, Mamie! have you seen her skirts? Wait a moment until I make a note of it." Mamie waits. "What have you written?" says Mamie, looking over her shoulder; she reads: "Naked woman in a white sheet, around the bottom gold," and without even looking at my lovely neighbor's beautiful face, or the pedestal, they hurry to join their companions in another room; I can hear now the unabashed voice of their pilot muttering an explanation of something out of "Cook's Guide." To the right of the vestal stands, or rather sits, a most life-like Faun; he has caught a splinter in his foot, which he is holding up, trying to see where it is. A rather audacious attempt on an old invention, you will say. I will only give you the riddle of the expressive pedestal, and will expect you to give me the solution. He stands on one foot; has thrown a goat's skin over the top of one of those lovely Greek vases near him, that could not stand, because the form is that of an inverted pyramid, with handles; think of the suggestiveness of the vase and goat skin, and yet they are introduced merely to give mechanical support to the solitary sustaining extremity of the figure. Around the base of the pedestal, in alto-relief, is a bacchanalian procession, in which I can see fauns, satyrs, bacchantes, cupids, with Ariadne and lion, and Aphrodite, to-

gether with bows, arrows, and drinking vessels. The lower part an Ionic capital encircled with flowers, and which stands on a square plinth, having at each corner a ram's head with convoluted horns, united by festoons of roses, all of course of perfect workmanship, and giving the idea that the hard stone of which it is composed must have been as ductile as clay. I can see in this the elucidation of a famous legend recently developed into a well-known poem, and I can bring to memory all the parts of the story as I look merely at the pedestal of this life-like figure alone. What is it? Tell me in your next letter? I cease talking about these *story-telling* footstands, for fear you might apply the adjective to myself; yet, before leaving, I feel like saying to the people passing without, looking down, "go to the pedestal thou sluggards, consider their ways and be wise, for truth is found at the base of a German statue, more surely than at the bottom of a well."

But I must stop—part from these lovely things to-day, or next Monday I may part with a bit of my nose, as my accomplished teacher tells me I have hardly given him time to make me an expert, which, you can imagine, has not added to my temerity, but he also said that with *sufficient* practice I might do much in a short time. Consequently I have decided to take an extra long lesson to-day, and to-morrow I get up early and practice in my master's room. He seems so cool about it that I can't believe it the desperate thing it is called, and besides, through Dr. H.'s diplomacy, it has been transformed into the sort of duel—I have forgotten the technical name, but it implies a duel only for blood—where the contestants are guarded so that no fatal result may follow. I cannot but wonder, though, how you would receive me if I should return incomplete—a part of me resolving into its original elements in German soil—being *verdeutsched.* Nevertheless, although the experience is new, I have no fear, and as I have been but rarely excited in my life this may afford me an opportunity for a better acquaintance with that almost-unknown condition. Unlike Nero, of immortal memory, I may have a new sensation, and without pay. My hand is as steady as a marble figure's, I am entirely calm, and would be altogether happy if not troubled about *Herr* Lippe (who, notwithstanding my feelings of a few nights ago), I highly esteem, for my "eagle-beaked Percy" has

handsome features, and I hate to damage anything beautiful—yet—"terribly arched and aquiline his nose," as becomes a soldier—who ever heard of a pug-nosed hero, unless made so in a fight—Wellington, Napoleon, Hannibal, Alexander, Abd-el-Kader, etc., all had such prominences large, as well as my antagonist, and I am so antivivisectional as to be afraid that in an *unguarded* moment his unscarred features may be mutilated for life. "Yours, in the ranks of death."

BERLIN, August 28, 1887.

"Dove diavolo aveti pigliato tante coglionerie."—CARDINAL d'ESTE.

ANOTHER clear day, and cloudless. It is 8 o'clock. Already I have had an hour's exercise with Schwerter, who has complimented me with encouraging words, and is gone. Before his advent I had a dip again into Wieland—was beginning to feel somewhat like Hüon, as if in advance I had killed my brother, and was glad therefore when waked from my dream by a knock on the door. I will try and forget it all for the present and go to church. What work, though, is this for a Sabbatarian and Christian! but necessity knows neither; and yet I find some justification, too, in the fact that in reference to the law of the Sabbath works of necessity and mercy are permitted; besides, "self-preservation is the chief law of nature," and as it is both necessary and merciful for me to qualify myself to save my features—I apprehend no danger to my life—I realize therefore a sort of trembling justification for what I do. This may seem arrant sophistry to you, *mon ami*, but put yourself in my place, and it is the soundest reason, sanctioned by moral and religious law. If your ox falls into the pit are you not to drag him out on the Sabbath day?—remember, I have no particular enmity now towards *Herr* Lippe, my only object being to prevent my honor from being trampled in the dust. * * * I have just left Dr. H., who was on his way to call on me—wanted me to dine with him, which I declined, on account of other engagements. In leaving, he said, "Oh, I came near forgetting to tell you that Lippe called on me last evening; he

seems anxious for a settlement, but is unwilling to have it any way but as the result of an apology. I simply repeated your argument, that 'an apology would be an acknowledgment of premeditated insult—would imply guilt—and that you would not, could not, do.' Just then I had an urgent call by telephone, when he reluctantly went away; he seems to be troubled." And thus the doctor and I parted, promising to meet at six.

How very quiet is this great city to-day. Everybody hurrying to church, most of them armed with hymn-book and Bible. I, too, enter the great cathedral and find already every seat taken, and five minutes before service. Many people, strangers, I judge, still looking at the surrounding pictures and memorials of the dead. I shall try St. Nicolei, the oldest and perhaps most interesting church in the city. * * * Find the same fate here, and decide to go to Potsdam, * * * and here I am. It has taken an hour on the train, and of course all church service is over; yet the trip has afforded me an opportunity of being in contact for an hour with a Sunday picnicing party to this place. This is one of the favorite resorts for Berliners—artisans, clerks, and the like—wishing to spend a day out of town. I came here in a third-class car; was in a coach containing, besides myself, eleven young men, sons of toil, as indicated by their horny and ragged, but clean hands. Conversation was general and intelligent. They were, if anything, better dressed, but with fewer gold chains, pins, etc., than with us; but their collars and ties—the nucleus of a gentleman's wardrobe, indicators of character, told of their having come from well-ordered homes. You almost unconsciously make this diagnosis, and find it confirmed by their honest faces and bright conversation; full of discretion and merriment, yet free from every taint of that boisterous, profane vulgarity which makes the Sunday excursion so obnoxious with us. And yet, judging from what we are in the habit of hearing; outside of the United States, mechanics and laborers are groveling, half-clad and half-fed serfs, crushed deeper into the mire by despotisms that only touch to destroy. Usually the men (snobs) who talk this way about foreign workingmen, would hardly like it known that they associated with our own—*after* election. Here are some statistics I transcribed from a little book

the tailor-made doctor gave me last night. The doctor is a patriot of the spread-eagle type, and as the presented volume was written to prove our country superior to every other, it gives me great pleasure to quote from it, for I, too, am a patriot, although my love of country does not, like my friend's, include a love for her faults:

In the first place it tells me that, "in Germany there are 217 people to the square mile; in England and Wales, 429, while in the United States there are but 16;" consequently, we are the greatest people on the earth! Again: "In Italy the average amount of food devoured annually *per capita*, is 20¾ pounds of meat; 9½ bushels of grain, chiefly in maccaroni. In Germany each individual gets outside of 84½ pounds of meat and 24 bushels of grain. In England the average amount that goes down each throat in the realm, is 119½ pounds of meat and 20 bushels of grain; while *we* become dyspeptic on 120 pounds of meat, and 41 bushels of grain—much of it in pies. We devour 100 pounds of meat annually more than the Italians *per capita*, and 20 bushels of grain more than the English, consequently—we are the greatest people on the earth!" Think of it. We eat more and have better appetites than any other nation! Yet, since the downfall of the temporal power, to quote further, "Italy, that eats so little meat, has free schools as good as ours; colleges better, it is said; art galleries superior and more numerous; and not only the facilities for education, but also culture much greater, *and patronized by larger numbers.*" Oh, pshaw! that is not what I want to quote. Here it is: "In Prussia, one half of the population have to live on an annual income of $105 to each family, and with that small amount each individual member in the family" (including the baby at the breast) "gets 84½ pounds of meat and 24 bushels of grain." No, no! that's not the quotation I want, either. "During the past three years 220,976 persons in New York have *asked* for outside aid in one form or another." Botheration on the book,—leave me—there—I have slung it into the marble-embanked lake in front of me, and have the satisfaction of seeing it sink—statistics are so heavy—deeper, I trust, than did ever plummet sound, for of all studies, there is none so fallacious as the study of statistics, and there is nothing that lies so effectively as facts; and besides, it is not

the quantity of land, nor the length of rivers, nor the amount of food, nor a lack of populousness that make a people great, is it? but,—read the quotations again, and see if there is not in them much for admiration, thought, and regret.

We landed here, a great company, at the station; every car but repeated the same story of respectability with the exception that most of them contained family parties, with baskets. Do you imagine even a collarless or slouching man among the multitude? or that it was a party where hydra-headed ruffianism indulges in every sensual excess? How people talk about the "serfs" of "the effete monarchies;" yet, what would it be with us, for example, if we had "429 people to the square mile" instead of 16. Would we still get 120¼ pounds of meat annually each, or would it be reduced to 119½? Calamitous if it should! If I had but an opportunity of telling our countrymen how different our brethren of England, Holland, and Germany are from what we are told, I think that even at the risk of incurring displeasure, I would say that the people of these countries compare more than favorably with any people I have known, and that with the exception of Belgium, where wages for 14 hours labor is 33 cents; and Ireland, where labor, because of drunkenness, can hardly, therefore, be considered at all, these people, especially the Germans, are the most moral, independent, and intelligent of civilized people; due to the fact, perhaps, besides the good government, that instead of reading flash papers, many of which should never be admitted into decent homes, and filling their minds with the tawdry events in the lives of the vulgar, they are more profitably engaged in reading books,—books of romance, invention, travel, art, but especially books of natural history, a department of science of which no German is ignorant; this, the cause, I judge, of the universality —of the Horace-like joy in everything connected with country life—flowers, birds, animals, insects, trees, crops, bees, and the like. This, with contentment, is great gain; and it is to this, probably, that can be ascribed the unpinched features, happiness, and general guilelessness of the subjects of Kaiser William. At least the press does not lay before the people of Germany, every morning, the vices of the world for the delectation of their sons and daughters. It dare not, for the Emperor is the father of the people, and he "rules by the grace of God."

I write this, the multitude having dispersed, in the pleasure garden—*lustgarten* of Prince William—in front of the Schloss. How strange it all is to be in a land *evidently* flowing with milk and honey; to be among a people so exceptionally considerate and polite, and where susceptible *honor only demands* redress for the slightest wrong; to live in a great capital with clean streets, where loungers are not loafers, and where the people have apparently solved the riddle of life, even the cities having the same fine-looking, kind people, that you find in our suburban towns. Since leaving home I have been given to prowling the streets at night, and yet in Holland and Germany I have not seen an objectionable act nor sight. I have been in the theatres and beer saloons, too—the great ones like the ateliers of luxuriant artists, the smaller with neatly sanded floors—yet in neither have I seen anything in word or act that could offend the most refined; absolutely no coarseness or confusion, and even smoking not so prevalent as with us, as the tobacco vice is indulged in only by adults, there being a law here against selling tobacco to minors; no chewing of tobacco at all. But why talk of these, when around me are the wonders of nature and art—especially art. It was said of ancient Rome that it had more statues than men. The same is literally true of the small woods where I sit. By actual count fifty-two statues, groups, and busts visible, besides vases, etc., and but twenty-four people; and yet I can only see about half of what I would see if the high trees did not shut out the view of the colossus-lined cornice of the long straggling Schloss. As an example of the statuary I will take the group in front of me. In an artificial lake, enclosed by marble walls, a great Neptune, about three times as large as a man, is driving a team of rampant Hippocampi over the water. In his car sits Amphitrite, and around him in the waves a retinue of Tritons and nymphs, blowing water from shells, and engaged in other gambols as if alive. The whole enormous work, cut out of sandstone, is so full of action and life, that—as the sea-god is excitedly standing in his car, holding the reins in one hand, in the other aloft in the air his trident, as he urges his swift-speeding water-horses on; for I take it to be the *raub* of Amphitrite—I feel that if not soon brought under control they will dash themselves

to pieces against the opposite wall. Yet this is but one of the many wonderful things that *fill* this decayed city, once the home of the German kings. * * * From here to Sans-souci, the former residence of Frederick the Great. is a pleasant walk; a castle built on the top of a rocky mountain, that has its precipitous sides carved into groves, grottos, flights of magnificent stairs and arcades, the grounds studded with fountains and statuary, and on a scale that bewilders and delights; at every turn objects of transcendent beauty, until you are surfeited with things great in the domain of art. An army might be concealed here, and yet the castle of which this is but the preface, is a very trifling affair, badly planned, and ornamented in the worst imaginable taste. The preface is sometimes better than the book. It was here that Voltaire lived and quarreled with his master, or, as he would say, his companion; but I cannot tell of this now. The most curious thing about the castle, perhaps, is the library; a good-sized octagonal room, lined with calf-bound books—*all* in French! for although "Old Fritz" was a German king, and truly no king was ever more liberal to his subjects, though austere to himself, yet he was unable to speak, and refused to learn, the German tongue—despised it as semi-barbaric—notwithstanding the fact that during his time Lessing had produced his beautiful compositions, and before his death Goethe had written *Iphigenia in Tauris* and *Götz*. He surrounded himself with Frenchmen, wrote voluminously, and read and spoke nothing but French; even the pictures on the walls, ornaments, and decorations of the entire "Palace" are Parisian, and yet Frederick the Great was not only a great king and a great writer, but, more difficult than either, he was a great performer on the flute!

> "Und ihre Stimme tönt so süss,
> Wie König Friedrich's Flöte."

is an allusion by Burger to the subject that floated in my memory, together with much from Carlyle's great book, as we made the tortuous voyage of the carefully-constructed saloons of Sans-souci. Nor can I tell you of the church where at six o'clock service is conducted, and where I heard an admirable sermon thirty minutes long, about the "all-sufficiency of Christ." The building itself, the only church I have ever seen where

the wall decorations elucidated the theory of Protestantism; namely, that The Church Invisible—that is, The True Church—is made up of the faithful in *all* Christian sects. Consequently, there was a decidedly democratic mingling here of the most distinguished of the early fathers with reformers and saints not necessarily canonized, for a saint is a saint before canonization, the assembly including many put to death for heresy, such as Jerome of Prague and Huss, Savanorola of Florence, with the English martyrs Tyndall, Latimer, and Ridley, the line coming to the present time, and comprehending Luther, Zwingli, Calvin, Melancthon, Knox, and many others. I can't enter into details, as it is so near the hour for my last lesson, on which will perhaps depend my fate,—the worst can not be more than a disfiguring scar; but even that is not pleasant to think of. I can't contemplate with entire comfort the prospect of having my lip slit like a hare, or my face sliced with a long knife as if it was a pig's head or a ham. Consequently, I take my departure to Prof. H.'s, and we will go together for the last time to the atelier of Schwerter, the counterpart of George in "Bleak House." If all is well I will be at home in thirty days, not in compartments like a log cabin, I trust, or a saint, with members mouldering in reliquaries in various lands, but whole. You can imagine how much of the tiger there is in me when I confess that, in my heart, I long for this foolish contest to begin, and yet, if dying, I could say towards my opponent I have neither enmity nor ill-will. Can you explain this? Adieu.

BERLIN, August 29, 1887.

"Last night the very gods showed me a vision."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Next then the brave Magnano came.
Magnano, great in martial fame;
Yet when with Orsin he wag'd fight,
'Tis sung he got but little by't."—*Hudibras.*
BUTLER.

IT is 4 A. M.; I have been up for two hours. Last night I had a dream, and of home; and, curious, I even dreamt in a strange tongue. It was of my return. You were all waiting

for me, including Paul. I was permitted to ascend from heaven, a place of palaces and temples, sky-kissed mountains, islands of the blest, mansions and rivers of delight, nerve and heart soothing music, and a glorious company from every sect and land. I descended like an air-cleaving bird—wafting its wings from some delightful place to its nest—from paradise, to my surprise to find another where you were. It was strange to see angels without wings, and have them claim me as their own; to hear them speak to me in a foreign tongue, having adopted the methods of a strange land, and yet to be welcomed into the old home, with all the familiar things. I go from room to room, impelled by a celestial force, moving me as if I was air, my whole being, peace, and good-will; yet having no individuality in my love; no preference nor choice; to all alike. I glide up stairs without touching a step or taking hold of the rail, into the drawing-room and out, passed the bath, and into the lower apartments, as if floating in space: ascended and descended at will; passed my books in every case, stopping but for a moment to run my hands over their backs, like Southey, when he could no longer read; yet I, in such a state of exhilaration, so lucid, that with the books closed, could see every word—was familiar with every thought and line, yet far beyond their need. I remember saying, "Dear friends, old friends, good friends, I need your ministrations and counsel, your sweet fellowship, soothing and exalting company, no more," and moved away. Again, I came to where you were, not always knowing of my presence. You sat at the window, looking out. I was there, and you knew it not. The children were playing on the porch. You were in the nursery, as if alone, unconscious of my presence, although I was by your side. You sat at the office desk, writing, stopping now and then, looking wistfully at a picture on the mantel. I knew you were thinking of me, but you spoke not a word, and yet there brooded over all the spirit of reconciliation and peace. But——

> "These, our actors,
> As I told you, were all spirits, and
> Are melted into air—into thin air;
> And, like the baseless fabric of this vision—
> The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,

Yea, all which it inherits—shall dissolve;
And, like this unsubstantial pageant—faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are of such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

And so I awoke and found it a dream, and instead of being my own ghost, as I had supposed,—a trifle lighter than air, when I jumped out of bed I shook the house. Two hundred and ten pounds dropping on the floor of a room filled with objects of beauty! It was enough to make Martin Luther shake in his olive wood frame, and the lily tremble in the hand of St. Dominic. I felt hungry enough to have eaten a bear. Consequently, my first thought was of breakfast. I rang, and received it, standing behind the door, our *mädchen* seeing nothing of me, as she said "*Guten morgen*," but an arm draped in white. Have devoured what I received, and now, clothed and in my right mind, I feel like a gladiator before a victory, anxious, but impatient for the fray; and sure enough, there is Dr. E.'s voice, also Dr. Löehner, my surgeon. They are at the door. Come in.

* * * * * * * * *

Oh, what a day! I hasten to tell you all, yet dread to think of what has happened, for when I do I see the blasted heath on the skirts of the *Thiergarten*, with six desperate men and the carriages that brought them, with their drivers, expectantly waiting under the shade of some beeches within a stone's throw. I can see the deadly implements of their folly, and hear their serious and measured words; can feel the mechanical adjustment of protecting bands, the deliberate examination of poniards, the forced joke, the stoically-assumed smile—taking position at the word of command—the cardinal rules, read with slow, tremulous emphasis by one of the seconds; can feel my resolution pricked into greater tension by the alert daring of my soldier-like antagonist. To think that such a desolate spot could be found not very far from the lovely park, intended only to confer happiness and joy! But, thank fortune, I am safe! Like Cuddie's mother, in Old Mortality, who, when the dragoons carried her away over rocks, roads, and through bogs, until, almost jolted to pieces and frightened to death, she said, "Through the help o' the Lord I have

luppen ower a wall," I, too, have "luppen ower a wall" and thank the Lord. I feel like throwing up my hat and shouting. The "insult" has been wiped out with blood from the severed nose of *Herr* Lippe. Oh, what work! I have received the congratulations of the seconds and surgeons, and the thanks, according to custom, of my wounded antagonist. Spilt blood has made us equals and friends. Stranger still, the vanquished has invited me to supper, to meet a number of "his people!" Because of embarrassment and the novelty of it, I at first accepted; afterwards declined—which almost was the occasion of another row. To decline such an invitation is a discourtesy—almost an insult; but through the eloquence of Dr. H., supplemented by my own feeble words, I was excused. Dr. Löehner has since invited me to sup with him, but how can I accept when I have just refused a "dear friend." I am now sorry for it all, yet glad, too, that I was able to do "credit" to my friends,—pleased with my success—in their estimation my country's, too, for they imagine me the representative of the thirty-eight States and ten Territories, and that I have done it well. Nevertheless, I am sorry for Lippe. His mother—a native of Alsace, and really more of a French woman than a German—is more to blame than he; and as I look back on it even from this short distance, after the subsidence of excitement, I think the whole unavoidable event barbarous. And yet there was a principle of honor, too, involved in it that could not, according to the custom here, be decided in any other way. * * * Dr. H. has just left me, boisterous in praise of my "coolness and *skill!*"—*Kaltsinnigkeit und Geschicklichkeit.* Told me, as if it was something to delight in, that I had "broken the bone of my enemy's nose and cut off the end," which dangled by the merest shred until stitched by his surgeon. My cheek burned afresh as I listened to this. It is inflamed by a score from the end of Lippe's foil, which, fortunately for me, drew no blood—was really what first roused me into dead earnest when, a few minutes after, I saw my opportunity, and took advantage of it, with the above result.

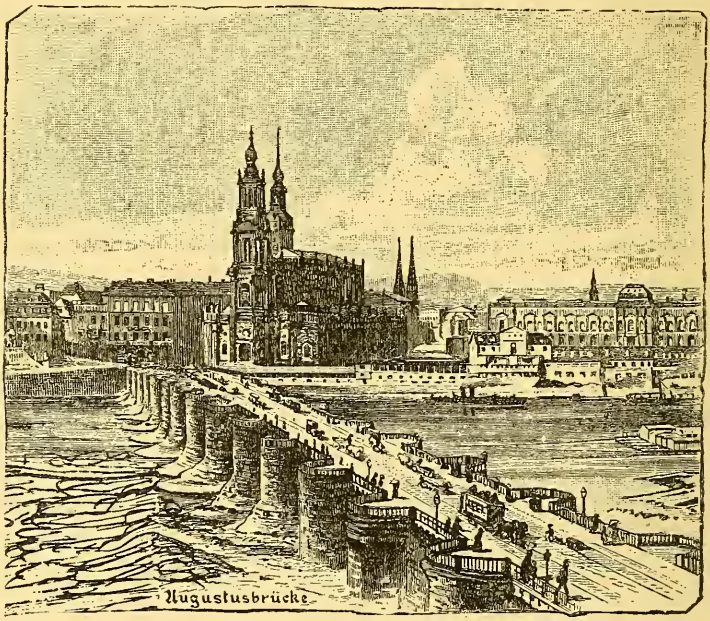
But I am weary, and must say good-bye.

DRESDEN, August 30, 1887.

„Die Auswahl einer Blumenflur,
Mit weiser Wahl in einen Strauß gebunden."—**Die Künstler.**
SCHILLER.

"Every noble picture is a manuscript book, of which only one copy exists or ever can exist."—"*Arrows of the Chase.*"
RUSKIN.

I AM sitting on the bridge that crosses the Elbe, the clear rapid stream that separates the new city from the old, this



AUGUSTUS BRIDGE.

beautiful morning, to have a little chat with you before entering the museum that contains the "Sistine Madonna," Correggio's "Night," Murillo's "Virgin and Child," (ours), "Titian's Tribute Money," and Holbein's "Holy Family;" the gallery that is said to be the best south of Italy, which I

can hardly believe, since Overbeck's pictures are in the National, Berlin, and they must give supremacy to wherever they are, just as a Kohinoor would make famous even an iron crown. However, here I am in a position commanding a splendid view all around and on the river, with its centre filled with great bath-houses, where, according to the English sign, "Gentle ladies and children are taught to swim," an announcement as suggestive of the presence of a respectable number of English-speaking people here, as another that I saw in The Hague,—"Beer and good view" was of the same fact there. The embanked shores, as far as I see, are studded here and there with refreshment rooms, with tables draped in white under the trees, and from which I catch far-away strains from the splendid bands that are the common concomitants of all places of public resort in this happy land. In front of me are people flooding across the bridge, evidently on their way to the museum, some of them speaking English, the first that I have heard since I landed in Germany, except the day that I spent with Pandora and her fluent friend; of course I except Osric, also, whose speech is confined to his clothes and the "prestige" that he expects to obtain from his having been supposed to have studied at a German University! To my surprise the university towns of Germany have many young men from among us, apparently the scions of rich burghers, who come here ostensibly to study—to listen to lectures delivered in a language they do not and cannot understand (it requires ten years to know German from books), consequently, instead of attending lectures, you find them on the streets, in the beer gardens and the like, "ick"-ing like so many drunken men, forgetting their own language and not learning the new, simply because gratification of vanity and "prestige" is the object of their trip abroad. Some of them, like Osric, will not go out after breakfast for fear of missing dinner; after dinner they take a nap, then dress for supper; after which, unless they go to a beer garden, go to bed. They know nothing of the German people, have never read a German book—could not; are ignorant of her literature and art, do not know even that of their own; do not know Latin at all, which makes the ordinary student-mind here think queerly at least of our young doctors who come abroad to finish that which

never had a beginning. I met a brace of these savants lately who had been "studying in Europe," and who insisted that the city where they had resided for a year (Vienna) was in Germany! "Can you believe that there are such women?" was the innocent query the heart-sick Desdemona asked of her worldly-minded maid. Can *you* believe that these are facts? I ask you. Of course there are many honorable exceptions to the above, as we know, but these letters are my impressions and observations. I write them just as they occur, usually hot from the fire of observation, nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice. If sparks sometimes fly, therefore, I cannot help it; but "time runs withal," particularly with me. I have not yet recovered from the anxiety of yesterday, and feel as if it would require the dreamy influence of a Bartolomeo Esteban Murillo to soothe me to rest, and I therefore change the mortals crossing the "Augustus Bridge" for the never-dying people who I know are waiting for me in the halls that are graced by the masterpieces of Raphael and Holbein.

* * * * * * * * *

In the gallery! I walk cautiously up the stone stairway, realizing something of the solemnity of being admitted into the presence of the immortals. There is not a line of the Virgin of the Sistine chapel that I have not been familiar with for years; recognize the various curves when introduced into other pictures. And since I have known how to pray, the subject of Albrecht Dürer's great "Little Crucifixion" here, has been the embodiment of the Being to whom my petitions have been addressed, the always dying and never-dying Lord. I have lived with it; have always had a copy of it by me, and yet this familiarity, instead of breeding contempt, inspires me even now with such a feeling of reverence, that when I think that in a short while I shall be with the original—the real—I am one moment feverish with emotion, the next, chilled with awe. I feel that I have only known the pictorial representation, but that I am now going to see the life. * * * I have just passed through a nest of Peter Paul Grobianus' beastly nudities. I had decided to not mention his name or look upon any of his pictures again, but the sight of one of them so horrified me a few minutes ago, and continues to do so, that on this occasion only, I will try Goethe's method, for

THE MEYER MADONNA. (*Holbein.*)

getting rid of impressions, unpleasant and otherwise—to deliver myself of this disturbing sight,—when any thought lingered oppressively long with the author of Faust he *wrote* it, and thus got rid of it, which will, perhaps, account for the number of things, not particularly consoling, with which he has loaded his readers withal; and so I will make this method the emollient that, like a poultice, I apply to my feelings, lacerated by the latest horror of the famous Dutchman, knowing that if the experiment does not efface the impression, it will at least make it less distinct. It was "a Herodias;" the executioner had just laid the head of John the Baptist on a plate that she held in her hand. I saw him do it about ten minutes ago, the vapor of cooling blood still rising from the decollated head of the man, who was "as a voice crying in the wilderness;" the life fluid dripping from it; the face, with glassy, half-opened eyes, blanched into an expression of extreme agony, because of the gaping and torn muscles and blood-vessels made by the executioner's dissevering axe. Horrible! It has pierced my soul; and yet the flexible dancing vixen received it with a simpering smile, as if it was a gift as pleasant to her as a laurel crown. Grobianus is certainly great, but so was a supper at the palace of Nero, where there was no feast of reason nor flow of soul. * * * I am in front of Hans Holbein's Holy Family, known to fame as the "Jacob Meyer Madonna," because it represents the members of that merchant's household. I have been sitting here speechless with wonder for a half-hour. I cannot remember the time when I did not also know this picture's every detail; from the disarranged carpet on the floor to the silk-like aureola background of the *Jungfrau's* head. And yet I have never known what a matchless picture Hans Holbein—who was born in Augsburg some time before the Confession, which he was brave and wise enough to accept, and who died in London, where, under the patronage of polygamous Henry, he filled the royal walls with the evanescent, but for him, beauties of the day—has made of this family of Jacob Meyer at the feet of Mary; strange, unlike most other pictures, a photograph gives no notion of the great beauty, the breadth, the feeling, the purity, the animation, and repose of this lovely group by Luther's friend. It is better than true. It is ideal, but not an ideality beyond

reach, like Raphael's. It shows what is possible for you to be. I do not know which to admire most, the broad homely face of the devout merchant, who looks like an etherealized Luther—as Luther perhaps looks in Heaven; his contentions over; his work done; the grateful recipient of the joys of his Lord. There are eight figures in this group, and all are of the most enchanting beauty; plain faces, refined, glorified by thoughts of duty and love. The little boy in the foreground, like a morning in May. I have never seen anything so lovely, so heavenly, as this child; and yet he has no budding pinions nor wings, no aureola; he is simply enveloped in the halo of glorified babyhood. You feel as if you would give the world to kiss him, and I suppose that many would, but that he is covered with glass. The freshness of the colors is the freshness of immortality. I go up close to them, and unlike most people, the nearer the dearer. I see the carpet on which they stand is made of stamped manilla, such as they have in the poorer houses to-day; but the people are the salt of the earth.

It has been said that the peculiar rich, dark tints that distinguishes Rembrandt's pictures from all others were made by mixing pounded mummy with oil; these seem to have been made by mixing sunshine with the flesh of new-born babes. How was it possible to have met people coming out of this building an hour after it was opened to-day, having, as they said, "done the gallery," with so many things like this to keep them within? Albert Dürer's Christ is also here, perhaps from an artistic stand-point the greatest picture in the gallery; truly a miraculous work. Our copy gives you the face, expression, and position of course, but the rotundity, the coloring of dying life, the divine humanity, or the human divinity, is lacking. The size of this picture is but about four inches by six inches! Across the shoulders the central figure is not as wide as my thumb, yet it paralyzes description. You feel as if you were alone with the crucified Son of God, and that it was for *your* sins He died. To me Albrecht Dürer has compressed the pathos, tenderness, sympathy, disinterestedness, quaintness, and tragedy of his "Great" and "Little Passions" into this incomparable work. It is curious to see the blue hills of his native Nuremberg in the background at his feet, and three of the sort of weeping birches that are sel-

dom seen outside of Germany in front: but men paint what they know best: Murillo's madonnas are Spaniards, Raphael's, Romans, Titian's, women of Venice, Angelo's are of Tuscany. The saints and goddesses of Rubens you would think the disreputables of France, but the holy families of Holbein and Dürer are the pure peasants of the Fatherland, and they have worked into the background of their pictures, representing scenes in Palestine, the cities and mountains of their own loved land. On the other side of the Madonna is a little triptych by one of the Van Ecks, which I will not take time to tell you of, as it is in the manner of their pictures in the Netherlands that I have already described, but yet it is like turning my back on a religious duty to pass the winged wonder by, which is worthy of a pæan of praise. The strangest thing about these great little pictures is that when you get very close to them you cannot be convinced but that all is real—the pillars, hangings, furniture, sculptures—all. The specimens that I have seen of Raphael and Rubens also, and to a less extent, Michael Angelo, are in most cases an appeal to the observer for admiration or praise, as if conscious of acting a part. They are dramatic, but most graphically so. Whereas, the touches of many of the so-called *little masters* —the heart of humanity is in them—are of the heart and life, and would have been the same, evidently, if there had not been a soul in the universe to see them. Van Eck has also painted the frame of this exquisite creation in a way unique.

As an illustration of the simplicity, the *einfachigkeit*, of the ordinary Dutch mind, and of how very foreign to these people are flights of imagination, their reveries never seeming to extend beyond the clouds made by the smoke from their pipes, is the handling of a subject here, a great favorite among artists of the sympathetic type—an "Abraham Casting out Hagar." This, though, is very droll. The scene is laid in front of a house in Holland! The approach to the door is by three broad steps. Extending along the front and to the left is a chicken-coop, between the bars of which I can see protruding the head of a rooster as he generously cluck-clucks for his *three* mates, who are at a door some distance away, that opens, I judge, into a garden in the rear. Evidently as a contrast to the liberal, but confined rooster, the monogamous

patriarch stands on the steps. He has one hand on the broad shoulder of the whining, barefooted, red-faced, thick-ankled, simple-minded, tender-hearted Hagar, drying with her apron her weeping eyes; with the other hand he points to a place far away where he wants her to go—where she *must* go. The little Ishmael is heedlessly, but also as if just waking to the seriousness of the banishment, playing with a bow and arrow on the ground. (I wonder if he was meant as a dejected Cupid, *amare et sapere vix deo conceditur.*) Dogs, sheep, and a cow, with a female cowherd, make up the *tout ensemble*—all, just as in Holland to-day, except that inside the open door, on the steps of which Abraham stands, sits the *passé* Sarah. She looks like a Gerard Douw, with handkerchief around her head, tied under her chin. By her is her young son, having his head unwillingly held between her knee, while with her thumb-nails "the rats and mice and such small gear" in his hair—this is downright slander—are finding a bloody and oppressive grave, and by her eager look, and the jerking expression of the legitimate heir, you can see that the patriarchal Diana is hunting in a forest where there is plenty of game. Poor Hagar, and Ishmael, and Abraham, and Sarah, and Isaac, and poor "wee beesties," if but one of your "ancient and honorable race" gained immortality because seen by a Scotch bard on the bonnet of a *mere* lady, what could he not have done with the teeming brain of a patriarch's son. For mere physical beauty, grace, delicacy, and freshness of color, fineness, texture, foliage, the little pictures of Van der Werff are pre-eminent—"A Judgment of Paris," "A Magdalen Reading, "A Banishment of Hagar," "A Pastoral Scene," where the gentle shepherdess is *half* dressed in white satin! and the loving Corydon is only indebted to his tailor for a harebell crown, "A Venus and Amor," "A John the Baptist," "An Announcement," a very droll "Diogenes with a Lamp," make up the beautiful collection. The "Diogenes" unusually significant; will tell you about him when we meet; now I have not time, as it is within a minute of closing. I have spent the day here, am alone, and yet have not seen what I came to see—a *greater* than John the Baptist, which I postpone until to-morrow. Farewell.

The Last of Lucy.

Dresden Gallery, August 31, 1887.

"She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition sent
To be a moment's ornament."
Wordsworth.

"——garrit aniles
Ex re fabellas." Horace.

"All great art is praise, the expression of man's delight in God's work, and cannot co-exist with smoke, noise, and mechanism." Ruskin.

"The mountains gently slope towards the Alps" I perceive as I wend my pictorial way again towards the "Sistine Madonna:" not that I mean to imply that there is any descent from Hans Holbein's masterpiece, at one end of this magnificent collection, to Raphael's at the other. They are both Pisgahs of supreme delight, from which the faithful may get glorious glimpses of the promised land—Holbein's perhaps the highest, anyhow, the most beautifully varied, as *it* represents both earth and heaven; or rather, as Socrates was said to have brought philosophy from the gods to dwell among men, so the sturdy Augsburger has translated *heaven* into a German home, and shows you, with an eloquence beyond words, that they are synonymous, while with Raphael's it is *only* heaven; a heaven glorious, to be sure, yet beyond reach.

Yesterday I walked down the flowery descent to the beautiful plain, spread with earthly delights, that separates the two bergs—"The pearls of the Dresden gallery"—and to-day I am again in the "Happy Valley," yet, unlike Rasselas, content with what I feel and see, though perhaps only so, because I know that I can cross the mountains when I please. I sit here for a little while, metaphorically, under the trees, on a smooth stone by a murmuring stream, to tell you of a story related by one of the scenes on the opposite side, not so much because it is depicted in a grand manner, as because of the interest of the incident itself, to which it gives a local habitation and a name. The artist is Fran. Ubertino, and the tale that his picture relates is about as follows:

Three claimants for the throne of a dead king have brought a land into a state of alarm; which is the legitimate heir, no one can decide. In consequence, the country is in dissension and strife; even the wisest cannot agree. The throne-demanding, doubt-exciting three are arrested, tried, and, as disturbers of the peace, sentenced each, on pain of death, to shoot an arrow through the heart of the deceased monarch, who for the purpose is exhumed and suspended from the branch of a tree. The first takes aim, bends his bow, and whiz went the shaft through the body of the king The second did likewise, and with equally correct aim. The third raises the weapon, aims irresolutely into the air, but, instead of shooting, lets bow and arrow fall to the ground, when, turning around and addressing the judges, he says: "No; rather than mutilate the remains of my already insulted father, I shall die!" "You are the rightful heir—you are the legitimate son!"—cry the enraptured judges, and the admiring multitude shout, "Long live the King, and may his counsellors be ever so wise!" "An appropriate companion for 'The Judgment of Solomon,'" I can hear you say; and so say I.

The pictures most sought after here, instead of being suspended from cords are fixed on hinges like doors, are covered with glass, and can be moved at pleasure. The gallery at present contains many persons, mostly ladies, nearly all Germans, English, and French, copying the most celebrated specimens, which are unhinged by the attendants, and placed near windows, at a height to suit the copyist's eyes. Many of these deft workers remind me of Hawthorn's Miriam. I look in vain for Donatello, her faun. To my surprise the copies usually are hardly to be distinguished from the originals, except by a freshness, and sometimes a glow which the originals, with the exception of the German masters, no longer possess. Why this more than correctness of imitation, I ask, and learn that it is due both to skill and to the fact that the same persons sometimes continue for years, like Monks with manuscripts, reproducing the same masterpieces until they could almost do it, you would imagine, with closed eyes. And, "by the way," says my genial respondent, who, like most of the officials of the German galleries, is a man of unbounded knowledge, much penetration, and polished suavity of manners

THE MADONNA OF THE GRAND DUKE. (*Raphael.*)

withal, by the way, there is a world of romance and self-abnegation hid behind the pallid faces of many of the speechless people that you see here and there, so industriously transcribing the pictures most in demand; men and women, some of them that, instead of reflecting the thoughts of others, would express their own, but that the needs of dependants obliges them to do what pays best, and thus, with souls full of glorious things struggling for light, they continue, day after day, copying the *creations*, or rather the *creation*, of others, as some of them never extend the field of their exploits beyond one picture, which they copy year after year. "You have observed the little lady in black, over yonder under the shadow of Palma's Cross?" "Yes, sir." "Well, she's an Italian countess—as accomplished as she is deformed. While a young lady, she attempted to catch a child falling from a fourth story, with the result that is so painfully evident, and yet even she, with the brilliancy of a De Staël and graceful inventiveness of a Kaufman, copies constantly—only one picture, too—supports the dignity of her family in Rome by her brush alone. *Her* Madonna (the Madonna of the Grand Duke), thus feeds the hungry and clothes the naked every day, for she has been reproducing it constantly for the past ten years, her revenue increasing with her skill. Then, again, the little Frenchman over there, duplicating the bestialities of Rubens. There he is—standing on a chair behind the easel, shampooing the bald head of his one hundred and twenty-sixth Silenus! You wonder how he can do such bad (*unsittlich*) work so deliberately; yet last week he celebrated the completion of his one hundred and twenty-fifth transcription of that same picture, is going on with another, and has orders ahead for seven more. Strange—that notwithstanding the fact that he has been contemplating Silenus and his peony-cheeked crew, for months, uninterruptedly, yet in his heart he is anything but a disciple of St. Grobianus. His mind is *not* colored to the thing it works in like the dyer's hand." "Who are the pleasantest people that come here to copy," I ask? "They all have their peculiarities. The people who paint saints are usually morose and taciturn. The madonnaists, sanguine and skeptical. The affectors of the nude—great sticklers for truth—irritable and hard to manage—due, I think, to their *Verité's* lying so

scandalously. While the landscapeists are pleasantest, because they are always pleased. I like the landscapeists best. Some of them have been coming here for years; but—please excuse me; I must go and hang Diana," and he crossed over to assist a young lady, shifting that fleet huntress from an easel to her position on the wall, near her former victims, "the Children of Niobe," while I resume writing and reflecting; for it seems strange, and a pity, too, to see people, expert in the technique of their craft, and not without invention, either, growing gray and beautiful copying the faded landscapes of others. It may be the placid beauty of the aerial Claud, or the tempest-torn mountains of a Salvator Rosa, while the everlasting hills, decked up in living green, cloud-cleaving mountains, fantastic rocks, beautiful trees, flowers and hills that encircle Dresden like a nimbus of porphyry and gold, are passed by, for I have not seen a native landscape since entering the gallery, and yet the country around is called "The Saxony Alps." * * * I have been sitting for some time, now, before the Sistine Madonna, which occupies a good-sized room by itself, a room lighted by a side window—not a good light. The only other object of interest in the apartment, except the bust of the author—whom do you suppose? My Rebecca, from Ann Hathaway's Well! Is it not strange? She sits on the sofa beside me, has been quietly talking German with a handsome old lady whom she calls aunt. She has laid down on the seat, where I can read the title, Schlegel's "*Noten von Raphael und Palma Vecchio*," and yet, so absorbed by the reverence and wonder-inspiring Madonna, she has not seen me. The same *abandon* and interfusion of self into every object she contemplates, the same faculty of seeing things beyond ordinary sight, observed at our first and every subsequent meeting, is still evident.

From the moment of entering she has been constantly speaking in a half audible voice about the picture, which truly fills the apartment with a divine, palpable glory unlike anything I have ever felt. How can she talk so freely in presence of the Queen of Heaven? The queen who needs no *crown*, whose patents of royalty are expressed in her heavenly face and in the cherubic halo around. She has just told her aunt that when the picture was brought into

Germany the king ordered it to be stood in the throne room, that he might admire it again himself, and show it to his friends before it got to its destination in Dresden. The only light suitable for it was on the spot where stood the throne, when he shouted out, "Push it away and make room for the great Raphael." Now she is saying that she comes here every day, and yet cannot decide between this picture and Holbein's, but that if she was a Roman Catholic she would feel as if she could talk to Holbein's Madonna, the same as if she were her mother, but that if she communicated with Raphael's at all, it could only be by proxy; she would have to say "Dear St. Barbara, or St. Sixtus, or you pretty angel children, won't you please tell Jesus to ask His gracious mother to make me better"—this uttered like a soliloquy, ending in profound silence—when, stretching forth her tightly-clasped hands with an artless candor, as if thinking aloud, and gazing into the picture, she continued, audibly: "Consecrate me afresh, O Holy Child Jesus! Make me as merciful as Mary, that I may love *all* little children—the ragged and dirty and poor—everybody loves the pretty and clean—teach me—that I may love all mankind." * * * She has been quiet for some time now, also, her very calm aunt; their thoughts evidently projected behind the veil. The room so still that I am afraid to disturb their meditations by even the scratching of my pen. Her aunt violates the silence. "The Italians' heaven is in the *clouds*. The Germans' at *home*. Where is yours, my Lucy?" The old lady speaks very *careful* German. Lucy replies "Both and everywhere, for the mind is its own place, and of itself can make an earth of heaven, a heaven of earth." "Who says that, dear, Schlegel?" "No; don't you know? Milton—Paradise Lost." "But paradise is not lost, my dear." Paradise is regained. (Here the merest apology of a smile showed that she was conscious of the inappropriateness of the pun.) We are the Argonauts that have gone out in quest of only the golden fleece, and in its stead have found the '*Verlorene Paradies*,' and there it is. Can't you see the heavenly host? Can you not hear the fluttering of angels' wings? The air is filled with hosannas; the redeemed, the glorified, and the good are on their knees, and even the very cherubs of heaven are

enraptured by the heart-thrilling scene." "But, my dear aunt, are there *clouds* in heaven?" "Certainly not, my child. The curtain separating the clouds from the celestial place has been but for *a moment drawn aside*, and the glorious Königin has graciously condescended to *appear for an instant*, that the earth may know of the heaven beyond. I am surprised with delight every time I see her, when I think she so generously remains there so long, as if she wanted the whole world to come unto Him that she holds in her arms, that by and through Him they may enter into the joys of the Lord. She is *worthy* of all praise, but *desires* it not." After a long pause, in which they seem again to be absorbed—lost in an attempt to fathom the beyond, of which this is but the vestibule. So abstracted are they with what they see that they never seem to think of the beautiful anachronism of representing the *infant* Jesus in heaven. Lucy this time interrupts the stillness only disturbed by my pen, by replying, "And yet this picture is not so great as the Madonna with the three children in Berlin. There the painter has expressed more, with less." "Yes; to you, my dear, because you can see through and through, but for the great multitude, the Dresden Madonna will, perhaps, be forever recognized as the highest attainment of Christian art." Another pause, and she whispered, "Let us go and see Holbein, now." She picked up her book by my side and she and her aunt passed out without being conscious of there being another person in the room. I can not follow her, for I am under a spell, and the heavenly vision keeps me where I am. But shall I never see *her* again? asks my soul. And the dismal death knell tolls out, "Never, forever! Never, forever."

When I recover I think if she had only forgotten her book. "Would you not have returned it?" asks my startled conscience. Oh! tender, susceptible, sometimes mistaken guide; blind leader of the blind, would *you* return a flower that fell from the bouquet of a queen, or a feather from the wing of a warbling bird, or the mantle left behind by an ascending prophet? Would you not rather have had made for the volume a case of whitest vellum, with letters of blue and gold, and would you not have put it on a shel between Petrarch's Sonnets to Laura, and the Letters o

THE SISTINE OR DRESDEN MADONNA. (*Raphael.*)

Abelard to Eloise, and would you not have guarded it with as much veneration as if it had been printed by Gutenberg, and enclosed in embroidered covers, made by some sixth century nun? NO! replies my indignant conscience, so loud that I was startled from my imaginary dialogue, and made a precipitate retreat. There are many pictures here by Maratti, Carlo Dolci, Mazzuoli, Nogari, Titian, Correggio, and the rest —splendid examples of their methods—but having been in heaven, I pass them by.

My cheek has been burning all day and is so red that people look at me inquiringly in passing. How full of interest is everything around, but how different from home. Here dogs do the work of horses, and women sometimes that of men. (I wonder if it is not as light though as their so-called legitimate (?) work. It may be as well to rake hay, pluck weeds, and gather potatoes and corn for ten hours a day, in the cool clear air, as to wash dishes, scrub floors, and cook, in suffocating kitchens, for fifteen). Here also loaded wagons are dragged by oxen to the margins of unbridged streams, they and many people get on a boat, when one man with a rope pulls them to the other side.) It is here where horses are led into rivers until the water touches the breast, when they are scrubbed with brushes and soap, and where sawyers, instead of drawing the saw across the wood draw the wood across the saw, and where horse-shoers, when at work, put the horse's foot on a bench instead of between their knees. What curious traits! Country houses have eyes as if they also had souls. When they bore a tunnel through a mountain, they build a tower at each end, to harmonize with the ruin on the top. Steamboats have slanting smoke-stacks, so as to pass, without harm, under low bridges. Instead of propellers, at the bottom of navigable rivers, are circulating chains, dragging lines of canal boats, like bobs to a kite, with the rapidity of ocean steamers. It is here also where everybody drinks, and yet there is no intoxication; and where there seems to be no disease, sorrow, nor care, and where the respect of children for parents, brothers for sisters, women for women, and men for men, is mutual. When even the poorest builds a house they omit bricks, leaving recesses, where the birds of the air may build their nests in summer

and find protection from the winter's winds, and every harvester saves sheaves of grain to fasten on the roof at Christmas, that the famishing birds may partake of the good cheer; and it is here where the people are not bound by national ties, but have a genuine admiration for the good and great, and a tolerance for the weakness of all lands; and where with the greatest literature, in their own tongue, they have made it richest also in translations from others. The love between the people and the King is the love between a father and a son; and a preference for the beautiful and true is the chief charm of the national life. Here they use the same adjective in thanking you for the slighest act that they use in admiring the greatest masterpiece of art; and it is here where the trains of the "Lightning express," accommodatingly, stop to let you out, about every seven miles, and wait until you return. It is here also where the people are conquerors of the world, and yet live in the air. When a baby is born it brings, instead of receives, presents for its nearest of kin, presented by the happy father in a speech, in which he tells the heirs-apparent encircling the throne—the bed—that the baby has brought gifts, and expects only love. It is here where they excel not so much in objects that contribute to physical comfort, as in those that appeal to the soul, and stimulate the intellect, and broaden the mind, and cause the heart to beat rapidly, with a new realization of the *glorious* possibilities of the brotherhood of man; and it is here where the stage "develops the secular side of religious life," and is thus the handmaid of morality and art; and it is here where a poor exile, longing for home and feverish from an excoriating wound, raves about the traits of a people that cannot be too highly admired. But the stone seat of a bridge, no matter how elegantly carved, is not easy enough for a sick man. I go to seek a bed.

DRESDEN, September 1, 1887.

"They know the grief of man, without his wisdom;
They sink in man's despair, without its calm;
Are slaves, without the liberty in Christ'dom,
Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm.
Let them weep, let them weep."—*The Cry of the Children.*
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

"Non c'e'nel in mondo chi merita nome de Creatore, che Dio ed il poeta."
TASSO.

"I like to meet a sweep." CHAS. LAMB.

Zwar reicht er treu dem König
Den glückbegabten Arm,
Doch fragt er nach ihm wenig
Und bleibt mit Freuden arm.
Sie mögen sich erwürgen
Am Fuß um Gut und Geld,
Er bleibt auf den Gebirgen
Der frohe Herr der Welt. NOVALIS.

LAST night was my first of unrest—I thought the morning would never come, but it has, and I am well—free from fever and pain, and the redness has entirely left my face. I thought in the night of a thousand things—began to suspect that, like Hamlet and Laertes, I was the victim of a poisoned foil; but with the return of light and the subsidence of fever and pain, I became reassured, and am now ready for Vienna by way of Prague. * * * Bodenbach,—We have crossed the line separating Saxony from Bohemia, and are waiting to have our luggage examined before starting on the long voyage. What a pleasant ride from Dresden to this place! Four hours along the banks of the enchanting Elbe, with its wild, strange scenery and lovely towns. The river is navigable to Prague, where it unites with the Moldeau, and then to Hamburg. The sides of the Elbe all along are generally precipitous, with a gently declining slope, extending from the base of the perpendicular rocks to the water edge. On this margin, or elevated continuation of the river bed, the people have built their dwellings, shops, and mills. The cloud-cleaving rocks in many places so straight that they form the back wall of the houses, and as they are soft sandstone, I

fancy, from their having been corroded into strangely weird forms by the storms of ages, they, in connection with the argus-eyed houses and the snakey river, winding its tortuous way around their base, make you think of the Priest of Apollo and his sons, entangled within the convolutions of the serpents from the sea. These strange rocks have assumed every conceivable shape—their craggy sides, grotesque peaks, bottomless gorges, and mountains lifting their tops to the sky, make it indeed "the Saxony Alps." Apparently inaccessible towers and castles, colonnades, time-created colossi, mingled with impenetrable ravines, storm-defying pines, precipitous peaks, and houses looking like living creatures endowed with supernatural life, yet grotesquely human too, like many-eyed cyclops,—the canny but delighted assistants of the Vulcans overhead. It is indeed a place of grotesque wonders, that I imagine you could hardly live among without becoming grotesque yourself, like the strange mountain creatures in Rip Van Winkle. The windows in the many-storied roofs are usually in the form of eyes, showing the white opaque sclerotic, the dark pupil, and semi-circular projection, like lids—many of them have the pupils so situated as to present every variety of strabismus,—convergent, divergent, upward and downward squints, or one eye may be normally directed, the others appearing as if looking around the corner; some have a stare truly satanic, others simply droll; some look heavenward as if in prayer, and others again seem to be interested on what is going on in the street, so that the very houses stare at you as if they were creatures of sense. The formation of the rocks are much more varied, and in many places as curiously symmetrical as the Giant's Causeway. But their origin is not involved in mystery, and geologically are not at all strange. As the staple of the Rhine is the product of the vine, the staple of the Elbe are its pines, great forests of which cover the sides of the mountains endlessly.

Getting acquainted with a Bohemian on the train—not the sort though that "would rather dwell in Bohemia than any other land," but rather a squat, unromantic native of the geographical Bohemia whose capital is Prague—he has induced me to stop over to see the sights of the city of Tycho Brahe, Wallenstein, John Huss, Gerome, and Ziska, that Hussite

Cromwell who, when he died. requested his hide to be made into a drum, that the sound of it might put his enemies to flight; and so I have reluctlantly resolved to nibble a little at his bait—not to bite, although the hook is attractively allured. I would gladly remain a number of days in this cradle of liberty, where the infant "Religious Freedom" was strangled shortly after the ashes of its burnt father had been cast into the Rhine.

PRAGUE.

I have but little time at my disposal, and yet here I am in the capital of Bohemia, the place made sacred by the blood of martyrs and the heroism of saints, and infamous by persecution and wrong. Almost as soon as you cross the border separating Germany from Bohemia, you begin to notice the changed aspect of things. In the beginning the distinction is not so glaring as it becomes as you further proceed. You at once observe that the people are not Germans, rather a sort of connecting link between the natives of the south of Ireland and of Belgium, not as neat as the latter nor as unclean nor indolent, except in mischief, as the former; and present a sad, sad contrast indeed to those with whom I have had to do for the past month.

My experiences in Germany have been like a De Quincey dream, and, to quote Caliban again—

> "In dreaming
> The clouds methought would open and shew riches
> Ready to drop upon me, that when I waked
> I cried to dream again"—

I, too, have waked, and desire a return of the delusion. I had commenced to think the world "full of sounds and sweet airs that gave delight and hurt not," but am discovering that there is perhaps but a little *isle* charmed into enchantment by the omnipotence of Prospero's wand; an isle where savages have been stroked into gentleness, and taught "how to name the bigger light and how the less." But Sycorax, not Prospero, seems to reign in this once famous city of Prague—the subjects as different as the ruler. I have been observing the change from Bodenbach on. The women are barefooted—most of them barekneed—benighted in look; are either poorly fed or overworked, or both, and are not clean. They do the

work of slaves in the fields and carry the loads of horses along the roads; are stunted, low-browed, broad-hipped, bow-legged, big-footed, with features that apparently have never been lighted by a mental ray. We met many groups of these women along the route—suggesting the laboring negresses of the West Indies, and almost as nude—unloading Elbe coal barges—carrying hampers of coal on their backs over the narrow planks that connect the vessels with the shore—many of the placid creatures bent into deformity by the great weight. In the erection of houses, also, I noticed that the hod-carriers were women, the hods plaited of willow—and four times as large as with us—like creels with bands, through which they thrust their arms, when, with these on their backs, full of mortar or brick, they ran barefooted up ladders to where the builders (men) were at work. I also noticed that the women who came in at the different stations had a stolid, yet sad and frightened animal look, as if in the habit of being beaten; they wore heavy hobnailed shoes without stockings, and had handkerchiefs tied around their uncombed heads. Also, observed that images of the Virgin and Child, and agonizing crucifixions with livid and bleeding wounds, were frequent along the road, and crucifixes and Madonnas, also, in the middle of fields of grain, as they say "to keep off the blight" In farm-yards you also behold life-sized Madonnas, with infant Jesus in arms, leaning against barns and surrounded with primitive farming implements, the long clay-covered stump projecting from below the skirts of the Virgins, together with their battered and faded appearance telling that they have been in service long. These images are carried around and erected in fields certainly needing special protection, for worse-managed districts I have never beheld. The region through which we have passed since leaving Germany is certainly the most wretched, with one exception, in the civilized world—I do not mean the land, so much as the people. Such faces—stupidity, suspicion, and fear, expressed on every lineament, and united with a sort of stolidity or indifference to physical discomfort, truly pitiable. The women, too, especially the women carrying hods and unloading coal barges—the most doltish and blunt-witted creatures—with hand-shaped prehensile feet, and with that entire lack of development of the muscles of the lower limbs (easily

observed, as they are usually bare to the knees) peculiar to monkeys and people of low development; the men truly Bœotian, or rather with that mingled expression of impenetrable mystery and irrational mischief peculiar to apes, and yet, according to my statistical Bohemian, who by the way is a Jew, and speaks beautiful Italian, the church functionaries in these districts are probably the most highly paid in the world.

"The Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna has only about $30,000 a year, but the Cardinal Archbishop of Olmutz has $200,000, the Cardinal Archbishop of Prague has $175,000, the Archbishop of Erlru has $300,000, and the primate of Hungary, the Cardinal Archbishop of Grau, has $400,000 a year."

I perceive now that although in the Catalogue the inhabitants of this country go for Germans, just as Poles, Austrians, Belgians, as well as Hungarians, are yclept with us by the name of "Dutch," yet these poor people are not Germans at all—are subjects of Austria—and do not even speak the German tongue, their language sounding as Russian looks. I perceive, also, by the signs of various sorts at railroad stations and in the villages, as we slowly crawl along on "The Lightning Express," that the language has nothing in common with German; is as different as English and Greek. For example, instead of "*echte*,"—"genuine," they say "*prave.*" For "*küchen*," just think of the innocent German cakes being called "*cukrávstvè!*" "*Bier*" is called "*piva;*" "*pro zinska*" is their equivalent for "*Fur frauen;*" "*pro muzske*" for "*Fur männer;*" their whole speech and manner as different as this.

Yet here I am, all the same, loitering along the narrow and curious streets of Prague, and enjoying as I can what I see. I accost a policeman in green, with a bunch of feathers on his stiff shako—enough to make a Dutch quilt—and find him as stolid as he looks. We can't understand each other; he does not even make a gesture, or in any way show the least interest. All the languages at the end of the guide-book were equally unintelligible to him, so that I was obliged to give up almost in despair. That dislike of censure, the cause, I believe, for Englishmen being rather distant with strangers, is not one of my failings, for this is the fifth person I have asked

the same question within an hour, and with the same result. They hesitate a moment, stare at me as if I was a post, raise their shoulders, shake their heads, and—walk on! I cannot conceive of anything more depressing than for a man to be lost thus, in a city whose language he does not know. You first think the people stupid; then demented; finally, maniacs; and end by feeling that you are also. The place you want may be before you, with its name over the door—but they are Slavic to you. You might be sick unto death, or dying from hunger or thirst, with many willing to help you if they but knew your need, and yet you cannot say "water," or "bread," or even "beans" to the people who pass by.

The modern boast of nations being brought closer by railroads and steamboats seems but an empty sound under such an experience as I am having now—sitting on the doorstep of a rich man's house, lost! and incapable of making it known. It is speech, not steam, that unites men. Since the obsolescence of Latin, nations are wider apart, instead of nearer, and I am convinced that nothing would tend so much to reunite the family of man as a uniform tongue. Who can speak now in England and have *his words* heard in Bohemia? and yet Wickliffe, in 1356, from a chamber in Oxford, wrote what caught the eyes of "Jerome of Prague," which was communicated to Huss—to the 40,000 students that crowded his halls; was transmitted to Savoy, Wittenberg, Florence, Switzerland, Sweden, Denmark,—in consequence, the face of the world was changed, and yet but one language (Latin) was needed for these different people to express thus their highest thoughts and stir each other to heroic deeds; but now the multiplicity of languages and desuetude of the classic tongue, keep not only nations but great men apart, and, in much that is profound, misunderstood. How many people to-day, for example, because of differences of speech, know Germany, or Russia, or even the present Prague, sunk as she is in superstition and mud. To do to-day what Wickliffe did in 1356, if it could now be done at all, the languages needed would be English, Slavonic, French, German, Italian, Swedish, and Danish; and instead of a thought being delivered as spoken, it could be at best but approximated, and as likely to end in perplexity as reform. What is

needed, therefore, to unite the dissevered human family, as Philip Gilbert Hamerton has suggested, is a "Latin utopia." I would say utopias; every town should have its own, where the children of the world might be taught to speak the same language in the same way, and thus become *Bilingues*, as most of the Jews were during the time of Christ, and as He probably was also, if any confidence can be placed in modern research. If such had been the case how very soon could I have discovered in the crested, although somnolent, guardian of the peace (there are some traits universal) a guide, philosopher, and friend; and instead of being like Robinson Crusoe, as I am,—"out of humanity's reach,"—I would be among friends, with many interests in common.

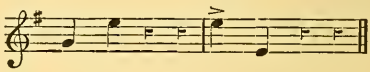
After the failures recorded above, I decided to not ask another question until I met a person looking intelligent enough to answer. I roamed the streets for three hours; intelligent looks are not a drug here, as in Philadelphia. Then I thought of applying at the first book-store, as they usually contain much that is accommodating, but, to my sorrow, was unable to find one—many places where prayer-books and flabby lives of the saints, and the like, were offered for sale, in connection with plaster images, rosaries, tobacco, and sausages, the latter floating in boiling pots stationed around the floor, the customers fishing after them with perforated wooden spoons; when they caught one they began eating it from their hands on their way to the street. In one of these curious book-stores I bought for three cents a greasy translation into the Italian of Cardinal Newman's "*Apologia Pro vita Sua*"; it looked as if it had been in the soup,—but of course it was speechless on the object of my journey. After wandering despondently, I at last descried in the distance a sweep, who, although begrimed and somewhat ragged, yet carried the implements of his craft with such a haughty grace—like Apollo, with arrows and lyre—that I felt at once that what I wanted to know he could tell,—I remembered that Charles Lamb had written somewhat in "praise of chimney sweeps." I resolved, therefore, to ask this whip-poor-will of the smoke-stack for what I desired, as, like myself, he, too, had a foreign air—was at least not a Magyar—and on that account might know more than the natives—foreigners usually do. He drew

near, and observing an animated expression shining through his veneering of soot, I asked him the way to "The Stone Bridge," "Charles Bridge," "The Bridge with the Statues," every *alias* that I knew for the famous, or rather infamous, place that in the bitter past had been ornamented with the dissevered heads of the best people of the town, I uttered in my anxiety to be understood. To my great joy I was greeted with the familiar *Ja wohl*, of Germany, and my disquieted heart gave a leap of delight when I found in this peripatetic from the banks of the Rhine a man and brother. "I am going that way," he said; "allow me to be your guide. I am from Coblentz, but your sweeps are your only cosmopolitans; we go everywhere, see everything, are the friends of man throughout the world, and the only people who, after a struggle and a fight, always ending in victory, get a glimpse of heaven for our pains. You are not a German," he said, shaking his head, and enveloping himself in a nimbus of dust, for, unlike sweeps in general, he wore his hair long; "no; you are not from the Fatherland—an Englishman or an American?" I nodded assent. "An American!" he said, excitedly; "I have friends there—my mother; she left home when I was small—brothers, too." He seemed for a moment as if overcome—lost in thought—but recovered himself soon. "I hear you have no need of *us* there?" No; we have few chimneys wide enough to admit a man as large as you. "Then you have never heard the whoop of a sweep, as he projects himself through a chimney into the open air?" No. "Then you have never heard a triumphant expression of real joy. Why, my dear American, my sweepless friend, it's like the music of the spheres, the pæan of a conquering chief, the *laus Deus* of a victorious king, and on his own throne, the exhilarating crow of a rooster in his own barnyard."

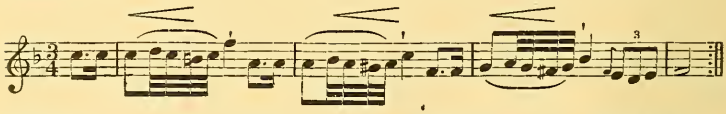
You can't imagine my surprise at the abundant conglomeration of hyperbole and comparison that he poured out, like water from a spring. I can't remember all, but during the delivery of the panegyric of this strange fellow, he kept getting closer to me. It was only by careful manœuvring that I was able to keep him from contact without destroying the fluency of his surprising words—the strangest I ever heard. He stopped to take breath, as if getting ready for another flight. I said,

"You are eloquent." "No; I am simply a sweep, and I have a great subject—my craft. People talk of antiquity and long lines of honorable descent; but what is the age of your oldest profession as compared with mine. Other callings were created to meet exigencies that had been repeating themselves from generation to generation, until they became clamorous for redress, while mine was coeval with civilization itself, and can only end when all things end—in fire and smoke, the emblems of the calling that they brought into life." I replied, not knowing what to say, so mystified by what I heard, "But you are so dirty, so black, so——." I hesitated, regretting what I had said. "I know—you would add that by contact we defile; therefore we go alone, so do the eagles. Yet, for being dirty, that I deny—excuse my differing with you—it is because you do not see us in the right light. You accept the dictum of the philosophic that 'dirt is matter out of place;' but would you call juice on the skin of a grape, or marrow in a bone, or a blush upon the cheek of beauty, or sugar upon the lips of a child, matter out of place? No, sir. Neither is soot upon a sweep. It is the badge of our craft, the diamond dust upon our gray wigs. You acknowledge that a particle of carbon is as honorable as an atom of mica. From a chemical standpoint it is more so, for carbon is allied to the diamond—is diamond, not sufficiently compressed, whereas the other is only so in name." He stopped again, having lost his breath, and taken mine. In a moment, he began, "Did you ever clean a chimney? But why do I ask?"—this scornfully, as if he pitied me—"You never have, and therefore you have never known real joy; for from the moment you are admitted by the smiling housewife, who has been waiting for you long—think of it; a paragon of beauty, and a pattern among women, for it is the best that desire us most—has been waiting for *you*—for *me*; and from the moment you come into her presence, until the time when, as her obedient slave, you have scaled the difficult heights and have bathed yourself in the pure air and sunshine of her chimney pot, it has been a constant series of delights—difficulties surmounted, obstacles overcome—*Deus nobes haec otia fecit*—and all for love; and then, when we get to the top, and look around—*meiner Gott!* the laurels can be no more grateful

to the brows of a conquering chief, nor shady trees to singing and brooding birds, nor secluded lawns to hares, nor the nectar in the corolla of an orchid to a bee, than the views that greet us are to the eyes of a sweep. Look where we may, we are at home. We see the long throats that our brothers corrected yesterday, and they are ours. Around us mountains and green fields, like a silk handkerchief around the neck of a friend. Above us heaven; the world at our feet." He stopped again, not for lack of matter, but breath, for we had been walking at a rapid pace, as if to keep time to his volubility of speech. His zeal seemed to be eating him up. I was just about to tell him that he had almost persuaded me to become a sweep, but was prevented by a voice crying out, "*Feger! Feger!*" like this:



We looked up, and beheld a pretty young creature standing in a half-opened door, like a saint in a niche, and beckoning him to come on. "Oh, there is one of my fair clients. You will excuse me, *wir müssen, unzer pflicht thun.* There is the bridge, straight ahead. Good-by." The door closed behind him, and I was alone. I could hardly believe what I had heard; but, for fear that I might not remember all, I crossed over until at the group where the severed heads of the nobles who had decided with the Reformers in the Hussite war had been fastened for ten years; when spreading my paper on the polished great toe of St. Peter, one of the figures of the group, I wrote down the above, and just now I hear the cheery voice of my sooty friend giving evidence from the top of the chimney that his work is done. And here is the victorious song without words:



This rising to the pitch of a great cry, and then sinking to the fabled sweetness of a dying swan, bidding farewell to the sun, and my mind is with the sweep—in the clouds—not with St. Peter on the bridge. Indeed, seeing that the polish of the great toe of the image, and the partially obliterated nail was due to the kisses of superstitious lips, I removed my paper—

was obliged to, by an eager crowd—as I heard the harmonious shout, and stand now writing,—my portfolio on the railing. yet longing to know more of the strange youth, the Mercury of chimneys, who to me is a *Minnesänger*, that has outlived his race. Unfit for regular work, ashamed to beg, yet living in an ideal world that he rules like an omnipotent king. And although I may never see him again, yet I will always remember gratefully the romantic sweep, who made a long walk through the dirty streets of Prague as pleasant as an old song:

> "Thus as a plank of drift wood,
> Cast on the watery main,
> Another plank encounters,
> Meets, touches, parts again.
> So tossed and moving ever,
> On life's tempestuous sea,
> Men meet, and greet, and sever,
> Parting eternally."

I was desolate, thirsting for a companionable draught, when lo! by my side, a begrimed fountain bubbling out a limpid stream—I drank, and was satisfied.

I remained on the bridge long, watching the strange-looking people pass under the shadow of the statue of St. John Nepomuk, who was drowned in the river at this spot, because he refused to betray to the king, secrets the queen entrusted to him in the confessional. Across the way is a gilded crucifix, larger than life; barefooted women, dirty children, benighted, slouching men, collarless and stockingless, but most of them wearing shoes, and with half-smoked cigars stuck behind their ears, as if they had been writing letters with them, and were skulking over the bridge to the post-office for a stamp, drays, wagons, and hand-carts of curious make; "Cork" limbed and Cork headed women, with loads on their emaciated shoulders that I could not lift, are passing, the people bowing and crossing themselves before the image as they move along. I tried to help a struggling creature just now, resting her ponderous bundle on a projecting stone. I could not move her load, yet she bent herself, slipped her brawny arms through the handle; and, straining all her nerves like a poor Samson Agonistes, patient, but undaunted, "with incredible stupendous force" she tugged, she shook—was erect with the load on her back—then, turning to the image, she devoutly bowed, and moved

on, her poor "nature subdued to what it works in like the dyer's hand." Oh! the incredible injustice of man. Now and then a person with some evidences of intelligence, but seldom even this, passes across. Many wrinkled and decrepid old creatures—women and men—as hideous as the Hexie of Haarlem. If such people are in other countries, they are kept at home—you never see them—a motley multitude of tatter-demalions, together with numerous priests with long skirts and ostentatious beads, with now and then a barefooted and "bald-cooted monk"—to borrow a phrase from Walter Savage Landor —with coarse robes and belts of rope; and yet no one, except the priests, walks before the gilded image, from the smallest child, to wrinkled age, without making the crucial sign on breast and forehead; some also remove their hats, many bow down, and occasionally a person bolder, or perhaps more devout than the others, approach and kiss the lower part of the cross. Old women and men shuffle up, rub their hands over the feet of the figure, and then rub their inflamed eyes and withered limbs with them, muttering as they move along. I, too, pass over with a feeling of oppression I cannot describe. It recalls so vividly the sights of Kerry, Mayo, Connemara, and the darker counties of the north, where beings as benighted as these, less civilized, dirtier, crawl for miles on bare, bleeding knees to holy wells or desolate places hallowed by celestial apparitions, or the former presence of saints. Memories like these for the time being shut out all thoughts but those of pity and gloom. Virtue to me always implies restraint, but here I see nothing but impenetrable stolidity, feebleness, and dread.

From the bridge I make a bee-line, that is a Prague bee-line—like the convolutions in the brain of a genius—for the Rathhouse, where Jerome and Huss preached the Reformation, and where twenty-seven Bohemian nobles, who had adopted the teachings of the reformers, were executed in 1620. I also visited the old Hussite church, containing the remains of the Swedish Astronomer Tycho Brahe, as well as the place where the severed hands and heads of Protestants were buried, when taken from the gate of the bridge after the battle of White Hill, where they were stuck to appease the wrath of the devout Ferdinand of Spain. The church is now Roman Catholic and the tomb of the great astronomer hardly known.

When John Huss and Jerome taught in the University here there was forty thousand students in the different halls. This was the golden age of Bohemia. Huss was condemned to the flames unless he recanted; he refused, when he and his writings were reduced to ashes, cast into the river, and "so to the sea, and so through the world." As his ashes, so his doctrines have extended to the ends of the earth, and thus good has come out of Galilee. I would judge from what I have seen to-day that nearly all good has come out, but little remaining behind. "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country;" but why do I say that? It was not Prague that put Huss to death, but Rome; it was not the soldiers of Bohemia, but the paid mercenaries of the "Eternal City," who were the cause of this disaster to the Magyars. The last of the Hussites, *alias* Bohemian Brethren,—driven by persecution and religious hate into the caverns of the earth, until after the lapse of lingering years they became known as "Cave-dwellers," remained faithful to their convictions until exterminated by famine. At present all creeds are tolerated by *law* as in Austria, but you can imagine the sort of toleration the people I have described are capable of exercising towards their fellows.

The statues and monuments, once the pride of the city,—now too unclean to be approached with comfort,—are the roosting places for swarms of snoring vagabonds. The University,—the former glory of the nation,—has never recovered from the defeat of the Rights of Conscience; reform, freedom of speech and thought, has been persecuted out of the land; a very large and handsome Jesuit College flourishes in their stead, and yet superstition, degradation, dirt—reign supreme.

VIENNA, September 2, 1887.

"He who believes in the struggle for existence, it will cause him no surprise that there should be geese and frigate-birds with webbed feet living on the dry land and rarely alighting on the water; that there should be long-toed cornerakes living in meadows instead of in swamps; that there should be woodpeckers where hardly a tree grows; that there should be diving thrushes and diving Hymenoptera, and petrels with the habits of auks."—*Origin of Species.* DARWIN.

AFTER thirteen hours of travel, beginning at seven last evening and ending at eight to-day, I am in the Capital of the

Austro-Hungarian Empire. In getting here I have passed through two strange countries with strange people, speaking strange tongues and living strange lives; a people that with us are contemptuously called "Dutch," as if they had anything at all in common with the splendid people from the land of Tieck, Uhland, Ranke, and Jean Paul. They are no more like them than a tobacconist sign is like the Apollo Belvidere.

A burly fellow travelling with me part of the way—a small farmer, I judged—said, in reference to the crowds that up until midnight kept getting in at the various stations, "These people are hardly human beings at all. Their masters both kick and scourge men and women with whips, and yet they kiss the hands that do the wrong." "Is there no law against this?" He regards me a moment like a superior, amused with the credulity and ignorance of a child, and replies: "They know nothing about law or anything else worth knowing. They know only to set your houses on fire, if you are a stranger among them, and well to do; they know how to cut the tendons in the legs of your cattle, so that they can't walk; they know how to work like beasts, using only brute force—their chief and only care being to avoid witchcraft and heresy—*Zauberei und Ketzerei;* they regard with suspicion every one living comfortably—think that it can only be done by special compact with Satan, and only enter our houses, as they think, at the risk of their souls. Consequently, no matter how much they are in need of money and food, nor how willing we are to employ them, nor how much we are willing to pay, our wives have to do their own work; and thus Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, and the adjoining parts are places where it is hard for people of a different faith to live. I have been among them now for ten years, threatening to leave every day, and here I am still. If your children are to be taught the truth at all, it can only be done at home—which is very hard to do here; and so we have at last concluded to leave for America. I am going now to see about our passage." This man was a German, but you would never have suspected it from his looks. The other poor creatures,—natives of the regions through which we were passing, all of them carrying small bundles of various sorts, the same stunted and benighted-looking women and men that we saw at Bodenbach and Prague

—were also on their way, thus poorly equipped, for the long voyage to New York. I was anxious to enter into conversation, but had to be satisfied with watching them every time the train stopped to take a new lot on, as both the construction of the cars and their unknown speech prevented closer intimacy.

But here I am in Vienna—just returned from the post-office—and sit down now in one of the burnt-up corners of a little park, that was once green, composing myself to read a letter I hold in my hand from Dr. Hoffman, of Berlin. After a long effort I have succeeded in making out what he says. How extremely kind he and his friends were! I shall never forget how much I owe to their generosity and good-will. He tells me that Herr Lippe's nose is doing splendidly—it has healed by first intention; but that the piece, not having been accurately replaced, or perhaps a little clotted blood having remained between the parts. "He looks *vergänzed.*" I know not how to put this into English. It means "made whole," but it is the word that German sculptors use to express the restoring of a mutilated figure. As it is the nose generally that needs to be "*vergänzed,*" you can see the appropriateness of the doctor's term. You see many of these *vergänzed* antiques in the galleries of Berlin—and curious-looking some of them are; their faces brown; the tip or entire nose white, with a narrow seam of black-yellowish cement, showing the union of the two. You can imagine, therefore, what an odd-looking *Herr* Lippe has been conjured up by this communication of the doctor. He tells me, also, that the scratch across the ear—the one that did not bleed—has given him a great deal of trouble, looking for a few days as if it had been poisoned; but the difficulty subsided as quickly as it came. He is now well and contented, and sends "his most beautiful compliments"—wishes me a "fortunate voyage" through Italy, and safe return home. It is strange to read such a letter and remember the whole medley of folly, anxiety, curiosity, pride, and unrest that brought it forth. The early trip to the park before the city had waked, with "the tears of the dawn" still on the grass, to chill you to the bone; the fierce, dreadful parrying, when the best man was he who drew the first blood—all so very foreign to me,

that for the present I have almost become a curiosity to myself. When a student, it was only with the greatest difficulty that I could dissect a face—not at all, unless the staring, half-opened eyes were covered; but in this case—and I didn't wish for Mambrino's helmet, either—it comes to me with all its original fierceness, even now,—I could have cut off the head of my coolly-calculating antagonist, with his haughty, patronizing smile, without any feeling but self-congratulation; and yet, when all was done, I would have given anything if it had not been. This is one of the paradoxes constantly occurring, and causing wonder,—one of the deposits from the river of experience, indicating something of the nature of the vital stream. But I am weary, and go early to bed. Good-night.

VIENNA, September 3, 1887.

"Describe the village——

* * * * * * * * *

That you shall fairly streets and buildings trace,
And all that gives distinction to the place,
This cannot be; yet moved by your request
A part I paint—let fancy form the rest."—*Crabbe's "Borough."*

NINE o'clock finds me on my way through the hot streets of the Austrian capital to "The Belvidere," formerly the residence of Prince Eugene of Savoy, at present an art gallery, which, among other attractions, contains Albrecht Dürer's "Trinity." It has been getting warmer every day since I left balmy Berlin; has reached its acme to-day. I creep along the crooked streets in a state of liquefaction different from Julia's, constantly hoping the next corner will be more shady, only to discover that, like Pope's bliss, it never "is" but always "to be;" and thus I have continued until at the bend of a narrow street I am confronted by a six-story block of buildings, the brick work finished and most of the stucco ornamentation partially done. Men are dispersed over the front, with deft hands patting it into a thing of beauty, but on the street, ladders, scaffolding, and roof, are young and old women, most of them barefooted, short nankeen skirts, handkerchiefs around their uncombed heads, who are doing

the most laborious work, carrying incredible loads up perpendicular ladders, mixing with long-handled hoes the mortar on the street, shouting to their bare-limbed sisters on the roof, and around, with the coarse, lusty voices of men; some of them, the older women, with stubby beards on lips and chin, looking like the creatures that danced about the cauldron in Macbeth. By my side is a great pile of débris, around which are a number of these stunted amazons—some with shovels throwing the scattered lime on the top of the pile, others receiving great tubs of it as it is lowered to them from their companions from the stories above, others mixing mortar, and putting it in receptacles holding about four times as much as a hod, that other women are carrying up the ladders on their backs. At a distance, in the shade, just far enough away to escape the dust, is their swarthy master, who, with pipe in mouth and villainous scowl on face, that without this was ugly enough, sees that their efforts never cease. All over this beautiful building are women doing the rough work of laborers, and passing by are gentlemen, ladies, and priests who never seem to give it a thought. An elegant duo of long-robed clerics have just passed, have raised their black skirts to avoid the dust, thus exhibiting beautifully-fashioned kid shoes and immaculately white stockings. Their neatness and grace please my eye, as I observe the contrast between them and the degraded womanhood by my side; and yet my rebellious soul cannot avoid thinking that niched images of the Virgin and votive churches and monuments to saints and "sacred" tombs and bones of martyrs, are no compensation for womanhood trodden in the dust. I would not give one week in the life of the pagan Marcus Aurelius, who died within your walls, for æons of these graceless days, when such things can be observed unmoved. What, Vienna, if you have fine robes and diamond rings, and can boast of boulevards and parks, gorgeous churches, and splendid drives, and medical schools where the price of tuition is low, when women are exposed naked in your halls, and allowed, in their helplessness, to do the work of machines in your streets. I would not have one dear to me tread your broad avenues as a friend, or study in one of your schools, because of what I have seen to-day. Oh, these patent pens! Just see what

they sometimes do! I am surprised when I read the above, and think that this is one of the great centres of civilization, and that I am without friends, yet glad, too, because I know that my treason will be read only by an indulgent friend, who, with Macbeth and my stylograph, may say, "*Can* such things be and overcome us like a winter cloud without our special wonder."

* * * * * * * * *

After all, here I am in the great gallery, cool, balmy, and full of life, with the poor amazons still sweating in the broiling sun, and here also are my clerical friends, already at their ease, one of them holding a glass between his bejeweled fingers, through which he is contemplating a great dandy, "St. Michael overcoming Sin." Why is it that painters always represent this celestial warrior as a "swell"? A sword in his uplifted hand, a multitude of subdued powers at his feet, and yet with not a feather in his magnificent plumage ruffled. You feel like saying to him, who's your tailor? or who's your barber? but never, honor the chief. Poor Saint Michael—if you were only delivered from your friends. Here also is a large room devoted to Rubens. Shall I pass through it or not? that is the question—whether it is nobler in the mind to suffer the beastliness and degradation of outraged morality, or to take up arms against a sea of nudities, and by opposing, end them—to die, to shame—to sleep in scandal, perhaps to dream of fleshly horrors. Aye, there's the rub! for in that sleep of shameful death, what dreams may come when we have shuffled off this moral coil—may give us pause. Aye! there's the respect that makes calamity of so crude a life; for who would suffer the whips and scorns of conscience, modesty's demands; the pangs of pagan love; the law's delay; the insolence of Ouidas in office, and the slings that moral merit of the immoral gets while he himself could his quietus make by bathing in the unclean sea? Thus soliloquizing and hesitating I walk through, expecting, like the pursued Israelites, to cross dry-shod; there is a land of promise on the other side, but no; Gargantua, after having painted, you would judge, all the disreputables available, took at last to painting his wife, for daws to peck at—has given her to the world with nothing on but a wrap that, the poor soul holds ready to let fall at a

moment's notice; and here she is. You can't pass unnoticed what everybody has talked and written about, and what the guardian points out as the gem of the room, and what she must sometime have been in her own home, for Grobianus paints best what he has seen. Poor Isabel Brandt! poor Helen Fourment! to think that one of your rewards for being united with a great name was to be thus, with a few strokes of his miraculous brush, immortalized in this period of your preferred seclusion—held up naked for the inspection of the profane world, your husband making capital at the expense of your modesty. Since leaving home I think I have discovered a national characteristic—we think aloud. In places where there is anything to admire, other people are silent or talk only in low whispers, but we, in particular, nearly always think in *fortissimo voce.* I would judge from what I have seen and heard, although I know better (for was not Lucy, her uncle and aunt, the Misses Thomas and Lucas, with their brothers from among us), that it is not the best Americans who travel as *Americans*, but vulgar, purseproud, irreverent *parvenus.* I come to this conclusion in front of a fine picture belonging to the Lombard school—the event suggesting it has just occurred. Every person in the room was respectful and attentive, not a disturbing sound, when suddenly a great clatter, and in bounce a troop of seven. "Oh, John, I am looking for Jupiter!" shouts a young lady, rushing up to a stout gentleman, who was doing nothing in particular—she had an open Bedeker in her hand; she glances at the book—"Is he here?" "I guess so," says John, and sneezes, as if he was going to blow out his brains; then the seven giggle in concert and become at once the observed of all observers. He of the bugle, continues, shouting that he has taken a cold in "the beastly place,"—has done nothing but sneeze since he came in. "It is not a cold," says a young man of the party, "it's hay fever; you got it by standing too long in front of the Dutch landscape with new-mown grass, in the next room. I knew you were in danger." The young lady buried in Bedeker again bursts out: "Oh, Mary! that's the dear girl! Can't *you* tell me where Jupiter is? I wish I could ask somebody, but the stupids don't know a word that I say." Everybody stopped looking at the pictures to look at

her. In a little the whole party leave with great noise, John firing off a volley of salutatory sneezes in retreating. The young lady continues in the next room her search for the heathen god, and as they go the way of the long line of picture-covered saloons I can hear a series of vociferous interrogations ending—

Jupiter, Jupiter, Jupiter, Jupiter, Jupiter, Jupiter, Jupiter, Jupiter,

until out of hearing and sight, and I and Jupiter are alone. I walk up to the splendidly-benign deity, who knew I would have told them where he was, but for reverence. He gave me a gracious look of thanks that said: "I desired not the adoration of such; it is the mere crackling of thorns under a pot"—I was not aware until then that he was read in the Hebrew prophets!—and "that he wished only the worship of the reverent and free." He was going to say more, but other worshipers approaching I made room, and quietly took my leave.

The department devoted to the masters of Holland and Belgium here contains specimens by such men as Holbein, Dürer, Kranach, Schaffner, Grünwald, Lucidel, Amberger, Schöngaur, Van der Weyden, Massy, Van Leyden, Van Eck, Van der Goes, Van Hemessen, Van Herlem, Van Cleef; vans enough to carry all the pictures in the collection. The realism and conscience in all extremely significant, but the anatomy, except in those by Joseph Heinz and John von Achen, and all who use the prefix "von" instead of "van," curious and quaint, as if, unlike Rubens, they had a proper hesitancy about examining too minutely the hidden intricacies of the human form. I remain but a short time here, as the collection, after what they have in Berlin and England, is naught, and in arrangement perhaps the worst that could be imagined. The greatest names in the Dutch school, profusely illustrated here by bad examples, are Rembrandt perhaps first; then of the cattle and landscape painters perhaps the best are Wouverman, Potter, Berchern, and Ruysdael; of buildings, Vanderhayden; for sea-views, Vandevelde and Backhuysen; in figures, besides Rembrandt, are Teniers, Janstien, Brower, Gerard Douw, Metzir, Ostade, and Mieris, of which the accompanying picture is a fair specimen. These, generally painted small pieces, usually for the decoration of homes, as the painters of

TEMPTING PROPOSALS.

the Flemish School—Belgium—painted as large or larger than life, as if intended for churches and galleries—already showing the fitness of the nation for the reception of that reform that ultimately came—as the one indicates the religion whose centre is home, the other the religion whose centre is the church. I find a young lady making a copy of Dürer's "Trinity." It is comparatively a small canvas, this famous picture, and the figures, which are very numerous, proportionately minute, so that when one person sits in front of it there is not much of a chance for another to look on. But even if it were not being copied I could not tell you about it. I am not sufficiently familiar with it—it contains so much—is so crowded with interest, that it would easily take an entire day, or days, to know it well. This picture, which was painted in the most fruitful period of Dürer's life—1511—is said to be one of his most celebrated works. "Matchless," "superb," "miraculous," "sublime" are among the epithets used by enthusiasts. I can see that the artist, too, thought well of it, for I observe in it a splendidly-executed portrait of himself, richly clothed in a fur mantle, with a tablet next him on which are the words, "Albertus Dürer Noricus faciebat anno a virginis partu 1511." With that combination of naïveté, egotism, and respect for *himself* which characterized this child-like "Evangelist of Art," he never hesitates to introduce himself among the best society, either of heaven or earth. Nor does he often fail to make himself one of the most conspicuous figures of the party. In this present composition, as if a sort of compromise between offensive presumption and obsequious subordination, he modestly occupies a middle foreground, making up in dignity and thoughtfulness of mien what he lacks in prominence of position. I never tire looking into his noble face, and I am never better pleased than when I see his virile frame, expressing as it does the dignity and courage of a man with the gentleness and susceptibility of a woman, adding its handful of interest to even a scene like this. Above, in the centre of the picture, are or is the First Person of the Trinity, holding the crucified Saviour in his outstretched arms, while the Holy Spirit is seen above in a sort of gloria of cherubs—angels who have spread out the priestly mantle of the Almighty, while others hover near with

the instruments of the passion in their hands. These, with the enveloping clouds, suggesting, perhaps incorrectly, a couple of lines from the "Intimations of Immortality," by Wordsworth, that gentlest soul in all the realms of song:

> "But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
> From God, who is our home."

This forms the upper circle of the picture, or what would be the upper circle but that the feet of the Saviour, who is nailed to the cross, breaking as it were the semicircle of angelic attendants, converts the curved lines into the sides of a triangle, the emblem of the Trinity. If this was intended by the artist, it is certainly most delicately expressed; if merely accident, then it is an accident that gives decided emphasis to the significance of the group. The second circle, which is divided into right and left sections, consists on the left of a choir of females with the Virgin at their head, while on the right are the male saints with John the Baptist, and I judge King David with a harp, and a number of other people of no especial interest. Beneath these is a circumference of worshipers, of which the Trinity is the centre, and underneath the whole, a beautiful landscape, on which you look down, for you, too, are in the clouds with the adoring multitude. Yet, withal, this is not a picture that I would care to possess. With all my admiration for the hero of "*Künstler Leben*," the merest memoranda of this celebrated picture is all that I wish to carry away. I am confused by the motley crowd, and, as I said in the beginning, am not familiar enough with it to see all that it contains. You need to approach it in the same frame of mind with which you would attempt to solve a problem in Euclid, and for this the weather is too hot. He has spread too rich a table for one meal, and because of the very abundance you do not find yourself equal to even a bite. The canvas is perhaps about five feet square, yet I have counted on it over a hundred faces, most of them capable of "bearing a world of looking into."

* * * * * * * * *

On the streets of Vienna you find many women looking like the denizens of Killarney and the Gap of Dunloe, barefooted —unclean. You are surprised, too, to hear the language of

Germany, and see a people that suggest the above, Italy generally, that is, the Italy of *our* streets. The churches though are very elaborate, especially St. Stephens, which, next to Cologne, is the finest church of the sort that I have seen; much in it superior even to Cologne, especially the wonderfully-carved stone pulpit, a miracle of complicated lace-work with figures. I have stood before it following its convoluted tracery until my head ached, for many of the Gothic riddles are very difficult of solution. I can hardly ever make anything out of them but a confused mass of mingled curves and lines, perfectly meaningless, requiring for their construction, not great minds, but patient hands, and are no more works of art properly, that is of creation, than the making of lace or the stitching of samplers are. The designing requires some sort of skill in drawing, but even that is usually mechanical; the carving always so. I write this with a raging headache, the above-mentioned temple and the heat being the cause. I never enter a Gothic church but that I emerge in a few hours with my mind in a whirl, produced by an attempt to fathom its mysteries or unintelligibility, or whatever it is, which I never do. I started to extricate myself from this bewildering tangle an hour ago, but was attracted by a number of women on their knees at the other end of the building. I approached and observed they were clustered around a picture of "the Virgin," a chromo, by the side of which were burning nine tallow candles. Around her, by way of frame, a wreath of coarse, artificial flowers; over her, a lattice-covering of brass wire; in front, a box for the reception of offerings. I stood by this print for a short time and saw that a number of bouquets of fresh flowers had been stuck through the interstices of the lattice of brass, and that when the kneeling women finished their devotions, they crossed themselves, approached the box on their knees, made a deposit of chinking coin, and then kissed the lattice; but always carefully wiping with apron, or the skirt of their dress, the spot, before they kissed it; this indication of a suspicion of being contaminated by some disease, seemed curious. I waited, much interested in watching, until the candles were nearly burnt out and the worshipers gone, when I got nearer and examined closely the picture,—an ordinary parti-colored lithograph, but with queer-looking eyes,—such as with us is

sometimes presented by certain dealers as a bribe to induce people to pay a high price, for cheap tea. A very poor specimen indeed of chromo-lithography, and strangely, bearing an American imprint. Both mother and child wore *brass* crowns, with imitation precious stones, *nailed* to their heads by carpet tacks. I ask a bystander what it means. He tells me that this was the blessed Virgin that moved her eyes a number of times on a certain day during the celebration of the mass; and that since, people from all parts come here to pray for forgiveness of sins, and to be relieved from disease; that she had done many miracles within the past few months in the way of curing people—that the doctors had given up, etc. * * *

Again in the open air, I can breath as a free man. What an influence these wonderful buildings, with their twilighted recesses and grandly suggestive shadows and lights, have upon you, you only know when in the open air; it is like being translated from the past centuries into this. I take a seat under the trees, and await the passage of an approaching funeral. It is four o'clock as they draw near—a hearse draped with black, the cloth thrown over it almost touching the ground, the top piled with *wreaths* of parti-colored flowers. The driver, like a minion of the Angel of Death, also in rich black, with epaulettes of feathers, like budding pinions, Continental hat, knee breeches and stockings. In the rear of the hearse two sentinels similarly dressed; then a double line of forty men, each holding in his hand an unlighted taper, a yard long, a bit of pinked paper around the middle of each to keep them from being soiled; after these, carriages drawn by horses covered like the hearses, and with outriders,—with customary suits of solemn black,—*doubly* manned, and all as dark as the middle feather in the tail of a crow. Yesterday I met a similar display, except that the walking men carried reversed torches burning, the whole inky retinue a concentration of gloom, sadly out of keeping with the hope that the departed have gone to God. For the unmarried, the mourners at funerals (I judge professional mourners, as they were all of a uniform size) carry burning tapers reversed; for married, tapers quenched; for children, unlighted candles; and when a death occurs in a family, instead of hanging crape at the door a large black board is placed there, on

which is painted a white cross and two burning candles; underneath an inscription in white letters, which, by interpretation, is as follows: "Fellow-men, think of the last hour." For single persons the candles on these boards are represented as burning; for married people, extinguished; for children, instead of candles, crowns.

I have been wandering through the streets, riding on the tops of omnibuses and the like, and yet try as I may, even in spite of the grandeur, I cannot become much interested in anything that I have seen. Why, I do not know. The German spoken in the streets and stores, so far as I have heard, is spoken with a slouching indifference to accuracy; as for example, when ignorant of the gender of nouns, and that seems universal here, they attempt concealment of the fact by slurring the final syllable, a custom to which I object—don't you? Then instead of the genial "*Ja, wohl,*" of Germany, they say only "*Ja,*" and even that often with a harshness that prevents further speech; besides, the people employed on the streets look as if they were not in the habit of being treated with justice and respect, and had decided to retaliate on every traveler. There is but little of the polite attention to strangers, and kind and painstaking explanation that everybody so willingly gives in England and Germany, for instead of informing you about what you ask they unbecomingly attempt to get off jokes at your expense, like the people of Cork. I have observed, too, since coming into the Empire, that their silver money is brass, coated so thinly with the metal it represents that in all the pieces that I have seen it was partially worn off, even the money-changers telling you to take none of it out of the realm, as it will be almost a dead loss. It was while endeavoring to get rid of my surplus that I got so extensively (?) acquainted with the people. Again, most persons that you meet in the streets are more like the people of Hungary or Bohemia, or perhaps more properly Italy—I say Italy again, meaning *our* Italy—than Germany. Besides I have seen but few monuments, and they were very poor, except that of Maria Theresa, opposite the palace gates, which is indeed imposing; but still your appetite for such things becomes very delicate after feasting for a while on the monumental splendors of Berlin, so that in consequence you

reject much, that before, you would have swallowed in wonder. Besides the parks are not green, at least in August, and there is a dearth of places made famous by the presence of the great or genial in letters. The most attractive part of Vienna—the *Ringstrasse*—has been built within the past quarter of a century, and has no historical associations at all. I know of no literary haunts in Vienna; no places made dear by having been frequented or inhabited by the great. Indeed I know of no writers of the first rank born here, or for that matter in Austria at all, unless you call Halm Grillparzer or Debbel such, and by the most charitable stretch of the imagination you can't. Their great men are either only rich men, or politically-influential men, or great fiddlers or pianists, brewers or cooks. The scenes in the streets, too, are not pleasing, nor is their architecture attractive. There are to be sure many impressive buildings, but their beauty is often marred by a complication of confusing detail, that instead of enhancing, detracts; yet from this censure I must except many of the new buildings in the *Ringstrasse;* the University, in Italian renaissance; the Rathhouse, in the Italian style of the fourteenth century; Hofburg Theatre, in glittering white stone, with intrafenestral pillars of veined marble, with busts of Calderon, Shakespeare, Moliere, Goethe, Lessing, and almost every name prominently connected with dramatic poetry between. The Opera House, for the roof of which I think it was that the Pegasi that stand in front of our Memorial Hall were found too heavy; also the Museum of Art, so strikingly decorated with Sgraffiti and Majolica ornamentations. The Parliament House, so purely Greek, yet designed by a Dane (Hansen), a man so familiar with the Hellenic style that he was selected to build the University in Athens, itself; and last, but not least, the beautiful Votive Church, to commemorate the unsuccessful attempt on the life of the Emperor not very long ago—a building decorated so elaborately with fine sculpture, that at a distance it looks like lace; these structures, all built within the past twenty-five years excite admiration, equal to anything of the sort in the world, and conspicuously exhibit the glorious possibilities of the fine arts,—sculpture, painting, architecture, —and with a grandeur entirely unknown to us, and yet the current of my admiration flows grudgingly when I think of the bare-

footed women that carried the mortar on their backs to the top, and hauled the stone and did the laboring work of roughest men, to aid in the accomplishment of all this, with no one to cry out, shame! The streets also of Vienna are magnificent, well paved and clean—of course I mean clean as compared with ours, which are not only the dirtiest in the world, but the worst in every way. The above are, of course, but the hasty impressions of a day, of but very little, if any value, in estimating the character of a people—but they are first impressions, not always the worst, and on this account, if on no other, I write them down. * * * The social life of Austria, like Germany, is said to be concentrated in its concert saloons; for that reason I have been in the habit of resorting to these, occasionally, in Germany. Have just returned from one here, a half an hour ago. It was an attractive place to look at; superb appointments, divine music, but that was all. I am sorry that I went, and in consequence will have to make this part of my letter "full of omissions." It was a slippery place, covered with snow—beautiful, but dangerous. It is now near midnight, and as I have decided, to-morrow, to say farewell, perhaps forever, to Vienna, and the Schnitzel and Backhenden-loving Viennese, I will say also, to you, farewell.

P. S.—Coming home last night, I saw on the door of the church of St. Charles an announcement that I had noticed posted in various places. I stopped to read, and found that it was an appeal to the faithful to make a pilgrimage with the congregation to Rome, in honor of the fiftieth year of the priesthood of the Pope, and in memory of something else that I can't think of just now. "The pilgrims will stop on their way at the 'Pilgrim churches' in Trieste, Venice, Florence, and at St. Peters, in the capital of the Christian world, where they will be received and blessed by his holiness; they will also receive the benefits of the masses said in St. Peters, as well as those celebrated on the journey." I have decided to go—have been at the home of the little, paunchy, Herr Weinbrunner, business manager, and have bought my ticket for the trip. Sorrowfully, he told me that there were but 37 applicants; that the days of faith were gone; that we would have to make up in devotion what we lacked in numbers, and that the *Tageblatt*, or some other *blatt*, was

going to say that "over two hundred were in line." We start this evening, and are to be accompanied to the station by a brass band. Good-night, again.

TRIESTE, September 4, 1887.

"One can be brave
At noon, and with triumphant logic clear
The demonstrable air, but ne'ertheless,
Sometimes at Hallow-e'en, when legends say
The things that stir among the rustling trees
Are not all mortal, and the sick, white moon
Wanes o'er the season of the sheeted dead,
We grow unreasonable, and do quake
With more than the cold wind."—*Balder.*

SIDNEY DOBELL.

WE have passed an enchanting night, full of fearful precipices and brilliant sights, and now in a comfortable room I write down what has happened, before it is effaced by what may come to pass. Can you imagine me, in connection with 39 others, accompanied by a brass band playing Leo X. Grand March, stalking through the streets of Vienna to the station, on our circuitous route to Rome, and with the prospect of visiting some of the handsomest churches on the way? I can hardly believe it myself, and yet here I am in Trieste, worn out with the sights and events of the past fourteen hours, my friends having left me to visit the old Capuchin monastery, where, by special appointment, a mass will be read for *our* benefit and in our honor. It is intensely hot where I am, and was if anything more so last night. When we got to the station a number of people were there to see us off. We started with an accompaniment of cheers, continued on our way across the flat surroundings of Vienna, talking and laughing, some joking, some crying, some thoughtful and some sighing—at length we settled down to sleep, if possible, for we had a ride of twelve hours ahead, and the cars were uncomfortable enough for a penance. It was near midnight; I had just gotten into an uncomfortable drowse, for I am not yet enough like a top to be able to go asleep without laying down, when *Fräulein* Lemcke cried out: "Oh, look, look where we are!" In a moment all in the coach were on the alert, when,

looking out of the window in the direction in which she pointed, away down as far as the eye could see, were clusters of snow-white cottages, ablaze with light, and throwing an aureola around, as if Titania and her subjects were about to have high carnival, and this was the place they had selected for the revels; we could see them now and then, like the merest mites, go back and forth on their jovial errands. Between us and them were the tops of lofty pines, above us overhanging rocks, so threatening that you almost held your breath as you passed under, and would have felt thankful when the feat was done if it had not been that every revolution of the wheels but brought us into positions of more apparent danger. This continued until what, with sleep, and fear, and fatigue, some of us began to think that it could not be real, that it must be a dream; Miss Lemcke saying that if she had known this she would not have come, and that her uncle might have begged in vain. At one moment we dashed through a tunnel, emerged, and found ourselves on a three-storied bridge, crossing a conical gorge, two hundred feet deep, with its rugged, yawning jaws open, as if to swallow us alive. The next moment we look up and find that we are skimming along under enormous beetling rocks that might in an instant fall and crush us to atoms; then it would be as if a narrow rent was made in the great mountains, the base just wide enough to contain a line of white houses and a strip of land that could only be gotten at by the aid of ladders of rope thrown down the perpendicular sides; and still overhead mountains white as snow, with their summits piercing the blue sky—a most bewildering and head-turning ride; one that could not be accomplished by even the bravest without feelings of dread. You can imagine therefore what must have been the mental condition of the huddled-together, timid people who, at every new appearance of impending ruin, gave screams of terror, and were constantly calling for protection from the saints. I need not tell you that we were crossing the famous "Semmering Pass," a road with 30 tunnels—some of them a mile long—having great gaping portals in their interiors, through which you could enter for miles into the mines in the mountains' heart—a railroad, twenty-five miles of which cost $8,000,000, and with its first station 2,892 feet above the level of the sea; and yet even here, still above us,

on what seemed inaccessible peaks, castles that you think must have been built by mad millionaires with a genius for the insanely-picturesque—castles that seemed to have been erected upon heights insurmountable by any device known to man.

This continued for hours until some of the ladies got sick. *Fräulein* Lubke, as every once in a while she stole a glance out of the window, turned away, holding her ears in dread, and crying out, "Oh, I wish it would stop! Oh, if it would only get smooth!" At every such exclamation some of the other ladies would scream, some shudder—afraid to look. At last we did gradually descend to the narrow Styrian valley, but only to be in greater apparent danger for a while, until finally, being out of the woods, we hallooed at our late fears, and talked at our ease about what we felt and saw. I never heard of the frightful place before, did you? It was entirely unexpected, so that I was never so awfully impressed in all my days than I was by the fearful gorges and dizzy heights over which we seemed to roll like a tricycle on a lofty tight-rope. After our first surprise there was no more sleep for that night, for *Herr* Weinbrunner had seen a vision. "I certainly," said the little man, "saw the Virgin with the Divine Child crossing the mountain near Bruck, where the road diverges to Trieste." "And what was it like?" all cry, becoming at once aroused. "It was like the Madonna in the east window of St. Carl's," says the somnolent devotee, who seemed to have been in a sort of trance—a condition of fear and dread—for some time past, but was now wide awake, and ready to particularize down to the merest trifling detail about the appearance of the gracious Mother who had condescended to honor him with a glimpse. (This was narrated after we descended the mountains.) He went on to tell that when we came to the great rent in the mountain running down into the bottomless pit, and there seemed nothing left but toppling over and in, he prayed to the Virgin to protect him during his present period of rashness and folly, and he would do penance during the remainder of his days. "Just then," he said, "I looked away from the fearful gulf, when, tripping across the opposite mountain, I saw our blessed Lady, and by her benign expression I knew that she had heard my prayer. From head to feet she was luminous with beaming rays, which, although making it light around, yet did

not appear to burn—looking just as she does in St. Carl's." During the recital of Weinbrunner's tale, which was indeed more prolix than this, all became quiet, so as to hear every word. When through, they were entirely subdued, for the little fellow was dead in earnest, feeling evidently as if he had been rescued from certain destruction by the fortunate appearance of the safety-bringing vision. The awful solemnity of the surrounding scenery; the precipitous peaks, like celestial sentinels, clearly defined against the near sky; the now-sleeping valley, with its white houses diminished by distance to mere lambent points in the encircling green; the quiet grandeur of the bright moon, with its star-bespangled background of purple blue; the roads in the valleys and the declivities and sides of sky-cleaving peaks, still in sight and sprinkled with points of glittering mica—all indeed tended to relax the portals that but admit mere reason; wide enough to make an easy entrance for the supernatural and strange, so that we were deeply impressed by *Herr* Weinbrunner's narrative, with the exception of a young fellow, that from the time we started I noticed was kept busy attending to the wants, imaginary and real, of a pair of young ladies who seemed to have no other companion but him, who said, bluntly, "I don't believe it, *Unser Fritz.*" "Weinbrunner (first name was Friedrich) has been indulging freely in beer before we started—a fact which, to my mind, in connection with his customary daily meditations on the saints, will account for his cloud-capped *Erscheinunk;* besides, he was frightened by the steep hills and rocking cars, and in his terror only imagined what he has told." He was silenced in a minute by a babel of voices saying that they had known people themselves who had met people who had seen such things. "And is not the whole history of our church," said a quiet, white-headed old man, "full of just such occurrences as this! It is very wrong indeed for any one to doubt; it is like doubting that there is a God—from which heaven protect us!" "Amen!" say all. "Heaven protect Fritz, if there is," says the skeptical young man. "We ought to be careful to never allow doubt to enter our hearts; for if so, —all is lost." "That's true," replies a Miss Krapferl. "We have to believe in such things—and in ghosts, too—for *they* are the souls of those who, because of some great wrong, are not

allowed to rest until they have made atonement, *aussöhnung gethan*, for the sin; and to doubt their existence is to doubt the existence of the soul.

"In our town of Mitterkneck there was an old woman whose name was *Frau* Gansblume. She never could be brought to believe in ghosts or visions. She said 'she couldn't and she wouldn't.' One evening, when my mother was a little girl, they were all sitting around the fire,—the bitter cold of midwinter in the air—telling stories of hobgoblins and sprites, and souls condemned to walk the night, until my mother said she could see one in every corner. Soon they began to talk about Johanna's lover's grave, where her spirit appeared every night. It could not rest until the man who killed himself because she refused to marry him was at peace. Everybody had been praying for the repose of his soul, and yet the unlaid spirit of the dead Johanna appeared nightly, and went up and down the grave-yard, wringing its hands, moaning, and tearing its hair. 'I don't believe it,' says *Frau* Gansblume, as bold as unbelief. 'Would you go to her grave now?' says my grandfather. All cried out, 'Oh, no! no!' but *Frau* Gansblume, in the determination of her doubt, says 'Yes.' 'Very well,' say all; 'if you want to deny God take this stick and thrust it into her grave, and in the morning we will know if you have kept your word!' *Frau* Gansblume's heart would have failed her at the proposal of this deed of daring, but her pride said, 'No; I will go.' 'What a night it was,' said my mother; 'the winds howled and wailed around the house, as if searching for some hole by which they might escape from the gloom. It was so dark, too, with just a throb —*schlag*—of moonlight now and then to make the darkness more apparent. Yet *Frau* Gansblume was resolved; took the stick in spite of the remonstrances of the men—the women speechless with horror—and started out, looking desperate but resolved. It was proposed that some one follow in the distance. Even the more daring of the men being afraid, my mother said she would go. My grandfather, much against the will of the company, accompanied her. They walked along High street, crossed Holy Ghost lane to Friedhof street, turned around the church,—right in front was the long avenue of weeping willows—*weiden*—that lead to the grave-

yard gate. Just then, my mother said, there was a great howl, as the wind, like a lost soul, went sighing through the branches, seeking rest, finding none, and making them tremble with an indescribable fear. At the other end of the walk, near the gate leading into the grave-yard, they saw a black figure, at first but faintly indicated in the dark night. It moved slowly along. 'That is *Frau* Gansblume,' they thought. It tried the gate—shook it. Their very bones rattled when they heard it. It did not open,—it felt around for the bars—began climbing to the top—hesitated a moment—crossed over, and went quietly down on the other side, my Grosseltern going up quickly—although terribly frightened—to where it was. When they got to the gate they saw the dark shadow walking across the mounds, not going by the way of the walks, but directly, as if stepping from grave to grave, toward the one that was haunted. It halts—stoops—gropes around! In a moment they heard a report like the pounding of a stick into the earth, and almost faint, feeling as if it was penetrating the body of the dead man! The figure arose to come away when, *Lieber Gott!* it was held back. It struggles to be released, but in vain. It attempts to cry for help, but the voice is husky and can't be heard. It makes another desperate attempt for liberty, but the fiend holds it back,—and it falls exhausted on the earth, my grandfather and grandmother so full of terror that they also fell to the ground, fainting, and there they lay. * * * The people in the house becoming anxious, and alarmed because of their prolonged absence, start in search. It was then break of day, the darkness just beginning to fade into the grey of the morning, when they found them, half unconscious, yet distractedly pointing towards the grave. They opened the gate, approach the place, and there, to their amazement, lay poor *Frau* Gansblume, cold and dead! The spirit, as a punishment for her pride and unbelief, had caused the stick to pass through her apron into the earth, so that she could not release herself until she died."

Fräulein Lubke had fainted; two of the others had screamed; all were now silent. On the lips of the young man some mocking remark was struggling for deliverance. When the graphic narrator—for she did indeed relate the story in a

most dramatic and telling way, her speech accompanied by expressive gestures in the Italian style (the Viennese being Italianized Germans), you can imagine, perhaps, the effect produced on this ghost-dreading people, but to understand it all you would need to have seen how utterly abject and full of indescribable awe they were as they listened to every syllable of her rapidly-delivered tale. She continued, addressing the young infidel, "Be careful what you say, for you can't help but believe. If you do not, you may go to the church in Mitterkneck, where they still have the stick in a glass case among the relics, and where all guilty of the sin of doubt offer a prayer for the repose of *Frau* Gansblume's soul, and of the soul of the man who found no rest; and there, too, is the box to receive money to pay for masses for all souls in purgatory because of unbelief, and every day people go there because of doubt to do penance and give alms." "If all who doubt went, there would be quite a crowd," said the incorrigible young man. But here they come clattering, in pairs, up the winding *scala*, so I must desist, to invent some truthful excuse—truth is much stranger than fiction here—for absenting myself from this our first mass, delivered under such romantic auspices, too. I am sorry I did not go, but if I had it would have been a day without a letter, as we start within an hour for Venice, and I feel that at the end of the journey I will need to go to bed. Yet see what I have done; seven hours in Trieste—the commercial capital of Austria, where the people are generally Italians, with a liberal sprinkling of Arminians, Greeks, and Jews—and, instead of visiting the tomb of Winckelmann, the antiquary, murdered here by an Italian to whom he had shown a gold medal awarded by the government at Vienna, or instead of visiting the spot where Richard Cœur de Lion was confined on his return from the Holy Land, I have been frittering my time away in an endeavor to reproduce the dramatic but superstitious utterances of a romantic girl, and failing, have been listening to an animated description of the old monastery and its curious history, where my fellow pilgrims heard their first mass. "*Herr* Weinbrunner crawled around the building on his knees over broken stones and grass," says *Fräulein* Lubke; "and ruined his Sunday pants," adds the young man.

VENICE, September 4, 1887.

"Massaccio then went to Venice, from whence he wrote letters to his mistress, telling her of his adventures, and of the glorious vistas and palaces of the sea-dreaded town."—*Paraphrased from Gesta Romanorum.*

"*Boniface.*—I have lived in Lichfield, man and boy, about eight-and-fifty years, and I believe have not consumed eight-and-fifty ounces of meat.

"*Aimwell.*—At a meal, you mean, if one may guess by your bulk?

"*Boniface.*—Not in my life, sir; I have fed purely upon ale. I have ate my ale, drank my ale, and I always sleep upon my ale." FARQUHAR.

WE left Trieste in the early afternoon. A string of odd-looking fish to be presented to the "Queen of the Adriatic," I thought, as we waited in the station for the train. On our way here I had become somewhat intimate with Father Fabian, the spiritual head of the party, as Weinbrunner is ostensibly the business chief. Through his good management a special carriage has been set apart for himself, Weinbrunner, Herman, the young man, the two young ladies, who are relatives of Weinbrunner, and myself. The trip was uneventful and tedious. The day too hot to take in much of the beauty; rather disposed us to sleep. I, in particular, too tired to keep my eyes open long at a time, until enclosed within the crimson, cloud-tinted mountains of the approach to Venice, mountains so ethereal that they seemed rather translucent stalactites from the sky than anything upheaved by the earth. And yet I was not aroused by these to any degree of enthusiasm, nor even when the great dome of Santa Maria Della Salute became visible against the blue sky. I had been too uncongenially placed to extend my tentacles until in the city, when, taking a steamer in the Grand Canal, we floated past palaces and bridges with feelings too strange for words, until we stopped at the landing in front of St. Marks. We got out near the pillar with the winged lion, and in a few moments were in our hotel, dressed, had supper, and went to bed. *Herr* Weinbrunner,—even the sights of the enchanted city had not drawn his mind from the miraculous vision,—occupied my room, uttering now and then between "flashes of silence," such ejaculations as "*herrlich*," "*edel*," "*prachtvoll*," "*shön*," like the enthusiast

that he was, these having especial reference to the *Jungfrau* of the Semmering Pass rather than the Mistress of the Sea. Yet —subsiding into the common-place again, he said: "Oh, my bottle is empty (he and the *Geistlicher* had drained it on the way), and I can't drink this water; I don't see how you can." I told him I had been raised in Philadelphia—could drink anything. "Ah, nay," he said, and disappeared. In a little while he returned, covered with smiles, and overflowing with *courage*, with his bottle filled to the cork, when we went to bed; but, do you imagine to sleep? perhaps to dream? No. No sooner were the lights out and we had said our last *gute nacht* than an army of mosquitoes began to make their presence known. We covered ourselves with the sheets until almost smothered, but the midnight serenaders still sung around, about, and underneath; and what, with heat, lack of air, and itching; enemies without and within—I was Gulliver with an army of lilliputians crawling over me, and Alps could not keep me quiet; scratching, smothering, kicking, and listening to Weinbrunner between snores, cry out, as he made the bed shake by vigorous kicks: "Condemn the beasts," then snore, snore; then a pause, as if resolving what to do next,—an impatient snore ending in a vociferous "Accursed animals—and accursed place!" and we both jumped out of bed together. I had not slept; could not. Wild with itch, and feeling as if I was a three-year old cheese—in motion, I quickly got into a state of *grand dèshabillé*, like a saint by Rubens, hunted a whisk in the dark, brushed myself off, shook my clothes out of the window, hurriedly half dressed and ran out of the room. Pilgrim churches are well enough, but pilgrim hotels!—my flesh creeps at the thought. I have decided to sleep hereafter, if I ever can sleep again, on pavements, streets, cellar-doors, anywhere rather than run the risk of being eaten alive between Venetian sheets. It was but twelve o'clock, the people in the hotel still about, and surprised at the cause of our unrest; they always are; would burn pastels in our room if we required it. You need not bother, I thought; I am going to drown myself and all that is on me, as you drown a dog to get rid of the fleas.

I went out into the street. The saloon across from us was still crowded with gesticulating and smoking men. *Herr* W.

overtook me. "Where are you going?" "I am going to jump into the Grand Canal, or, perhaps, it is only to take a walk. Will you come along?" "At midnight! In Venice! In Italy! Ah, ney; I would not for the world (he described a circle in the air to signify the globe). Don't go out alone. Come and sit down here and let me teach you to smoke and drink, and you will soon forget your bites." "Ah, ney," I replied. He takes a seat on a bench near some congenial Mohawks, and I walk out past the jasper lions into St. Mark's Square, and am in a moment entirely alone. How glorious the place and the night!—how peaceful and grand! Behind me St. Marks, still glittering in moonlight—a veritable gem. On my left the palace of the Doge. On the right the beautifully arcaded *Nuova Fabbrica*, built by Napoleon, in 1810. In front, on his lofty monolithic pillar, the winged lion of the Patron Saint, with his tail in the air like a whip to scourge. On the other side—on a similar pedestal—his predecessor, the mammoth St. Theodore; beyond, the blue-green sea—all in repose. Under my feet the lovely pavement of trachyte and Istrian marble, and overhead the cloudless sky, with its bright stars and moon. What are past troubles when you are in heaven, where they need not the light of the sun, and where nothing enters that offends! In this celestial frame of mind I wander from place to place until I find myself at the base of the Gothic Campanile, where I stop to look up at its pointed top touching the stars; admire its massive sides, and almost worship the Logetta at its base, and the lovely vestibule, by Sansovino, with bronze doors, statues, and reliefs. Who can tell of the enchantment of this place? I stroll along like a somnambulist walking on air until I come to the Molo, headquarters of gondoliers, where, walking to the water's edge, which is always embanked and you descend on marble steps into the sea, I behold great flocks of their swarthy beauties, gondolas are always painted black, that have been already gently rocked by the translucent wave to rest. As I look across the holy water, that reflects everything with an enhanced beauty, to the Italian-Gothic "*Sante Giovanni e Paolo*," on the other side—the Venetian Pantheon—filled with the imposing mausoleums of the departed great, I can hardly believe but that it is a dream! No pen can describe the en-

rapturing comeliness of this moon-bathed marble city, brooding on an azure sea. Some people are moving about, but I heed them not, as I walk along to the bridge that unites the Molo with the space beyond. I ascend, when, on the top—leaning over the railing, I look up the watery way between the two famous buildings—the Palace and the Prison—which are reflected, with their uniting arch and the heavens above, in the deep water, exhibiting a sublime and solemn beauty beyond words. There is no speech, no language nor pen that can convey to another mind the glorious impression made by the objects I have passed. They produce an exhilaration, an elation of spirits, and lightness of heart, combined with a calm repose, that makes you indifferent to everything else in life; for just as on the violin melodies can be produced in *harmonics* only by the touches of an expert bow, so all the finer chords of your nature are touched by this wonderful union of art, water, and sky; until the body sleeps, and the congenial soul, touched into newness of life, is in harmony with heaven, and you are a spirit walking on air—an immortal intelligence—separated from its tenement of clay. Byron's lines about the Coliseum express but dimly what the feeling is here:

> "The place
> Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
> With silent worship of the great of old!—
> The dead but sceptered sovereigns, who still rule
> Our spirits from their urns."

Gran Dio! what omnipotent power is it that even in the presence of such celestial magnificence can still pluck men down and make of them the groveling creatures that we saw to-day! I stand here lost in thought—translated out of myself—long past midnight, with my paper resting on the marble balustrade of the bridge, and by the all-sufficient light of the moon and stars, striving to describe the indescribable, when a ragged young fellow of about eighteen approaches, leans on the railing by my side, peers into my face, and says, "*Bello! bellissimo?*" (What is the name of this place?) "On the left the Doge's palace. This is the prison; in vaults beneath the water, without light and air, prisoners were confined until released by murder. Over yonder, at high-water mark, is the window where their

mutilated bodies were handed to the gondoliers. The arch over head uniting the prison with the palace, is *Ponte dei sospiri.*" (The Bridge of Sighs.) "Oh!" "This is Byron's bridge." He looks blank—shrugs his shoulders. "*Non posso comprendere*" (don't understand). "This is the bridge that Byron wrote about, and for which John Ruskin blamed him for his 'ignorant sentimentality.'" "*Non posso intendere, signore.*" "Haven't you read Ruskin? Don't you read?" "*Ah! scusatemi, non posso leggere*" (Ah! excuse me; I can't read). Just then one of the sable cyclops, with fiery eye, shot under the *Ponte dei Sospiri*, the standing boatman rowing a loving pair. As they approached, my ragged companion, stretching his neck, deliberately spat upon them as they passed under where we stood. He looked into my face again, woke the echoes by a loud laugh, and walked away. The spell was broken.

It was now three o'clock. I hurried home, and found Weinbrunner asleep and snoring at one of the tables in front of the saloon—an empty bottle and glass by his side. I woke him, when he drowsily followed me up-stairs, all the way cursing the irreverent mosquitoes and fleas, that would not allow even a poor pilgrim to rest. Yet he went to bed and slept, although the room was full of suffocating vapors. It had been *pasteled;* but as for me, less brave, I nodded in a chair at the door until break of day; dreamt that I was Peter sleeping at the gate of Heaven. And thus ended my first night in Venice. Adieu.

VENICE, CHURCH OF ST. MARK, September 5, 1887.

"*Victorinus*—Understand that I am already a Christian.

"*Simplicianus*—I will not believe it, nor will I rank you among Christians, until I see you in the church of Christ.

"*Victorinus*—Do walls then make Christians?"—*Confessions of St. Augustin.*

HERR WEINBRUNNER told me last night some things about the customs of Austria, especially Vienna, that surprised and shocked me, namely: "*Che é una raccomandazione per giovani ragazze di aver avuto bimbi prima di maritarsi; e che cio non gli fa perdere la loro posizione en soccietá se sono ragazze rispettabili!* He used two words to express respect-

ability—"*Achtbar*" and "*Ansehnlich.*" I expressed surprise; he was surprised at my surprise; whereupon he told me what was certainly more surprising still: "*Che in Vienna molti bambini nascono da unioni non leggitimate dal matrimonio, e che in qualche parte dell' Impero sono pui i bimbi illeggittimi che quelle leggittimi.* This he told me because I seemed astonished when he mentioned Miss Lemcke's children—she has two—which are in homes. They have numerous homes in Vienna for such, he tells me. I was somewhat astonished, I can assure you, and yet here I am united with these people for the present by hotel coupons and railroad tickets, and can't very well separate until we get to Rome, even if I desired it much, which I do not, for although rather limited in their mental vision, and as companions, not the sort you would select by choice, necessity as well as misery makes you acquainted with strange companions; yet they are much better people than the Venetians, and are well conducted, that is, according to the Austrian way, which is bad enough, you can imagine, when even Father Fabian is a man of gross habits and conceptions, shocking at times, honest, too, in his way, yet casting the influence of his example rather on the side of coarseness than refinement; a man of monumental ignorance withal.

They have all left to see the sights, and I remain to write down the impressions of my first service in Venice, as a penitential wanderer to the shrine of St. Peter's, at Rome. We were all present this morning at early mass—for myself a period of true worship—for from the moment that I entered the mosaic and gold-encrusted temple until now, I have been under a religious spell. I ask, again, how can I tell you of what I feel and see? The whole place is flooded with light, and around me, on the walls, the great and good of all ages done in never-fading brilliantly-colored stone. Even Esculapius, one of the fathers of medicine, I noticed as I came in, and I imagined that he was here to welcome me, one of the least of his disciples, into this Venetian-Byzantine home of religion and art. The building is in the form of a Greek cross; was designed by architects from Constantinople, and is a mixture of Greek and Roman styles. In the centre and at the extremities are five golden pictorial domes, and five hundred

marble columns add to the beauty of this wonderful interior, which is almost one solid mass of glittering mosaic and gold. The light comes through clear glass windows at the top. Even the floors are of precious marbles—of all colors—porphyry, agate, jasper, verd-antique, etc., wrought into all manner of designs, and corrugated into inequalities by the feet of worshipers and sight-seers for nearly nine hundred years. I can think of many of them as I sit here alone and talk only with you. The Barbarossas' and Alexanders', the Manins' and Gautiers', Sansovinos' and Morosinis', and that Andrea Dondolo, the heroic extender of Venetian renown, whose bones moulder in Constantinople, in the Mohammedan mosque of St. Sophia, and the eloquent Palladio, whom Goethe and architects love, the builder of San Giorgio Maggiore, and I think, where is the temple more honored by the presence of the great than this? As I sit here thinking of the past, I can see a great multitude from all lands, and from every part of this, streaming in at the ever-open portals, crossing the red slabs commemorating the reconciliation of Alexander and Barbarossa, and passing thoughtfully the great porphyry sarcophagus containing all that remains earthly of the last Doge. They enter this golden cavern encrusted with precious stones, "at once splendid and sombre, sparkling and mysterious." They come here to get inspiration for the present, and reconciliation for the past. I can see them now, and my very soul is hushed into silent attention as they pass me by. There goes the ruddy, the ever-active Tiziano Vicelli (Titian), who could make a gentleman or lady, a goddess or god, from the common clay that came to him to be transformed and immortalized by the magical brush of the great man. He is fatigued from his brilliant labor in the *Fondaco dei Tedeschi*, and comes here for recreation and repose. He disappears, and in his stead is Paul Veronese, with his Venetian collar of gold, that he received for painting the *Libraria Vecchia's* great hall, and then the Belleni, arm-in-arm like Christian brothers, Gentile and Giovanni, the founders of the Venetian school, and Tintoretto, the little tanner, is here flaunting his motto: "*Il disegno di Michael Angelo e il Colorito di Tiziano*," and Querchino and Canova, Raphael, the divine, and Carravagio, the very profane, and Marco Polo, whose travels surely never revealed

anything more beautiful than this; but their number is as the sands of the sea, and include Antonio and Bassanio, and their sycophantical friends, and even Don Juan, the rascal, on the alert for prey, and the two Foscari; and there, "like one well studied in a sad ostent," comes sweet Portia leading the lovely renegade Jessica by the hand to her first communion in St. Marks. Ah! take care, my gentle lady. "All things that are, are with more spirit chased than enjoyed," for outside, I can imagine, satisfied with his day's traffic on the Rialto, thy venerable father, the subtle and nimble-witted Shylock, with his Jewish gaberdine, not the least of the great people of the city by the sea, and there's the serpent Iago, too, dogging the dove-like Desdemona,—sliming his way like a snake through the ever-moving throng—but they are gone and succeeded by a nobler and better race, for in stalks Albrecht Dürer, with flowing locks and face of veneration and love, "like an emigrant he wandered seeking for the better land;" and here also comes the heroic Luther, with broad, German face and serious air, as if he already felt the responsibility of the man who had given himself to God—noble soul, fresh from his celebration of mass at St. Stephen's, where even that did not relieve him from the horror of being among a people where both clergy and laity alike were entirely given over to the vilest sins; with these of the same heart and blood, is the life and virtue-loving Holbein, the thrifty Cranach, and Erasmus the perpetual waverer between two opinions, unfit for either, worn out with proof-reading in the shop of Aldus, he comes here to meet his friends, and is gone: "*Tune etiam moreris? Ah! quid me linguis, Erasme, ante meus quam sit conciliatus amor?*"*—then the Goethes and Macauleys, the Byrons and Moores, Rogers and Turners, and Macready, "high-souled and in the law of duty strong," is here from his walk on the *Piatzza*, looking the sterling gentleman that he was. How much in keeping with his deep religious nature are these solemn arcades. I love to watch the movements of this devout man whose "Reminis-

---

"Art thou, too, gone, Erasmus? Ah!
Why leave me
Ere yet thou hadst conciliated
My love."

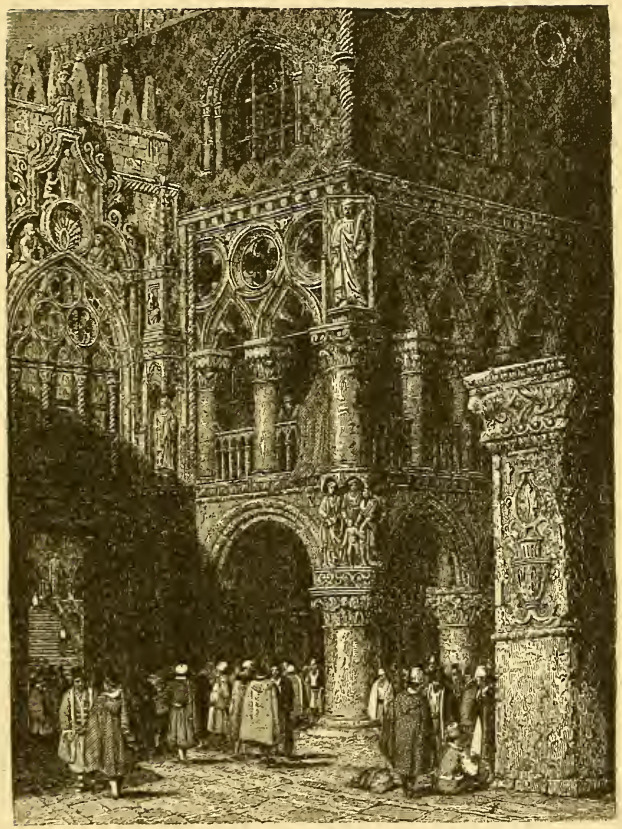
Written by SCALIGER the Elder, the bitter enemy of Erasmus, when he heard of his death.

*

cences" leave such a profound impression on every reader—more enduring, because more practical than that of even á Kempis or Guyon. Read it, ye wranglers against the stage, and find out the secret of the life hid with Christ in God. He passes, and is succeeded, not chronologically, by the Schlegels, Tiecks, Taines, Longfellows, Hawthorns, Uhlands—a mighty host without number—until, like Mozart asleep in his desolate room, the spirits that envelope me make the place doubly sacred with the rustling of angelic wings, the plaudits of the great and good, the songs of the redeemed, the prayers of the faithful, until the tinkling of the sacrificial bell wakes me from my reverie, when, looking around, I behold but a kneeling rabble, and hear naught but the chanting of white-robed priests, and the shuffling steps of a number of motley visitors, circulating in open-mouthed wonder because of what they hear and see. * * * How glad I am that my loquacious friends are gone, and I am free to go where I please. * * *

Again in the open air in *La Piatzza di San Marco*, surrounded with palaces and colonnades; the place, the largest bit of solid ground in the city, is but six hundred by three hundred feet, and is the chief centre of attraction to all Venice. I stroll from window to window, see such a variety of odd sights, and hear so many strange sounds, that I am again as one in a trance. Not knowing what to do first, I walk leisurely to the other end, where most of the people are, and find it the hour for feeding the pigeons, that for eight hundred years have been kept at the city's charge. They are flying around in thousands, alighting on the shoulders, arms, and hands of those who give them crumbs. Everybody feeds them; no one does them harm, so that they have become as indifferent to the form of man, as far as fear is concerned, as the beasts that roamed over the plain were to Robinson Crusoe. Moreover, they are ugly, fat black pigeons, rather like daws. From here to the *Palazzo Ducale*, the great marble home that fronts the sea, built by Sansovino, frescoed by Tintoretto, by which both gained never-dying renown. I have passed between the colossal statues of Mars and Neptune; have ascended the "Giant Stairs," and stand on the very spot where the Doges of Venice were crowned; from here you behold the great inner court with green, sculp-

tured cisterns, and also, a part of Silvio Pellico's cell. I go further, and come to "Sansovino's golden stairs." Surely, if Ghiberti gates were "fit to be the gates of Paradise," these miraculous stairs are worthy of forming the grand approach; for anything more celestial, more heaven-suggesting, I have never seen; and yet, like all things else in Venice,—in decadence. What they must have been in their prime, with the spotlessness of youth upon them, who can tell? None but the noble were allowed to ascend them then. The *stanze degli avvogadori*, just beyond the famous stairs, is the room in which, in former times, was preserved the roll of Venetian aristocracy —"the golden book." How different the meaning of the word republic then and now; in various ways. In these days the noble stairs would have been spat upon by profane lips, and perhaps ornamented with rows of spittoons in the centres of meadows of sawdust, around which the great public would have emptied its capacious maw, as they do in our beautiful capitol, before shaking hands with the Doge. Yet I, entirely oblivious of what heaven may be beyond, linger lovingly upon them, feeling that for the present this is enough of heaven for me. I cannot tell you of these, for even the wrought iron doors, recalling the work of Quentin Matsys, but with a more finished grace, are worthy of pages of panegyric, while the sculptured marble sides, and alto-relievo and mosaic ceiling are beyond all praise, presenting, as they do, a complete zoology of gracefully-conventionalized animals, living and sporting in forests of arabesque that could only have been thought of by an untrammeled mind. I leave them at their perpetual play to enter the Hall of the Great Council, containing the portraits of the Doges and "Tintoretto's Paradise" too; where I never want to be; it's too crowded. Besides these there are twenty-one busts, and many historical pictures; but are they not mentioned in the Book of the Chronicles of the divine John (Ruskin); and why repeat, "The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo." From here you naturally wander into the *Sala dello scrutimo*, with its wonderful frescoes and golden roof and elegant statues of stone. The forty-one Nobles were elected here, and they nominated the Doge. Such pictures and ceilings I have never imagined. The ceilings in particular, miracles of gold and



GIANT'S STAIRCASE. DOGE'S PALACE—VENICE.

brilliantly-colored scenes, representing events in the history of "this spouse of the sea." * * * Hello! where am I now? I have just entered a mammoth saloon. A row of colossal globes at each end, walls lined below with expressionless cases with locked doors, and containing not a soul but myself, and the myriads that people its ceilings and high walls. What master has designed this? Who has created the beings overhead—in the air—around? I read over a portal—*Libraria Vecchia*—the old library! and so this is it, painted by Paul Veronese, for which the city gave him the collar of gold (see Ruskin). I wander around the place, even the magnificent inventions of the melancholy "*Il pittor felice!*" are not capable of diminishing its solitude and gloom. What can be more doleful than a great library without readers, with the books inclosed behind walls of unpainted deal? A man with a great key enters like a spook, approaches one of the presses —truly, "cemeteries for books"—

> "Alcoved tombs,
> Where souls in leathern cerements lie."

He opens the door, when I catch the gleam of an array of vellum-bound volumes, enough to make a bibliomaniac out of a man of stone, and the seedy custodian with *chiave* immediately becomes St. Peter, with the keys of a book-lover's paradise, and I have looked in; but the door is soon shut, and although the apparition moves quietly away, as becomes a ghost,—for it must have been a ghost after all,—yet his footsteps wake up the echoes in corridors and halls, and but add to the doleful solitude of the deserted place. The modern Venetians are not readers of books, I think to myself; nor are they thinkers, nor warriors, nor scholars, nor good, for the mighty have fallen, and there is nothing left of their former greatness but the bleached and corroded remains of what was once new.

> "They who stand the highest have the greatest winds to shake them,
> And when they fall they dash themselves to pieces."

How inexpressibly sad it is that all this loveliness could not have been forever associated with appropriate life and kept perpetually fresh and green! What a pity that it cannot be

saved from further decay, that this wonderful, wonderful city,—with a beauty not of the earth—with its innumerable miracles in mosaic, painting, and stone, cannot be kept as fresh and as instinct with romantic life as it was in the days of its grandeur and pride—the celestial city, the æsthetic capital of the world, the mistress of the sea, the Mecca for the lovers of the beautiful from every clime—fit to be at least the vestibule to the life Elysian. From the palace, like my great predecessors, I go to the prison—am conducted by the light of torches under the sea, enter the cells, deprived entirely of light, almost of air, where, unfortunates guilty of offences against the State, were left to die, or taken out for execution. We enter the place, my torch-bearer and I, where the heads of the condemned were cut off; have had my hands on the bloody block; have looked out of the low window, nearly on a level with the sea, where the mutilated bodies of the dead were given to the gondoliers to do with as they pleased, and have come out of the damp chambers of gloom—spectre-suggesting, blood-chilling, and almost suspending the action of the heart; and here I sit by the crest of one of the copper fountains in the grand court to finish my confessions for the day, while the water-carriers, with copper cans, and musical, but chattering, voices, are making the storied place of hoar-antiquity re-echo with their confusing noise, and with numerous lazy pigeons from St. Marks at my feet, seeming disappointed because I stretch not out my hand. * * * On the steps going down to the boats—the graceful black creatures—the wheelless wagons of the streets of Venice—I look for a while at the statue of Victory, over there, one of my halting-places last night, that I promised to see again to-day. On a splendidly-executed bronze horse sits Victor Emmanuel, the first Italian king; around the base of the pedestal are relievos, telling how the city was retaken from Austria, in 1866. On one side the winged lion of St. Mark, at the feet of a female, who is breaking the chains that bind him; on the other side a lion, also with wings, protecting the rights and property of the lovely giantess, at whose feet he *stands*, while with left paw on laurel, golden book, and lock of the famous stairs, and with open mouth and exposed teeth, he tells that, although once bound, he is again free, and that now he can rend as well

as protect—a grand monument, sublimely invented; telling its noble story with all the simple eloquence of truth; the gold work on the robe of the reposing heroine giving a remarkable finish to this masterpiece in green bronze.

What magnificence, although in decay, is exhibited in the prominent canals! What squalor and wretchedness in the concealed lanes. On picking my way here and there on bits of streets and over bridges, passing through "avenues" four feet wide, lined with houses six stories high, where the swarthy people inhabiting them remind you of flies in a web—lanes that are never penetrated by a ray of light except at noon, and where the light from the tallow candles perpetually burning in front of the images of the Virgin, recessed almost at the corner of every "street," is the only bit of cheer that you see; where men from the fifth-story window can sneeze into the bedroom of their neighbor across the way. In these out-of-the-way haunts, but seldom perhaps entered by foreign feet, and where I have become entangled, the chief amusement of the half-clad young is making love; of the old and middle aged, hunting ——

In threading my way through these narrow avenues, which remind you as much of worm-holes in a cheese as thoroughfares in a great city, I came at last to a straight street, lined on each side with the acacias of Berlin, and marked "*Via Garibaldi.*" I stroll along, passing many people selling and buying, eating and drinking all kinds of mysterious fluids, fruit and dishes. In the front of the strange-looking houses, crumbling to decay, I at length came to an open gate, the entrance to an enclosure, in the centre of which, surmounting a rugged rock, encircled by water, stood Garibaldi, as he lived, vigorous—full of life—a pleasant smile on his broad bearded face, as if he felt a little amused at your surprise in finding him here, and yet looking, too, as if he thought that his work was only well begun, not finished, for his hand is resting on the hilt of a sword, his other holding a scroll, that perhaps demands tolerance, liberty of conscience, equal rights, good schools for the masses. At his feet on a ledge of the rock a bronze lion, vigilant, but in repose; his powerful muscles and motionless mane telling of strength under control; his unflinching eye of resolution and force. Every salient point

of the monument—an excuse for hanging a wreath—tokens in themselves—expressive of the soil, for the flowers are beads (Venetian glass) strung on wires, or they are made of paper, while the wreaths are of real laurel, roses, immortelles from the neighboring woods, and looking as if placed here by admiring people, at various times. I walk around the fountain, in the centre of which this statue is placed; to my surprise, on the other side, on a projecting ledge of rock is a uniformed man, with musket and bayonet, ready for duty *now*. He is not the dress-parade soldier, but the soldier of work, in sleeved-shirt; one of the men that the general of the people called into life. He is also bronze! yet living too. Many barefooted people in blue nankeen come to see him as I stand by his side. I can tell by their looks and silence as they thoughtfully walk away that it touches deeply something within; what can it be? Can you tell me my subtle solver of riddles? or is it one of the many things that the future can only reveal? As for me, I feel my very soul swell with indignation and scorn—as I stand in front of this magnificent monument—produced by the sights of the past few days, culminating in what I have seen in the sunless lanes this afternoon—when I think of what this city once was, and what it is now! Why is it that these people, once so noble, are cast down? surrounded by all the beauty of the world, yet having none in their lives. Their magnificent libraries filled with the literary spoils of many lands, as well as the noble productions of their own, and yet seventy-five per cent. unable to read! surrounded by churches, fit to adorn the streets of the Celestial city, and yet abhorring their priests and recessed saints. The progeny of heroes, and yet the groveling slaves of sin. Oh! populace of Italy, this is what until recently you have been, but now, under the guidance of your morality and liberty-loving leaders—your Garibaldis and Victor Emmanuels, Mazzinis, Cavours, Bosellis, Crispis, King Huberts, and many others—friends of education;—if you can continue separated from the crushing materialism of an intolerant creed you will yet renew your lost prestige, and ultimately gain the summit of the mountain of enlightenment and independence that you now slowly yet surely climb. Venice is dethroned; her people are not morally free, yet

something noble remains, or this, and the Victor Emmanuel monument could not have been erected to-day. The only record this group needs is "a *Giuseppe Garibaldi, XXIV Luglio, MVCCCLXXXVII, Venezia*," for behind the principal, represented by the chief figure, stands the armed man, and the king of the forest is alert at his feet. * * *

When I had rediscovered the hotel again I found our section of the party waiting in much suspense. They had imagined all sorts of dreadful things, assassination, robbery, abduction, being thrown into a canal and dredged from the bottom with my pockets empty. After twenty minutes of preparatory scrubbing and brushing we sat down to supper, and a jolly time we had, each telling his experience, accompanied with gestures, that kept them jumping up and down, all but Weinbrunner—he was unusually sad—had been hearing masses all morning—hurried over to *San Georgio Maggiore* for vespers, and finding it closed, has taken it as a bad omen, and is almost in despair. Unfortunately, on such occasions he solaces himself more with beer than prayers—when he drinks he sleeps, and when he sleeps he snores, and unlike Caliban, there is no music in his snores, and I am the victim. I wish I could give you even a synopsis of an evening with these jolly pilgrims. To-night I am too tired, and must go to bed.

VENICE, September 6, 1887.

"Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red—
For I must speak in a passion, and I
Will do it in King Cambyses' vein."—*Falstaff in Henry IV. Part I.*

"Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains yields."
CHRIS. MARLOWE.

"Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love."
SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

TO-DAY has been one of unusual sensations. In the morning a flock of gondolas brought to our steps the remnant of

the *pilgerschaar* stopping at the other hotels. We joined them, and went in a body to the church of *San Giovanni e Paolo.* What a church! what music! what a glorious time! After mass *Fräulein* Lemcke and myself had an experience—to me entirely unique. Strolling through the venerable building, stopping now and then to look, but not to enjoy, its wonders—I have no pleasure sight-seeing in their company, especially after mass—have felt as if I would like to get lost—we were talking in front of the monument of the *Doge Andrea Vendramin*, when she said, "Oh, come away; what can you see in these, *Herr Baumeister?*" She usually talks to me as if I was her confessor, and, indeed, has used so many terms of endearment in addressing me that I am embarrassed by them, and hardly know what to say. To-day she confessed to not being in love with her affiancé at all (she is engaged to Miss Lubke's brother), is only going to marry him because of her children, who without wedlock would be fatherless. This she told me, not as if it was a shame, and indeed they are so calloused or seared or obtuse, or whatever it is, that they do dreadful things without a blush, and present no appearance of guilt even while violating sacred commands. You may have noticed, *ma chère*, that it is not the commission of guilt, but a consciousness of the commission of it, that mars the features,—Electra can kill her mother and look like a goddess; a Christian with an unpaid milliner's bill looks like a knave,—therefore she made this startling confession without any other expression on her placid and comely features than one of a confident naïveté that for the moment suspended my resentment. It appears from the authority of "*Unzer Fritz*," Weinbrunner, that children born out of wedlock among the Viennese, where these left-handed occurrences prevail, are legitimized by a clerical wedding, the new husband becoming the father of the illegitimate children. After she had made the above-mentioned announcement, and before I had time to think, she hooked her arm in mine, and, looking up into my face, said that there was only one man in the world she really loved or ever could love! I was afraid to ask who he was; would have given anything to have gotten away and be alone, but couldn't, unless I had taken to my heels, and that would not have been in keeping, neither with the dignity of the occa-

sion nor the place. I tried to change the subject, talked of Andrew Verrocchio, the poor sculptor, who died of grief because the mould for his statue of Colleoni, now on the Campo here, being a failure, made it impossible for him to complete the work; but I might have talked to her about a wilderness of Verrocchios, it would have been all the same; then I attempted to lead her to one of the strange funerals of Venice—women usually like funerals—but, no; her heart seemed set upon a wedding. I walked off, she followed, and under the shadow of the mausoleum of Bragadino, where I had fled, she told me that I was the man! You may imagine my feelings; I can never tell them; it was my first proposal, and such a medley of unutterable things possessed me. My mind, since we entered the church, had been with the people of the past; for during the celebration of mass to-day I was more interested with the objects around me than the service, and especially the great men whose tombs we had been passing during the young lady's irrational talk. To think clearly was impossible. What was I to do?

> "Hence, bashful cunning,
> And prompt me, plain and holy innocence."

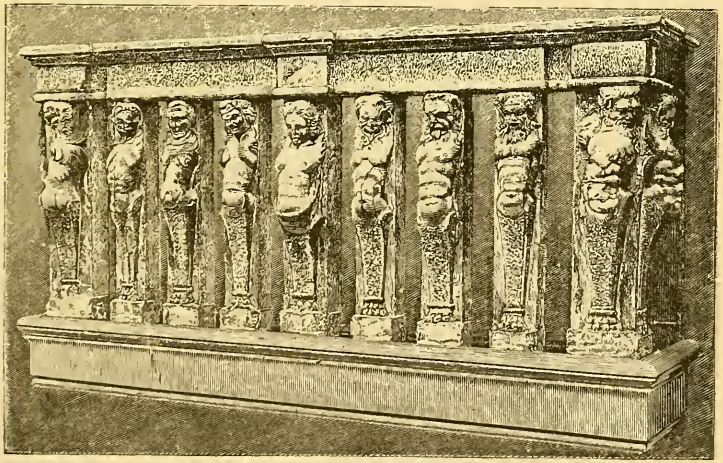
What a position for a man of feeling! My reverence induced by the service, together with the impressive grandeur of the objects around, had contracted me, in my estimation at the time, into the merest pigmy; then to have these feelings of insignificance and humiliation disturbed by such a revelation, evidently from the heart (or whatever it was that occupied its place), of such a confiding and clinging creature as the lovely *Fräulein* L., the belle of the pilgrimage, was indeed a surprise, the like of which but seldom if ever happens, I imagine, outside of Italy or Austria. After recovery from my surprise I told her as gently as I could—not with tears—that I was already married; had four children and one wife; enough for an ordinary man, I timidly added, when to my, without this, too much augmented embarrassment, she replied that "It wouldn't matter at all; *she* would not care! she would willingly take the management of them all! Of course there were foundling hospitals!—*Findelhäuser*—in America," she said; "but even if there were not, my four and her two

wouldn't be many; she could manage very well; many people did even with eight or nine!" Oh—h! I felt myself getting weak. I looked around to see if there was anybody to appeal to; but no; no one but the marble-hearted Bragadino. I was never closer to the verge of idolatry; came near appealing to him to protect me from the wiles of this morganatically disposed amazon, when she began again, talking rapturously about marriage ties binding so loosely in America; so easy to get free; most of them being among heretics—not marriages at all! But I had already spoiled her speech; had burst into such a fit of laughter at the picture presented by our children in a foundling hospital, with empty platters and hungry looks asking for "more," while the *embonpoint* Miss L. and I were in clover at home, and you—where were you to be! This made me laugh again, when poor Miss L. stopped, became crimson, and burst into tears.

Can you imagine it? Was it strange that all thoughts of Mocenigo Vendramin, the Valiers, and of the fine old pictures and tombs vanished into thin air; were dissipated by the very rapidity of her impassionate and pleading words; and that I could not even express my unwillingness to take advantage of her generosity, because of laughter! Then I felt sorry—stopped; she bowed her head. I saw tears running down the cheeks lately like death, now like peonies. She looked up in a moment; wiped them away; and a faint smile lighting her lovely face, she said: "But you will remember me as a *sister*, will you not?" "Yes; I will be a brother to you," I said, laughing. "Ah, nay; but won't you try to forget and forgive me for my wild, foolish, *närrisch* words." "Don't mention it. I forgive all; but I shall never forget." When, drying her face and trying to look cheerful, I endeavoring to seem serious, we together walked out of the church, and on, until we came to the statue in front. Here, *Herr* Lubke being in sight, we stopped, and, a few moments after, I became the victim of a catastrophe that I only relate as a sort of penance. "When you would say something that is sad, speak how I fell." *Fräulein* L. having stopped crying, and with her face wiped dry, was returning her handkerchief to a little bag she carried on her arm, when she let it fall. I stooped to pick it up. The impulsive *Herr* Lubke attempted to forestall me, stumbled, struck me with his

head from the rear as if he was a battering ram, and knocking my skull against the base of Baldoni's statue, with force enough to split it—I mean my skull. I saw stars—everything. Poor Lubke's nose bled; then there was another scene. Miss L. was in a quandary; she did not like to abandon me; her friend needed her most—she remained fixed;—in a little while all was adjusted. The young man shook my hand and apologized; so did I, and excused myself because of business that needed attention before the night. When on the steps leading down to the canal I looked back, saw the blood streaming down *Herr* L.'s face, *Fräulein* Lemcke wiping his nose, and I knew she was reconciled, and that the day for the wedding was set.

I jumped into a gondola, was soon, like a swallow, gliding past the palaces on the grand canal, under the Rialto, through the narrow side-ways crowded with graceful boats, and singing and sleeping men; now getting a glimpse of a beauty hanging



A VENETIAN BALCONY.

over some graceful or curious balcony; then catching a strain from the melodious throat of a musical boatman, or the tintinnabulation from some historic bell; now an elegant quartette of lovely picnicers lounging on soft couches under the

shadow of spreading awnings on their way to the Lido, where Goethe first saw the sea; or again, the rollicking or melancholy strains from the piano of some *signora* expressing the feelings of her soul on the instrument that Mozart loved. A rare resort to dream in, is this strange, indolent, love-suggesting place, where the only sounds you hear, except the rythmic splashing of oars, are those that I have mentioned above; and where the slightest whisper from the most unmusical of throats is transformed into dulcet melody,

> "Suffering a sea change
> Into something rich and strange,"

Merely describe what you see in this place of enchantment, and it reads like poetry. The thought of having to depart from it all is like having to leave a dear friend, where the pain of separation needs to be ameliorated by the prospect of soon being united again. But here I am at the landing place of the Academy of Fine Arts, one of Palladio's masterpieces, where I dismount; a brace of lazaroni handing me out as if I was a cripple that had thrown away my crutch, and was not quite sure of my steps. * * *

I am in the great hall of the Academy of the Fine Arts, surrounded by all that is glorious in Venetian story, and yet *Fräulein* Lemcke mostly occupies my mind! In front of me is Titian's masterpiece, "The Apotheosis of the Virgin," the surprised Madonna is *Fräulein* Lemcke; the being for whom she longs, myself; the astonished and excited group at her feet, our fellow-pilgrims astounded by what they see; the circle of surrounding cherubs, the children for which she so beseechingly promised to care. Oh, *Fräulein! Fräulein!* what will my wife say when she learns that you have made me think of you in connection with the saints? Ah, *Fräulein* Lemcke, the grotesque faces, sketched by the accomplished Leonardo, seem to laugh and scowl at you as I pass them by. Ah, terrified Lemcke! the thoughtful sketches by Raphael sympathize with you as I pass them by; the stern faces of Michael Angelo condemn you; the loving faces of Guerchino pity you; the muscular sketches of Tintoretto struggle with you; the dogs of "*Scuola Tedesca*" bark at you; but the faces of Guido, and

Carracci and Veronese, and the "*Scuola Venezia*," have nothing for you but pity and love. Poor *Fräulein* Lemcke, "I am wrapped in dismal thinkings" when I remember the cause of your unbecoming actions and words.

How wonderful the pen and ink sketches by the great people that I have been enumerating are, can only be known by a careful study. You may find sometimes as much, if not more, in these than in some of the canvases that cover the side of a room, or the frescoes that decorate the walls of a great saloon, for these hasty memoranda, jotted down on what happened to be on hand—a bit of blotting pad, a page from a blank-book, a sheet of note paper, or the fly leaf of a letter—record a creation, a new birth; whereas the elaboration, with the addition of color, light, shade, and the accessories of contemporary or past life may sometimes be but the mechanical extension of the original thought, which thus had its birthplace in a manger and continued to grow until it included the universe of life and thought.

* * * * * * * * *

I have been for the past hour threading my way through the narrow streets, and over the many bridges that separate the academy from the Rialto, as I wanted to see the famous, "Many-a-time and-oft" of Shylock and Antonio, before I bid Venice good-bye. Can I walk to Ponti Rialto? I ask a tatterdemalion, with extended hand, as I come out of the great building. "A cat could, sir; and without wetting her feet," was the reply. How much? "What you will." I paid him, and started to make the effort afoot, as I wanted to see more of life behind the scenes in Venice; and so, here I am. My *hoc signo vincit*, along the hot, tortuous way, *dove e il ponto Rialto, Signore.* Italians are exceedingly obliging, tender-hearted, and peaceful; their faults are not theirs; their kindness is their own, for the above question, repeated at every bend and always receiving a polite reply, at last brought me to the famous bridge, crossing the grand canal, on the railing of which I now rest my paper and write.

The Rialto is a bridge of but one arch, as all the bridges of Venice are; but this, which is built of Italian marble, is the largest of the 378. It is lined on each side, as you cross it, with dirty, little, booth-like shops, where things are sold that you would not look at. Nothing, therefore, from the vener-

able but musty old arch at present, uniting the fish market with the fruit market, for me.

As I stand here looking down into the sea, I am more busy with its past, when it was the seat of gigantic barter, the resort of its great merchants, and the promenade of the *élite* of Venice, than with what it is at present, when its chief use, beside the pettifogging traffic that disgraces it, and its more important usefulness in uniting the two great divisions of the city, is as a place to be etched, photographed, engraved, and painted until you would think the whole earth was filled with the counterfeit presentment of its graceful beauty, with enough left over to make a multitudinously arched Rialto long enough to encircle the globe. Yesterday I stopped to look at one of the many people that you see here and there sketching the lovely glimpses of palace, people, boats, water, and sky that enchant you on every hand. He was reproducing the noble arch, had a couple of unfinished sketches by his side. "Why do you need three?" I asked. He looked at me, an expression of interrogation on his face, implying "Art thou a stranger in Venice," but said, "I have been painting the Rialto for eighteen years now, and dispose of my pictures faster than they can be produced. I always paint it from this side, so that I can put in the striped pole. My colleague, on the opposite shore has had a colored lithograph made, that he merely fills in, so that with him the boat that passed under when he made his original sketch, twenty-two years ago, does duty as an accessory still, and has entered perhaps one hundred times more homes than Venice has islands, bridges, and canals, and yet she, the spouse of the sea, has built her throne on one hundred and seventeen islands, interspersed by one hundred and fifty canals, which are embraced by three hundred and seventy-eight bridges of stone." I said, "The method of your friend is a convenient way of doing, but hardly honest, do you think so?" He shrugged his shoulders, raised his hands, and turned up his eyes. A common gesture here, capable of various interpretations. "*I* never paint two alike, simply because no two ever are alike," he replied. "You see that life is changing here every moment, and the bridge without life would be like a body without a soul, still beautiful, but lacking what gave it its greatest

THE RIALTO.

charm." "Don't you get tired of it all?" "No, never; I am not a Venetian. I am from Ferrara. Yet the hours pass so pleasantly away as I sit here daily at my ever-satisfying work, that I would not change my chair and bit of carpet for the throne of a king. I know everybody—everybody knows me; and although the world comes to see us, yet I do not need to waste a nod of recognition on a soul that passes by. I and my old arch sit here contentedly alone, until I sometimes wonder which is the man, which the bridge. Every line and crevice and indentation are but dimples of expressive beauty on her dear old placid face. She and I know each other well; she is my wife, my home, my ideal, my first, last, and only love. She protects me from the blistering rays of summer, from the drenching rains of spring and fall. I am happy under her shade. I transmit her graceful features to my friends. I multiply her as a sculptor multiplies the image of his patron saint. I dream of her by night, and live with her by day, and desire no greater honor than to rest at her feet when I die." And here I am, not perhaps as enthusiastic as the celibate from Ferrara, but even I feel an admiration for her present beauty, and for what she was and is, and will carry with me when I leave one of the sketches, in perpetuation of my regard. Adieu.

FLORENCE, September 7, 1887.

"Florence! For her Cimabue wrought, who infused Bysantine formalism with a suggestion of nature and feeling; for her the Pisani who divined at least, if they could not conjure with it, the secret of Greek supremacy in sculpture; for her the marvellous boy Ghiberti proved that unity of composition and grace of figure and drapery were never beyond the reach of genius; for her Brunelleschi carved the dome which Michael Angelo hung in air on St. Peter's; for her Giotto reared the bell-tower, graceful as an Horatian ode in marble; and the great triumvirate of Italian poetry, good sense, and culture called her mother."—*Among my Books*, article "*Dante*."

LOWELL.

"Quī come l'ape al miel viene ogni dotto." BELINCIONNI.

AT 10 o'clock last night I fell from the clouds on the back of an albatross of Venice, when we together skimmed circuitously over the blue-green water to the station for Florence.

The sea was filled with parties of pleasure-seeking people, and the night was one the charm of which can never be effaced—no sounds but the splashing of oars, laughing voices, far-away strains from distant serenaders, the thrumming of mandolins and lutes from behind graceful arcades, and now and then the cautionary *Ah! sta lí* of an alert gondolier, as he swiftly glides around a corner into a side-canal and is lost to view—*Ah! sta lí*, surely the sweetest words that ever fell from mortal lips, sounding like the voice of some sentinel angel—are not His angels ministering spirits, standing on the battlements of heaven and shouting to His special wards "Beware!"—not only the melodious sounds, but ravishing sights of Venice—lights streaming from the windows of brilliant interiors, with people in rich costumes moving quietly around, others within the shadow of snow-white arcades and the like, and, above all, the ever-present, deep-blue sky, with its stars and moon of gold—try as I may, I find it impossible to wipe out the heavens from anything I say of Venice, not only the heaven above, but the one beneath—a mirror, a means of conveyance, and a sky—over which we silently glide. Even now, the very memory of it produces an exhilarating ecstacy that I cannot describe. What god was it that ever induced a people to build a marble city in such a heaven-kissed spot? and yet to think that there are thousands that can never see Venice until they die—maybe not even then. I could well understand the necessity for Shylock's words:

> "Stop up my house's ears, I mean my casements,
> Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter my sober house."

for just then the heavenly hum, in which there was neither "drum" nor "the vile squeaking of the wry-necked fife," was broken by a musical shout, and four voices, accompanied by stringed instruments, filled the air with seductive sounds, at the same moment, turning a corner into a side canal, we passed a gondola, illuminated with parti-colored lamps, brooding under the windows of a closed palace. To me it was Lorenzo, with his sympathetic friends, and the jewel within the locked casket, designed by Palladio, Jessica herself:

> "*Lorenzo*—Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn.
> "*Jessica*—I am never merry when I hear sweet music.
> "*Lorenzo*—The reason is, your spirits are attentive."

And so on, except for moonlit banks we had Venetian canals, and instead of the floor of heaven, inlaid with "patines of bright gold," it was translucent blue. With these thoughts we skimmed through the strange, never-to-be-forgotten Adriatic, the transparent water rippling under the nose of our gondola, gliding between shoals of sleeping boats, waiting to be waked by a call from some balcony overhead. And thus we continue, like sorcery, out into the grand palace-lined thoroughfare, with no sounds that were not melody, no sights that were not novel and *wondershön*—a marble city on the surface of the water, another, of gold, extending towards the center of the apparently bottomless sea, over which you glide, with no motion but one that soothes to rest—*dolce far niente*—oh, the rhythm of it—a series of swan-like, sleep-and-dream-producing nods, with the Charon, an alert sentinel, standing in the stern of the boat looking ahead, and with a gentle swaying back and forth of the body, with but one oar quietly propels you over the translucent wave, and you are a bird swinging on a branch—a child rocked by the beating of its mother's breast—the panorama of bliss gliding past like a ghost in the twilight—is gone, and I am at the station, my friends waiting on the shore. We get on the train together, cross the 250 arches of the wonderful bridge forming the approach to the enchanted city, and soon reach dry land; then over hills, rivers, and plains, past towns, vineyards, and farms, over mountains and dales, banks of ilex and myrtle, all enfolded in moonlight, until we are in the "musing mother of liberty and aspiration"—Florence—the city made sacred by the Medici and Leonardo and Cellini, Buonarotta, Boccaccio, Dante, Petrarch, Donatello and Giotta, Fra Angelico, and the "Lover of Para," and last and not least, Savonarola, Romola and her fond father, and Tito, her deceitful friend—when, exhausted with admiration, I shut my eyes, and in a moment am asleep.

* * * * * * * * *

In the Pitti Palace I am disenchanted; in other words, I have had a stroll through the narrow, dirty streets that lead to this famous resort, the contracted, badly-constructed stairs of which I have laboriously ascended to the different floors, paved with common brown bricks, *stretchers*, freshly painted with Venetian red. I now sit in one of the great rooms, which

form a part of the picture gallery, in the top story of the house, the floor that in medical colleges is devoted to the dissecting of the dead; most of the rooms are badly lighted, usually by one inadequate window, in consequence of which many of the pictures can hardly be seen, few of them seen well, not a great loss since some of them should never have been seen.

I am afraid Berlin and London have spoiled me, or is it because we have most of the best of these, engraved or photographed, at home, which to me have all the beauty of the originals—often beauty of line is greater than beauty of color—with the chronological ravages of Time, softened into invisibility. I still render gratefully my allegiance to Photography, which bears perhaps the same relation to painting that ivy does to a ruin—preserves the grace of line and expression and conceals the defects. However, I am in the Pitti Palace, and I don't like it. Is it because you expect so much from Italy, or what? I cannot tell; I only know that with the little that I have seen of the old masters in their native haunts, their *best works*, thanks to the enlightened generosity of two noble Governments, Germany and England, are royally placed in buildings far superior to anything they ever had at home,—I prefer the children of Meyer von Bremen to any that Raphael has painted, with two exceptions; for Raphael, barring these two, does not produce any special feelings of veneration and love—rather the reverse—some of his babies are decidedly insipid and dull, as if he was a *painter* instead of a *lover* of babies. Others even misshapen, like the child in "The Madonna of the Grand Duke," for example, where by an obvious enlargement of the submaxillary glands, the cheek is distended to deformity. The wrists of the cherubs of "The Sistine Madonna," also, are out of proportion, and some of the other children have a Rubenesque rotundity of limb not in keeping either with nature or grace. I prefer, also, the pictures, with a few exceptions, of Hans Market to the amber and crimson splendors of Titian, with all their high breeding and courtesy, or to the magnificent productions of Tintoretto or Paul Veronese. The virile pictures of Overbeck present a pronounced contrast to the shadowless productions of the good Fra Angelico (who never thought an evil thought), the Thomas a'Kempis of art. They have more soul, as much spirituality,

greater physical beauty, and are more truly and religiously conceived. The religion of Angelico's pictures, who by the way was a German, is that of the Abbot of Mount St. Agnes —a sort of specialty in God-loving—while his countryman Overbeck's characters are influenced by the religion of humanity as well as the religion of God. Indeed they express that each is an integral part of the other, and that, being united, they form the religion of Christ; whereas the pictures of he of Fiescolo are not men of like passions with ourselves —with yearnings after the Christ-like—at all. They are above that:

> "Are neither men nor women;
> They are neither beasts nor human;
> They are——"

Saints (to adapt from Poe). Overbeck's drawing, also, is better—perfect—while Fra Angelico's draped transparencies would sometimes indeed excite laughter but for your reverence for the man and his devotion, every picture being simply a song of praise or a prayer. But Overbeck was all this and more. Furthermore, I would not exchange Hoffman's "Christ in the Temple," or Holman Hunt's "Light of the World" or "Shadow of the Cross," nor Ary Sheffer's "*Christus Consulator*" and "*Rumenator*," for all the representations of the same subject that the old masters of Florence, Rome, and Venice have made; and for truth, beauty, absolute accuracy, life, breadth, action, repose, grace, *finesse*, poetry of conception, for enveloping objects in a halo of nobility and romance, who can compare among the ancients with Marcus Stone and Millais. Spirits of the old masters, I ask your pardon for uttering these rank heresies within the very precincts of your favorite temple! But I proclaim it not in the streets; I only whisper it into the ear of a friend. There is so much monotony of subject, too, about your circumscribed art. You take so many liberties with "the man of sorrow and acquainted with grief," and present his poor, bleeding, and emaciated body in so many galling attitudes, that it is scarcely wonder that your countrymen have turned away, and take more pleasure in the pomp, pride, and glorious circumstance of religion than religion itself.

This is a fault that I am disposed to ascribe to the church; especially when outside of the building; when within, I am

"as silent" on the subject as any "nun breathless with adoration," for as we are indebted to the church for much of the beauty, especially of legend, found in *Christian* art, so can we in justice blame her for the inexcusable monotony of subject, as if there was nothing in the world to paint but pictures in elucidation of some orthodox whim, or in illustration of some grotesque legend of the saints, people with no human interests at all; and then the men who painted these subjects, too, with a few exceptions, being men of sensuous imaginations and more sensual lives, just as willing to paint a naked Venus or a Bacchanalian feast as an "Assumption," "Transfiguration," or a "Mother of God," the same models serving for all; when you see therefore the mistress of one of these gross men, now appearing as a not very repentant Magdalen, with sufficient exposed adipose tissue to make two or three first-class actresses of the robustious school, and again, as a wrapped saint, you soon get to feel that the trick of turning up the eyes is not the only difference between a saint and a sinner. The church never made Art of course—Art was—and she simply bought it as she did all else, as an instrument for the embellishment of superstition, and when "the superstition became a beautiful madness, and the best hearts of Europe vainly dreamed and pined in the cloister, and vainly raged and perished in the crusade," then Art, too, like all, flourished in the name of the church. It was to her interest to deify Mary, make evident the *physical* suffering of Christ, and represent as worthy of praise the puerile penances and fantastic miracles of the often-deluded people called "saints." Consequently the great masters were almost exclusively occupied in furthering the schemes of men who could best pay, and thus painted subjects that they could have but little religious or intellectual interest in at all. I make these observations after deliberation, knowing their antagonism to the views expressed in "*Herzen's Ergiessungen eines Kunstliebenden Klosterbruders*," "*Phantasien über die Kunst*," and similar works, which, if I remember correctly, gave the impression that in order to paint such pictures, it was necessary to *believe* in all the teachings of Rome. That the sweetness of Fra Angelico, the boldness of Titian, the grace of Raphael, the strength of Rubens, the grandeur of Leonardo, the sub-

limity of Michael Angelo, and the conscientious attention to microscopic detail that characterize the nameless multitude of minor masters was all due to this cause; which seems to me about as sensible as to say that in order to write poetry like Homer and Milton, you must be blind, or to be a dramatist like Plauteus, you must be a slave and turn a wheel; Æsop was a dwarf, and so he wrote fables; it was Mendelssohn's hump that made him "the Socrates of Germany;" it was Byron's club-foot, and Walter Scott's limp, and Pope's atrophy, and Caravaggio's and Guido's *penchant* for committing murder—*ad infinitum*—that made these what they were—no, *mein Liebchen*, genius is genius, independent of environments. The convictions of a man and his surroundings may contract and direct it, but they never make it. These artists were not necessarily religious men because they painted religious subjects; of course, some of them were pure minded and genuinely devout. Michael Angelo was truly a saint; Correggio, a man of humble spirit and contrite heart; others also had consciences void of offence, but the great majority —what Gehennas of wailing and rampant iniquities their pleasant exteriors concealed! They are their own chroniclers; have put upon record what they were, and no enemy could conceive of anything half so bad as what they have said of themselves. Even the religiousness of the sunny Raphael did not increase with the number of his Divine Madonnas—the Divine applied to his pictures, not the man—but all the same the artists of Italy lived wicked lives and painted religious pictures—until you would think that John the Baptist had his head cut off thousands of times—a greater miracle that that of the saint who carried his under his arm to be buried,—and that St. Christopher must have had as many legs to pierce as a cellar of centipedes; poor St. Sebastian has been penetrated with arrows enough to have supplied the Roman legions for centuries, and to have enabled them to have driven the victorious Hannibal back to his native wilds,

> "With Holy Fathers and Holy Mothers,
> Holy Sisters and Holy Brothers."

until you think often of the joke in one of the plays,

> "What is this, a man or a woman?
> Neither, it's a Saint."

And yet—here I am with my disloyal reflections thrown to the winds, and as devout again as any penitent at the feet of one of Murillo's Madonnas. How she causes criticism to hide its hydra head! You messenger from the skies, returning to me for a moment my exalted boy, I did not include you in my strictures. How thankful I am to have met you here; and is he indeed in your care, Mother of Divinity? It is with hesitation I address her, yet she graciously looks affirmation, and I know it is well. A crooked old lady in black, bent like one of the openings in the breast of a fiddle, is making an exquisite reduction of this—it is our Madonna, "The weaning of Jesus." I wish you could see the delighted face of the spectacled-septuagenarian, as she adds something that the original has not. I am looking on, and say, "That looks exactly in shape and color like the third feather in the inside of the right wing of the cherub of the (Dresden) Madonna." She drops her brush. "Does it indeed? How kind of you to say so. I was trying to do that from memory but was afraid it was not right. Have you seen it lately; are you really sure?" I handed her her brush, as I told her that I was almost certain —I saw the cherubs, it seems to me now, about five hundred years ago, yet I remember well the lustre, the metallic gleam, and there it is. She hops down from her perch on a step-ladder, when, with her long maul stick in hand, her limp—her black shawl pinned around her neck and hanging in tremulous folds—"her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks like seaweed on a clam"—she skips about the easel like a sort of divine witch dancing around a cauldron into which she had deposited a feather instead of baboon's blood to make the picture bright and good. She approaches me again, fanning herself; she is so "oxcited," repeating, "That was real good in you." She looks lovingly on her improvement on Murillo—a sort of sacrilege I believe in a copyist—and seems perfectly happy and pleased. "Do you write for the papers?" she asks. "No." "What, a book?" I shake my head "No." "I see—you have the divine itch—poetry?" Cannot recall the elegant Italian she used for this; I repeat again, "No." "What then?" "I am in love." "Oh, *sonetti? pardono, signore*—but I knew it was something divine." She resumes, giving a few finishing strokes to the feather—lovingly patting it

into a thing of perpetual beauty, as I say good-bye. "*Bon giorno, Bon giorno, signore, grazie tante,*" I hear as I pass out of the room. Although the gallery contains Michael Angelo's "Fates," "Titian's Daughter," and Rembrandt's "*Ritratto di se Stesso;*" a splendid head by Salvator Rosa, and many specimens by Raphael and others that are very great, yet the Murillo Madonna is to me the most attractive, and I will always associate it with the happy old lady with the curved spine, so satisfied with her day's work, although it was but a feather, and painted from memory, too, for it is often these "trifles light as air," nameless acts, evanescent gleams and thoughts, pigmy successes, little triumphs and despairs, kind words and the like, that make up the sum total of existence and cannot be left out of any picture that pretends to be a true representation of life.

> "Valeat res ludicra, si me,
> Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opinum."—HORACE.

is the inscription over the entrance to a series of saloons. In these splendid rooms, on the top of the palace, with such an unattractive approach, the ceilings in fresco and relief, are, if anything, more to be admired than the walls. If I had not been to Berlin and the South Kensington Museum, I would say that they exceed all work of that sort that I have known. I am convinced now, because of what I have seen there, that the decision of the world needs to be reversed. The judgments in favor of Italian superiority in collections of the fine arts, and in buildings for their exhibition, were written usually, I imagine, by people who had never visited Germany, or, if they did, it was before she had publicly entered the lists as a competitor for the laurel, for excellence in æsthetics; and I will venture the opinion, therefore, that if the cultured world has not now, it will soon, give "Kaiser William's Germany" credit for possessing by far the grandest collections of things plastic and pictorial, the most magnificent buildings for their display, the most enlightened liberality in the accumulating of objects of beauty peculiar to other lands, and the greatest versatility and genius in the production of those characteristic of their own, for, like England, her heart and head include the universe, whereas in Italy the creations of art,

to a great extent, are confined to interests within the pale of but one Church—Pietas, Entombments, Transfigurations, Magdalena's, *Ecce Homo's*—you know the whole rosary of their devotion; and these, no matter how well done, because of infinitesimal multiplication become monotonous, if not worse. Art includes the universe, but here it takes in but a part, and not all of that. As it is "*Christian Art*," you would naturally, therefore, expect every incident and event in the life of Christ, its never-dying foundation and head, to be illuminated by a scene; but no, you only find Him nailed to the cross, dying, dead, being buried, writhing in agony on the tree, wearing a crown of thorns. You see His bleeding sides and pierced hands, His bloody sweat. The physical suffering—the least of it all—is exaggerated in every conceivable mode, until at last you turn away from them with loathing. Of course there are pictures that show His childhood and some few of the pleasanter scenes in His life, but they seem merely asides, or as if they were due to the natural love of the beautiful in the artists, breaking away from the orthodox bands that bound them. Of such is Masaccio's "Tribute Money," Cosimo Rosselli's "Sermon on the Mount," "The Entry into Jerusalem" by *Angelico da Fiesole*, "Christ's Charge to Peter" by Perugino, and Giotto's "Christ Walking on the Sea," and a number of others that you know of. These, and such as these, were painted on walls where such variety was needed—in the portable pictures the other is the rule. You but seldom, if ever, see Jesus taking little children into His arms and blessing them. You never find Him working at the carpenter's bench, giving dignity to labor. He is never seen spending a social evening with His friends, or talking with His disciples, walking arm-in-arm by the way. He is never seen knocking at the door, after the manner of Holman Hunt, or in any of those pathetically humane positions in which Ary Sheffer has placed Him. There are none of the individual and personal traits of Mark's account in these pictures of Jesus. They are rather done as if Paul had painted them, who never saw Him but once, and that in a rather confused trance that he could not clearly tell about himself, whereas the Matthews, Marks, Lukes, and Johns who knew Jesus personally, and lived with Him intimately, knew His humanity and divinity too. His pleasures

as well as His pains are not represented in the "church" Jesus at all. The few last days of His life are depicted in every imaginable form, the rest is merely touched upon, and then only to cover the otherwise blank walls of dim temples, never to be carried into homes. To be sure the Italian masters condescend occasionally to paint other subjects when not occupied on the legends and doctrines of the Church—allegories, heathen gods—sometimes, indeed, even their saints are made with a glow of sensuousness, as if intended rather to elucidate or exhibit the beauty of ancient story or myth. Of course there are exceptions to this, but who would ever be led from a casual or superficial study of Italian art such as mine, to suppose that Italy had a history, or a home, or a wedding, or a farm house, with browsing cattle and romping children; these you never see; you rarely see women except church saints; they have no domestic saints, no madonnas of nurseries, firesides, and tubs, where the soul is all; like the homely housewives of Holland, who need neither aureola nor nimbus to indicate their sanctity. You find no social gatherings, no fairs, no groups of friendly faces gathered around a lost child; you see no innocent love-making, no rustic balls. If a peasant ever gets into one of their pictures, he is always disguised with the long beard of an Abraham sacrificing Isaac, or the leather apron of a bloody executioner nailing Christ to the cross; and if you meet an Italian girl, she is either a half-repentant Magdalene with well-rounded shoulders and brawny arms, or else the Divine Mother, with the celestial child, or some similar note in the gamut that runs between, but seldom, if ever, as herself. The simple people and life around them does not seem to have been considered worthy of being reproduced for its own sake. Besides I, in my ignorance, prefer Italian art found in Germany or England, where they have the very best specimens of every school, to Italian art at home, where the few flowers left by the great husbandman Enterprise, except those that grow upon the walls, frescoes, are smothered up by a lot of underbrush of no especial use. Are you aware that the liberality of other governments—France, Holland, England, Germany—in buying the best specimens of the old Italian masters, etc., to aid in the art education of their people (we do nothing of this sort), has made

it necessary for the Italian government to pass laws making it illegal for antiquities to be taken out of the country?

Fresh from a recent inspection, I still think the bent head of the "*Madonna del Sedia*" a defect. It gives an impression of fatigue. Holding it in that declined position so long, conveys the notion that she does so to escape striking it against the frame, and you can't but feel that she must be tired. There was a foolish story current once that Raphael painted this celebrated Madonna on the head of a wine-barrel in payment of his reckoning at a tavern, which would account for the necessity for inclining the head so as to escape the rim of the cask. I have always felt the disadvantage of the above-mentioned position, have attempted removing the circular mat-like shade as a remedy, but in vain. It has just dawned upon me, after years of uneasiness, that perhaps the gentle incline is for the purpose of bringing her cheek closer to the head of the child! What do you say to that, mother mine? I have seen you do this often, and I feel now that you were giving the key to the solution of this perplexing question about "the Madonna of the Chair."

Guido's celebrated "Cleopatra" here is a lovely, soft big creature, sorry because she has lost her doll, fearfully holding an earth-worm to her breast, pretending it's an asp. Before leaving I will have to tell you of the bath-room of this palace, where, in the years that are gone, it was the custom for the Pittis to bathe. It is a room about twenty feet square, in the top of the house with the pictures—a tesselated floor of variously-colored marble and polished like glass; on each side an arch, supported at each end by two fluted Florentine pillars, the under surface of the arches covered with elegant mosaics in tints. On each side of these are niches resembling the half of symmetrically-convoluted bivalves; in these, on lovely pedestals, exquisite figures disrobing to bathe, or having already done so are dressing. The ceiling is vaulted; on each of its four sides pure white, low reliefs on a delicate blue ground, in illustration of appropriate lines from Ovid and Terence, about the pleasures of bathing. From the elegantly-carved white marble tub—into which, through the gaping mouths of dolphins, bubbles water—on the opposite wall you get an enchanting

view of Neptune, accompanied by nymphs, bathing in the sea; on the other side Diana being dressed by her companions after a refreshing dip on her return from the chase; all lighted from the sky. But here comes *Fräulein* Lemcke skipping along the corridor, looking more like a Bacchante on a vase than the devout pilgrim that she is. Well, where have you been now? "We have all been in the Boboli Gardens; we got tired waiting; knew you would rather be here than with us, and we left. Are you ready to come now? We are going to dinner. *Herr* Weinbrunner,

"'Who in a dream
Tipples imaginary pots of ale.'

is fasting to-day, and is very sleepy and cross. I left him snoring on a bench, and have followed you. Are you coming now?" (poor *Fräulein* Lemcke). "Yes; wait a moment. I want to say good-bye to Murillo, and then we shall step down and out."

* * * * * * * * *

Think of it, *mein Liebchen*, twelve more days and I shall be on my way to mother and home—and then farewells again! Ah! that one bitter drop in the cup of my bliss! How *can* I leave her! I dread most of all this separation. It is the Valley of the Shadow of Death to the soul longing for Paradise; when I think of what is beyond—you, the children, and our friends—I feel as if I could fly—then I realize my disloyalty to mother and all who are with her, and my heart sinks, when I think of my divided interests and the ocean that rolls between. Yet you are my future, even if the impulses of my heart do impel me in two directions. I have been drinking deep of delight, but when I think of my return I feel, this will be the most exhilarating draught of all. Yet see what I am about to leave. Oh, the heavenly atmosphere of this divine Italy!—to be in its light merely; to bask in the sunshine; to lounge, even on the steps of one of her glorious monuments, and listlessly sleep, or look up into the blue expanse; to recline under a tree, gazing through the tremulous leaves to the sky—everything enhanced and etherealized by the wondrous lustre of the air. I extend my arms, as if they were albatross wings to waft me through

the narrow streets into the blue—the illimitable—the heavenly inane! The exhilarating warmth, too! You are surrounded by hoar antiquity, yet everything is new under this Italian sun—sensations, perceptions, resolutions, convictions—even your religion is transformed in "this land with the fatal gift of beauty," where to be merely in the open air is to be in the enjoyment of all that the soul needs. Ah, *il mia cara mogli*, how I wish you were here! How complete would be my bliss this moment if it was not for my ever-present consciousness of dereliction to duty and my absence from all that is personally dear! Thus

> "Our sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught:
> Our sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thought."

The pilgrims, headed by young Herman, are making the welkin ring with merriment overhead, and here I am alone; yet not alone for—there goes the supper bell!

As ever, yours.

FLORENCE, BIRTH OF THE VIRGIN, Sept. 8, 1887.

> You must always be loyal to the Church in you: "Ye are the temples of the Holy Ghost."
>
> * * * "Eva dere ad auras,
> Hoc opus, hic labor est." * * *
>
> VIRGIL, ÆNEID, vi. 128.

WE have just been hearing mass in the Cathedral of *Santa Maria del Fiora*—the building and the service grander than anything this side of heaven. *Fräulein* Lubke, with whom I traveled this morning, and my companions, also, were all forgotten in the enjoyment of the grand ritual, where forty robed priests, accompanied by an orchestra and thunder-peals from an invisible organ, participated in the high mass. The pealing bell, the choir of chanting clerics, the wailing instruments, the brilliantly-subdued light, the forest of burning candles, the genuflections of attending acolytes, the hosannas of white-robed choristers, the enraptured multitude of the redeemed—on the windows, the approving army of surrounding saints—on pedestals—all helping to make an impression that can never be effaced. How wonderfully soul-touching is this grand service

of the Church! and with what an elaboration of dramatic accessories it is practiced here, as compared with—Cork, for example, where the officiating clergyman speaks the Latin of it with a brogue thick enough to be cut with a knife, and consequently barbarous enough to make the ashes of the euphemistical Cicero turn in its sculptured urn. Here everything is artistically and linguistically correct. In this cathedral—this twilight of the saints—one service is followed by another, all day long; and as I sit here in a corner (my friends having gone to a neighboring church) like a mere fly in a temple dedicated to God, I still hear the impressive songs of officiating priests, and am under their magic spell. The building, containing as it does *Jacopo della Quercia's* "Madonna," Uccello's frescoes, Gaddi's mosaics, Michael Angelo's "Entombment," *Lucca della Robia's* bronze doors, together with many statue-portraits and tombs of celebrated Florentines, besides stained-glass windows by Ghiberti and Donatello, and quite a number of worshipers, as this is one of the greatest festivals of the Church, yet with all, it seems rather empty, so great is its enormous size. The dome, although larger, was the model for St. Peters. This church is perhaps one of the most interesting places historically in all Florence, for it was within these walls that *Guileno de Medici* fell under the daggers of the *Pazzi.* It was here that the Greek Emperor offered to become a Catholic, and Frederick II of Germany knighted many of his martial chiefs. It is here where there is an altar of solid silver with arabesque in gold; and it is here that now mass is being celebrated at the incense- and candle-enveloped altars by armies of choristers and bowing priests, and where worshipers are constantly going to and coming from, and where I, though an alien and alone, could willingly die—so near to heaven do I feel that I have been brought by the glorious service and the mysterious place. * * * Mass is over, and I am done. I have seen and heard all down to the irrelevant chatter of the singing men, evidently interested in nothing but the sound, and yet I can't even now go away. Leaning my head against one of the massive pillars and closing my eyes, I become the subject again of unutterable things. I am not *carried* to heaven; I am in heaven; and the rythmic cadences of multitudinous prayers (many remain to pray after mass), inter-

spersed with bursts of song, are the whispering of praise from the hearts of the saved assembled around the great white throne. I cannot tell you of the sculptured parti-colored marble façade of this magnificent temple, nor of the marvelous mosaics that adorn it—they are as exquisite as the finest cameos and as numerous as the sands of the sea, and as clean-cut as an onyx gem.

I stand in front of Ghiberti's gate, just across the way, as I write, but as compared with the miraculous façade of the noble Duomo they are as the merest clay, and indeed to me, fresh as I am from what is so much superior, they seem but an illustration of what an expressive phrase, especially when it falls from eloquent lips, can do to secure immortality and renown. The *Battisterio di San Giovanni*—the "*Mio bel San Giovanni*" of Dante, to which the celebrated gates are attached—of black and white marble built from the material taken from the Temple of Mars, is celebrated more, perhaps, because of these doors, than anything else. You will be interested in it in consequence of its connection with Romola; for ideal characters, even if they are but fictions, are the nearest and dearest after all. All the Catholic baptisms of the city were until lately performed in this building; hence its name. It was here that Dante had the misfortune to break a part of the baptismal font, in saving a child from drowning, during a baptism, and that was the cause of so much after-regret. Of the bronze doors, the one by Andrea Pisano, representing an allegorical history of John the Baptist, was at the time considered of much more importance than those of Ghiberti, its completion being celebrated throughout Tuscany as a festival; but Michael Angelo "squelched" it by a fortunate phrase. In reference to the work of Ghiberti, his friend, "They are fit to be the gates of Paradise," says Buonaroti—the phrase has been repeated down the ages; and thus Ghiberti's name is on every man's lips, while poor Pisano's is but seldom heard. Why have we not all our Buonarotis? Maybe we would have if we could make such doors, for the pictorial masterpieces are truly wonders, when you think of how they were made and what they exhibit. But you need not come here to see them; they are in our own Academy, in a casting there, just as perfect and handsome as these.

* * * * * * * * *

On the extreme top of Giotto's Tower, where I would like to tell you about this mountain-encircled city—the grasshopper-covered streets, with the distant Uffizi and Pitti Palaces—the Jewish synagogue—the great churches and the narrow streets—but it is so hot that I find discretion the better part of valor, and descend. * * * When on the third landing of the Campanile, going up, the gong struck eleven—or, rather, it breathed out the hour, not as a bell—like a voice elysian. It was the good spirit of this "Jewel of Tuscany," from his lofty seat in the clouds, whispering the flight of time to the sons of men. I felt an hour's march nearer home, for as the tower, revolving with the earth around the sun takes with it its own atmosphere, so I, in revolving around the earth, carry with me the remembrance of the atmosphere of "1305," for which every day but increases my longings.

On the street again, and of all places where do you suppose I am? Near the statue of Brunelleschi, one of the architects of the Duomo, where I see a stone let into the wall, with the words "*Sasso di Dante*" (the seat of Dante); a stone on which the poor, melancholy, soul-sick poet—the Jeremiah of Italy—used to sit watching the people as they passed, and mourning for the debasement of his fellow-men. Oh, Dante! Dante! you know but little of the base uses to which thy depraved countrymen were to come; they were bad then, but "The Confessions of Benvenuto Cellini" and "The Hours of Boccaccio" are but as a summer shower to the howling Silenus tempest of their iniquity and sin, for the state of "The Christian Renaissance" of Taine is not, even now, a dead letter in your beloved Italy.

To-day is the celebration of the birth of the Virgin. The churches have special services; business is suspended; shops closed. The streets filled with people dressed in their best. I roam from one narrow lane to another in this most unattractive and gloomiest of cities; and everywhere I find my modesty put to the blush. I am again entirely alone, so that I have nothing to do but to write down what I hear and see. I very rarely meet a lady or gentleman; not at all to-day; plenty of women and men, but such as I have never seen anywhere else; poor, weak-looking creatures, most of them,

with hang-dog looks, as if bent on some mission of disgrace. Now and then, a spark, with cotton-velvet coat, peaked hat, and trousers, but coming to the top of his unpolished shoes. Sometimes a yawning gulf of dark flesh between, or again a stalwart villianous looking *Chiamazzatore*, graceful too, in his tatters and scowl, a vagabond that you would not care to meet in a dark place, and yet would give a month's income perhaps for his counterfeit presentment in a frame. I meet too, especially around public resorts, pallid fawning creatures that fill me with loathing; why, I hardly know; but with such faces as you never see, except in hateful dreams, and looking as if they were being hounded by justice, and needed to be, for they indeed seem more demoniac than anything I have looked upon, as if their very breath was pestiferous, like Leonardo's Medusa, with viper locks. Men like this have haunted me, that is, they flit across my path, both here and in Venice, as if they were evil spirits that seek to destroy. I have never seen such expressions of depravity on human faces as I have seen in these two cities. In Ireland, the faces that you see, especially in the south, and that haunt you for days afterwards, are dirty faces bloated with intemperance, and marred with ignorance and hate, but these are a combination of stealth, feebleness and a sort of passionless lust, perfectly horrible, so much so that I wish to get away. I am beginning to feel lonely, perhaps just because I have so much company, that I can't be alone without giving offence or at least causing remark. Even poor Herman's flippancy has lost its spontaneity, but still he occasionally bubbles over with jollity in his old way. I feel now as if I had known them all for an age. Father Fabian and I exchange words but seldom; I am afraid we were growing to hate each other in dead earnest. Except Weinbrunner, I think he is one of the least impressible men that I have ever known. His vocabulary seems to be without adjectives of gratitude, condemnation or praise, except in the case of meat and drink, and poor Weinbrunner's, as his days are devoted to sleep, his evenings to beer, and his nights to prayer, has thus cut off every avenue of communication. *Fräulein* Lemcke, except once, has assumed an attitude towards me of regretful yet dignified reserve. *Herr* Lubke has noticed it, and all these together are truly making—at least my pilgrimage—

the penance that such undertakings are usually intended to be. The old gentleman of the party and I have become fast friends. He is genuinely good, with the winning credulity of a child; and Gabriel too, his nephew, a divinity student from the University of Vienna, is a combination of sweetness and light, as rare as it is attractive; yet the placidity of both, since we left Vienna, has been rumpled into indignant protest more than once. I am tired of it all, and try to rest here under a sort of arcade—my only auditor, a very realistic bronze boar, of all things in the world the least ornamental, yet wonderfully well done. The place where I write is very dirty, as are all public retreats; yet the streets are extremely clean, well paved, and swept every morning before business hours in the English and German mode; but what an inheritance the wretched people are for a new government, that hardly receives even an encouraging nod for attempting to improve what the old power has ruined. It can't take hold of the people by the cuff of the neck and scrub them—more is the pity—and it can't enter houses and flood them with water and soap, but it does keep the public streets smoothly paved and clean; I am weary of it all, even of my devout companions, although we have happy evenings, yet they are not the people that like the Germans have been made luminous and comprehensive by free thought. God help them; they look at the world through pin-holes, and do not know that there is another way. They have never known of the inspiration that comes from reading—for example, one of Schiller's plays, or even a song by Uhland, and Martin Luther's glorious translation of the Bible is a book tabooed. They know absolutely nothing of the Wielands and Herders, the Lessings and Vosses, or of what they have done. When I said something yesterday at the table about William Von Humboldt's Letters, and the brothers Grimm; they asked; "Are they of our faith?" "No." "Then they are prohibited, *verbot.*" You see, therefore, they are not Germans at all, although they speak the German tongue. They are only Austrians—they know good music, but they have never read books. Consequently, our conversation is confined within very contracted lines, sometimes so narrow that they admit nothing but gossip, and even that of a childish

variety, too. Their notions of right and wrong also, are strange, but *they* have such notions, although vague, confused; whereas, in Italy, the people of the streets seem to have absolutely no moral sense at all; no shame, nor modesty; no feeling of moral responsibility, except what is enforced by the police. For on this holy day, one of the most sacred festivals of the church, even in the very places of worship, and in front and around their never-to-be too highly-praised churches, I have seen enough to disgust me forever with the whole glorious land. I know that my observations have but little to recommend them; are but mere glimpses, superficial and hurried at the best, and yet I have seen in broad daylight, and in public places, too, sights too shocking to be told. Perhaps that is the reason that ladies and gentlemen appear so seldom on the street. I have been in restaurants, for example, have seen men talking to the proprietors and waiters, as friends —a foreigner takes a seat at a table; the visiting friend leaves the proprietor, approaches the stranger, takes from his pockets a bundle of obscene pictures, and spreads them rapidly on the table—stranger expresses horror, when the vender gathers up his devilish wares, with a look of pity and contempt for the man's squeamishness, uttering, *l'uomo naturale*, thrusts them in his pocket, and going over to his friend, the proprietor or waiter, continues his conversation with as much nonchalance as if his nefarious traffic was for the good of man. This I have seen here and in Venice already five times without its exciting unusual attention—no condemnation at all. The men and women who vend books of views also, in churches and around the doors of art galleries have their pockets filled with these same *uomini naturali.* They dog you about, follow in your wake like a dolphin after a ship, and when they get you in an unfrequented corner of a church or the like, in an instant, with a "will you please buy?" spread rapidly before you pictorial sights shocking in the extreme, that you can hardly avoid seeing; and when you utter reproach,—you really feel as if you could murder the scoundrels—they skulk away like beaten dogs, stealthily glancing back and around, as if expecting to be whistled for every moment, until lost to sight. Wrinkled old women, too, when they think they are out of sight of the police, will put into your hands with a be-

seeching prayer to buy, these same contraband goods; and spruce young men and boys, hanging around the restaurants and other places of public resort—there is no drunkenness in Italy—will draw near where strangers are sitting, and hand them photographs—*en grand dishabille*—of outcast women, with their address. Young Herman has quite a collection of them already; has become so bold that he goes up to these public procurers and asks them for their *cards*. All this, I am inclined to think, because "the hungry sheep look up and are not fed." They never hear a didactic word, for when the Ochinos and Palarios and Savonarolas were here to preach righteousness, the Holy Office was here to put them to death, and most thoroughly has it done its work; and now a sermon is but rarely heard; I have heard none. Their services are entirely addressed to the emotions; and though accompanied with words, yet with words that could not be distinguished, even if the auditors knew Latin, for they are chanted and accompanied by ear-splitting sounds. Vittoria Colonna and Michael Angelo welcomed the dawn of the Reformation; Dante, Petrarch, and Savonarola were reformers; one was burned, the other banished; but now Italy is free—has free thought, free speech, and although I have not seen it, I believe, because of our good Italian friends at home, that there must be, "the remnant of good that maketh for righteousness" even here; and besides, if we make our youth an excuse for our defects; surely a government, not much more than one-eighth our age, and with an inheritance of evil to be eliminated also, may be excused for much, and as she has been brave enough to separate from methods that though venerable, were not good, and has fallen into line with the other great powers, she ought to receive charity from them for what she is, and encouragement and praise, and if needs be succor, in what she is endeavoring to do—restore her pristine glory.

On the *Piazza Della Signoria*, the present business centre, stands the celebrated Neptune Fountain, erected in 1564–75, on the site of Savonarola's martyrdom; an appropriate and suggestive subject, I thought, for the flame-consumed predecessor of Luther and Huss—for as the purifying blasts of the Reformation in Bohemia were extinguished by the Inquisition, so were those here, by the same power, and Michael Angelo's master

was rewarded for his Christian heroism by the martyr's flames. But my fellow pilgrims are waiting for me, and, although I would willingly give them up, yet I cannot until we come to Rome. I have almost lost my identity—what with hearing masses, and "doing" churches, and "going" the rounds, and in every way nearly, doing as my companions do. I feel truly like a mild sort of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. My friends can't pronounce my name, and for the first day simply called me "*Americaner.*" Since I am "*Herr Baumister*" (that is, architect), as they won't believe but that I am a designer of castles, churches and jails. I was to-day to see the *Loggia dei Lanzi*—the arcade, with figures that makes such a charming photograph, and although it is a place of enchanting beauty, filled with masterpieces by the greatest sculptors—Benvenuto Cellini's "Perseus," Donatello's "Judith," Giovanni de Bologne's "Hercules," "The Rape of the Sabines," and much else; yet, it was so dirty, and the number of foul and villainous-looking men and women that sat and lay around it were so many, that I could not enjoy it as I otherwise would; turned from the filthy place, and crossed over to the marvelous fountain representing Neptune surrounded by his minions, that stands where Savonarola was consumed; but the fountain is too much like the poor people sprawling all over it like stranded creatures of slime and ooze, so that I turned, even from this, not though until I had seen it well. It is an astonishing display of the possibility of stone becoming a living thing demoralizing in its realism. How children could play by it, and men and women lounge around without a blush, sitting on the ledges of the basin and projections, I could not understand; but with these specimens of depraved humanity loitering at its base, I ask myself, what good is it all? For what purpose were these things made? If they have been erected for any object that was good, they have failed. As for me, I would not think fit to exist the most exquisite production of art, unless it either innocently amused, instructed, developed, or inspired for good. But the power that the beautiful, we suppose, possesses to raise men above the level of brutes must have been, at least in Italy, counterbalanced by a greater power, which is a power for evil. If it is not for evil, why is it that this people, at one time conquerors of the world, under

the exclusive control of the "only teachers appointed by God," surrounded by the most beautiful objects under heaven, and made by themselves, having the same exhilarant and invigorating climate, too, that has produced heroes and demigods. Why is it, that with all these advantages, they now present even to the casual visitor the most dreadful picture of depravity and vice under the sky—worse than Cork—causing even the watery eyes of poor, tippling Weinbrunner to fill with regretful tears. That they are not all so, that there are still many noble examples of manhood and womanhood as indicated by their books, and by a noble, yet small army of patriots, working for their restoration to their original state, and increasing, too, every day, only tell of the tenacity with which humanity, after all, adheres to the noble and good.

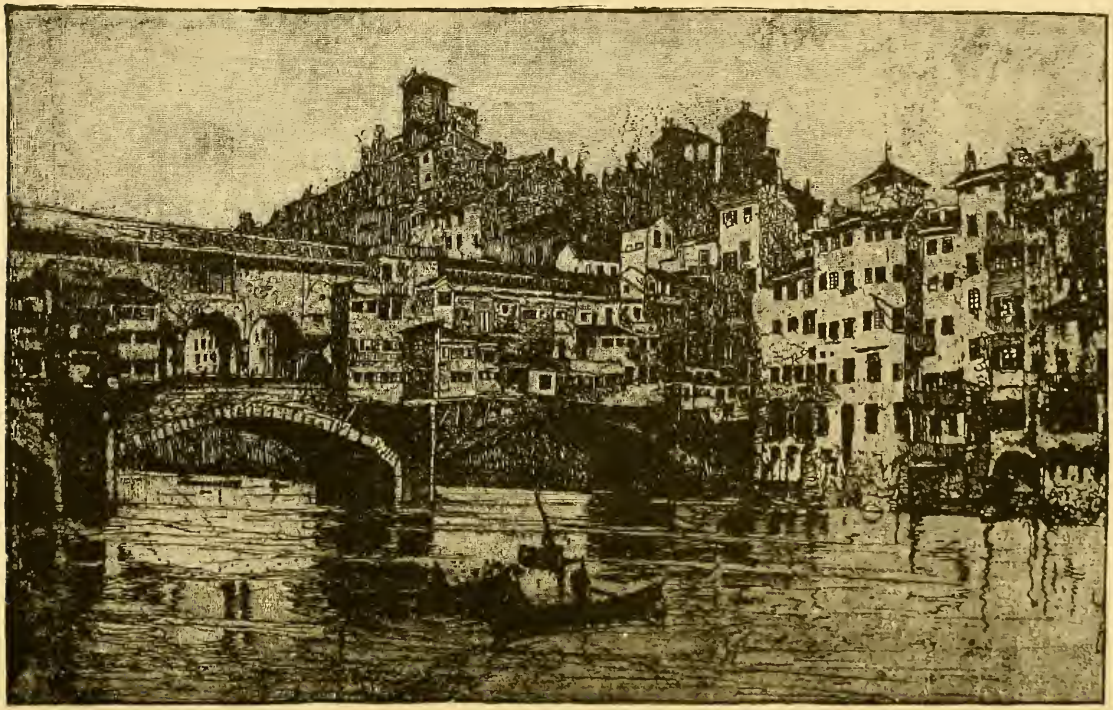
"*Il Fiora* (the Flower—Florence) derived its name from the great number of flowers that formerly abounded." Since I have eaten of the tree of knowledge I have become incredulous, like the rest, and am disposed now to disbelieve even the above; imagine rather that the name Florence had its origin in one of the same *misinterpretations* that induces landlords here to call their hotels "*Good view*," because every window looks out on a dead wall and every door opens into a court. Anyhow, whatever may have been the former condition of "The Silent Mother" in reference to flowers, it is certain that there are none here now. They are as completely eliminated from the window-sills, houses, gardens, and public places as a violin is from its case. For the past two days I have been roaming through the streets, and wandering into every by-way and lane, seeking flowers, but finding absolutely none. I have not seen even the slightest attempt to cultivate an acquaintance with nature in any form, not even any of those floral failures so common with us—yet indicative of good intentions, too—spindly geraniums with tufts of sickly leaves at their summits; not even this. Not a flower or shrub growing in a pot or ornamenting a window or a public square; even the famous Boboli gardens, as far as flowers are concerned, but an empty sound, as it hardly had blossoms enough in it yesterday to make a button-hole bouquet—could not find even a good leaf for our herbarium. The palaces, too (of which there are many), having been built as much for protection as ornament or com-

fort, are unattractive and gloomy in the extreme, consisting mostly of large, dark, undressed stone, perfectly blank and expressionless for a height of some twenty or thirty feet; then rows of windows not in proportion to the size of the buildings, for some two or three stories high, with no ornamental approaches, built up close to the narrow way, the lower part simply penetrated by a door for wagons. This is also the style of most of the larger buildings—the people living in the top—which give a prison-like appearance of desolation to the narrow streets, and exhibit but a disappointing contrast to what you had hoped. These in connection with much else that cannot be told has made the city so distasteful to me—this city that my soul has longed to look upon ever since she knew herself—that I am glad at the prospect of leaving so soon. Almost every corner has its sacred memories; every insignificant place has been associated with greatness; every street has re-echoed to the footsteps of Dante, Leonardo, Cellini, Andrea del Sarto, Michael Angelo, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Giotti, Brunelleschi, Galileo, Lanzi. But why enumerate? Every name great in Tuscan story has left its indelible impress here, and yet I can say farewell without a regret. The Arno, where Michael Angelo's soldiers bathed, Ponto Vecchio, where Fineguera practiced his trade, and even Sante Croce, with its famous tombs and more famous bones, excite in me no feelings but yearnings of sadness and regret. Gradual has been the revulsion of affectionate regard; now it is completed, and all my fond love for Florence I blow to heaven—it is gone. In all the universe there is nothing fairer than the heart of man—no temple more sacred than his body; but when the one is defiled and the other desecrated until it is beneath shame, what is there left?

ROME, September 10, 1887.

"Behold me in the capital of the vanished world."—*Shelley's Letters.*

ST. PETERS. In front of the altar containing Michael Angelo's "Pieta," with *Fräulein* Lubke by my side, looking on. As we came to the church this morning in a body to hear our first mass, she told me a lot of news about Miss L.



FLORENCE. PONTO VECCHIO—THE OLD BRIDGE.

the "*wohlgenährt*," as she called her, who has not been herself since we left Venice; Herman calls her a chair full of flea-bitten beauty; she looks as most of us do—as if we were recovering from smallpox, and in addition, were disfigured with the scars of all the insects that bite—festering most unbecomingly on Miss L. In referring to this, Miss Lubke, on the way to church, said that in her opinion winged fleas and mosquitoes are the beasts that ought to be on the *wappen* (shield) of Venice instead of a winged lion; Miss Lemcke, from behind her bites, adding centipedes and roaches. Weinbrunner, who never wakes to the dignity of a joke at the recollection of Venice, only swore a little, while Herman said a proper device would be "a beggar, with the whole entomological kingdom feeding on him." This was the mood that some of us were in as we came to this enormous church, which, great and glorious as it is, is hardly enough to arouse my *ennuyed* interest to enthusiasm; the sights of the thoroughfares, with the wretched people that petition you on every corner with beseeching looks, and are so personally unclean, the dirty and vulgar habits practiced on the large as well as on the smaller streets, the wretched houses that we passed, the unattractive, gloomy half-prison and half-fortress-like palaces of former days teeming with wallowing life, like parasites on the ruins of what was once great; the present occupants that we have seen, so insignificantly weak as compared with the ruined remains of the former rulers of Rome and the world. These, in connection with whatever ardent memories you may have of the venerable place fill you with a sort of combination of disappointment and inspiring awe; you are so confused and dazed by conflicting feelings that you hardly know what to do or say. It requires not a little resolution to keep up courage after the first revulsion of feeling, caused by the contrasting sights of Rome. The approach to St. Peters is not so imposing as you would imagine, perhaps, because the dome, except at a great distance, is concealed by the façade. There was only about eighty people present at mass, including ourselves; the service was not elaborate nor solemn, sounded more like the whine of a sick child than appropriate worship, so enormous is the great house and man so small. It does not impress you as other churches do, when you first enter; you can hardly believe that

it is six hundred and thirteen feet in length, four hundred and sixty-eight feet wide, and that the height to the top of the cross on the dome, which has a diameter of one hundred and ninety-five feet, is four hundred and forty-eight feet. It is while going around inspecting its elaborate details that you realize its magnificence and immensity. The sculptures and tombs are all massive, but none that I have yet seen artistically great; they are more bulky than beautiful; more like a realization of the prayer in Revelations—"Ye mountains and rocks fall on us"—than anything erected to perpetuate the glory of man. Of course I exclude Angelo's masterpiece. For example, the hands of the children supporting the holy water receptacles on each side, as you enter, are about three times the size of mine, and yet they look only of normal dimensions. "But, about the 'Pieta,' what of it?"—(Father Fabian has taken Miss Lubke off to attend to some duty, so that you and I are again alone,) well, nothing more than you have in the picture; a sinewy, long-boned woman, with a Spanish or gypsy face, supporting on her draped knees a *very* dead, emaciated man. The man is her son, in the thirty-three years of whose life so many strange things have happened, and, according to prophecy, which she but vaguely understands, if at all, all ending in the tragical death, with the result—the lifeless body that she holds in her arms—a heroic, resolute character, is this half-savage woman, entirely humanized and subdued by sorrow. The son, older than the mother! she is perplexed and confounded, and so are you, as you look and must think, not speak. Michael Angelo was but twenty-four years old when he executed this, perhaps greatest of his works, except the church itself. He reverentially inscribed upon the girdle of the Virgin Mother his name, and in all his long, energetic and thoughtful life, he never did aught that would have induced enemy or friend to have the name erased; but, as you look upon this wonderfully-suggestive masterpiece, you naturally think of the contrast between this great-souled but austere master, and the pleasure- and sun-loving Raphael, and how different their work!—the June and December—the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*—of Life and Art.

The confessionals, scattered around the interior here in the usual way, consist of cabinet-like apartments of wood. The

priests are entirely concealed. On each side project knee-rests for the persons confessing, who are entirely exposed; while kneeling their lips are on a level with brass perforated plates, through which they communicate with the enclosed confessor, who has the advantage of seeing all that is being done without being seen himself. The confessionals are marked as follows, "For Greeks," "For French, "For English," Germans, Swedes, Armenians, Egyptians, thus showing the linguistic universality of the clientage to which the Church appeals. In getting closer I observe that the tarnished sheets of perforated brass at about the top of the lower third are rubbed bright by the lips of the penitents, in their eagerness to get as near the ear of the officiating confessor as possible, to whisper the revelation of their crimes. How sin weighs upon the conscience of poor humanity after all, I thought, when it is willing to resort to this, in hope of release? You think not only of the sin-burdened penitents without, but of the distressed recipients within also, thus compelled by the function of their office to listen to the whispered woes and vices of the world, expressed always with sorrow, thank God; often with tears. Think of it, nothing good ever passes through the perforations in those strangely polished plates into the receptive ears of these attentive men! Is it any wonder that many of them seem so conscious of impurity, seeing only the seamy side of the heart, and thinking there is no other: while others again, because of the very gentleness and purity of their natures, are subdued into submissive humility and sorrow by what they hear. We hope to maintain our own purity and that of our children by keeping out all thoughts and suggestions of evil, but *they* voluntarily listen to vile wretches confessing the vilest sins; and what sin is, you can never know until you come to Italy and Rome.

I have noticed that the Italian wickets are not polished like those where people from other lands confess: one "For Italians" looked as if it had not been used at all; another problem for solution, I thought; are the Romans free from vice after all? "How is this," I say to Father Fabian, "are the Romans turned saints or what, not needing to confess?" I pointed out what I had observed. He smiled, as we walked around estimating the piety of the different

nationalties by the brilliancy of the reticulated windows. At length he said, "It looks as if in Rome patriotism has tabooed the confessional as well as the priest." The first sentence with meaning in it that I had heard him speak. We stopped in front of a "For Germans." "Germany seems very devout." "Yes, *Austrian* Germany." He saw that I did not entirely comprehend, when he explained, somewhat confusedly, "That is—the Austrians are great sinners, but you see they are sorry for it." By this time we had come unexpectedly to Guido's "St. Michael Overcoming the Powers of Darkness," when he excused himself; he is negotiating for an audience with the Pope, and just then in reference to it was summoned away. Do you remember what Hawthorne says about this picture in the "Marble Faun?" Yes. Well you can say the same about all the St. Michaels that I have yet seen. This particular one is no longer veiled as it was in Hawthorne's day, nor do you have to pay extra to see it. St. Peters has thirty altars; at present mass is being said at one of them with just one worshiper, a young barefooted, barelimbed girl of about twenty-two years, with striped petticoat, and gray shawl pulled over her uncombed head after the manner of Kerry. She is crouched on the base of one of the one hundred and forty-eight pillars, mostly from ruins of ancient Rome, that support the ceiling. The High Altar in the centre, right under the dome, is over St. Peter's tomb, and is always surrounded by burning lamps, "like a swarm of golden bees," that without interruption for centuries have been softly illuminating the place. The four pillars supporting the canopy over this are enormous in size, and curiously twisted like those represented in Raphael's cartoon of "The Beautiful Gate." On the pavement of this largest church in the world stones are inserted showing the comparative length of other great places of worship. I have just stepped the difference between this and St. Pauls, London, which is next to St. Peters, and find the difference to be thirty-seven steps in favor of St. Peters. This building is so large that it has an atmosphere of its own, which never changes. At present outside is intensely hot, here pleasantly cool; and in the coldest day in winter the temperature remains about what it is now, and there is need neither of ventilation nor artificial heat. Another mass is

being said with but one worshiper; this time an old man. I stand near him, and, as I look beyond where he devoutly kneels, I see a couple of workmen that I have been watching for some time, removing a large wooden effigy with outstretched hands from a cross at a neighboring altar. Notwithstanding the chanting of the priest, I can hear them with screw-drivers removing the screws that fasten him in position. He is making the descent to the shoulders of the struggling men. They are wrapping him in a canary-colored sheet—I am reminded of Rubens—are now carrying him on their shoulders into a side room,—I imagine for repairs. He is gone.

What a *world* of interest is accumulated within the ponderous walls of this mightiest of all temples. It is not only a temple for worship, it is a museum—a picture gallery—a collection of ancient and modern sculptures—a mausoleum. "It expresses not only the will of different Popes—the tastes of successive architects—but the changes and revolutions of time itself." Among one of the most interesting monuments here, perhaps—at least to an American—is that executed by Canova in memory of the last three of the unfortunate Stuart family of England—"James the Third, Charles the Third, and Henry the Ninth"—to quote from the inscription. As a work of art it is disappointing; but its interest is independent of its artistic merit, for underneath, after the turmoils of life, reposes in peace the last of an unfortunate race. The next of more than unusual interest is in the *Capella della Colonna Santa*, and is the monument of Christina, Queen of Sweden, representing her abjuration of Protestantism in the Cathedral of Innspruck, in 1665. The subject of this remarkable memorial was the only child of Gustavus Adolphus, perhaps one of the best men that ever wore a crown. Her father died when she was but six years old. She was distinguished equally for beauty, intelligence, a lively imagination, and good memory, and was trained as if she was a man rather than a girl. When eighteen years old she had herself crowned with the title *King*. Ten years later, weary of the personal restraints imposed upon her by royalty, she abdicated in favor of her cousin. She embraced the Roman Catholic religion at Brussels, and entered Rome on horseback, in the costume of an Amazon, accompanied with great pomp. Afterwards—confirmed by Pope Alex-

ander VII—she adopted the surname "Alessandra." Next year she visited Paris, and there caused her equerry to be executed in her own household for treason. Next she aspired to the crown of Poland. Not being noticed by the Poles, she attempted to be reinstated on the throne of Sweden. Failing in this she returned to Rome, devoted the remainder of her life to artistic and scientific pursuits, and died in 1689. Here she is buried.

I have noticed to-day that many of the ladies going around in mourning, with prayer-books and beads in hand, are beggars! Three have appealed to me for alms since I entered. I had taken them for widows—had been speculating on the desolation of their lives and the consolations of religion—and was really pained to learn that the widows' garments and ostentatious beads were but one of the tricks of trade. Since the downfall of the Temporal Power the Government has been doing its best to suppress mendicancy. First, by providing places where the suffering may be supplied with what they need; second, by inculcating a more independent spirit (notwithstanding the fact that the Church has elevated begging to the dignity of a virtue). When these two fail, the new law against begging is enforced by the police; but the older law, in regard to the "inviolability of the sanctuary" is still respected by the governmental authorities. No laws are enforced within the ground of churches. Consequently these gentler solicitors of alms, and, also, the great number of lazzaroni on the steps and around, as long as they remain on church property are allowed to ply with impunity their unmanly trade.

ROME, September 11, 1887.

"I am in Rome! Oft as the morning ray
Visits these eyes, waking, at once I cry
Whence this excess of joy? What has befallen me?
And from within a thrilling voice replies
Thou art in Rome, * * * * * *
The city that by temperance, fortitude,
And love of glory towered above the clouds,
Then fell; but falling kept the highest seat,
And in her loneliness—her pomp of woe—
Where now she dwells, withdrawn into the wilds,
Still o'er the mind maintains from age to age
Her Empire undiminished." BYRON.

THIS morning we attended mass again in one of the side chapels of St. Peters. The strangest thing to me, outside of the church itself, was the slimness of the attendance, for but two persons besides ourselves—and not all of us—were the only worshipers. A number of the pilgrims are sick to-day, including Weinbrunner and Father Fabian; not by reason of drinking the water, be it remembered—for the water of Rome is unexcelled, thanks to the present government—but more the rather because of their swallowing too much of the abominably sour and insipid cheap wine that travelers here will continue to drink, notwithstanding the daily occurrence of such warnings as the above.

My ordinary placidity was somewhat ruffled to-day by the unbecoming rapidity and lack of reverence with which mass was conducted—I cannot say performed, for it was too precipitous and confused for any performance. I could not avoid contrasting it, though, with the solemn celebration of the same service in the Cathedral of Cologne, where there seemed to be devotion in every attitude and tone. I resolved, therefore, that in our audience with the Pope in a few days—in regard to which our people are negotiating now—that if I had an opportunity I would speak to his holiness about it, and tell him just how the religious feelings of strangers are hurt by the careless, not to say irreligious, way in which these sacred services are performed. At vespers last evening, too, in the *Lateran Basilica*—the church in which for fifteen hundred years the Popes have been crowned—I noticed the same hurry to get done. Why such haste I could not understand, as the

conductors in either case did not seem to be the sort of gentlemen that you would imagine were in the habit of rushing from one good work to another. Yet they rushed all the same. But the St. Lawrence-like rapidity of officiating priests here is not the only cause of my surprise. I am surprised at myself, too, for being on such a slight acquaintance with this sublime building, so familiar—so much at home. I feel as if I owned the whole place. The *baldacchino* (canopy of bronze) over the tomb of St. Peter I want to tear down or give away. It is an abominable nightmare of ugliness, ninety-three feet high, and destroys the simple majesty of the place where it stands. There are a few other "art" specimens, also, that I would willingly part with, but the plague of it is about the portraits and things given to you by rich but loving friends; you hesitate about displacing or unframing them—the frames are good enough—for fear of giving offense, or of not being mentioned in their wills. I am leaning against the dado of one of the immense yet airy and graceful pillars of the nave as I write this, within nodding distance of the bronze statue of St. Peter, whose foot has been so reverently kissed by the devout of every age. He has not been discovered yet by our party, nor by any one else as far as I have seen yesterday or to-day, for I have been watching him, as I want to ascertain if people in Italy are as careful in kissing relics and the like as the people of Vienna and Cologne, where the faithful use their aprons and coat sleeves to wipe away the saliva of their osculating predecessors before kissing sacred toes and thumbs, so as to prevent, I imagine, that bugaboo of the timid, the transmission of disease. It is these "touches of" caution "that makes the whole world kin," and yet I am afraid I shall have no proof of it in Rome.

We came up to St. Peters this morning; passed through one of the magnificent porticoes designed by Bramante, stepping over a couple of beggars snoring in the magnificent approach as we came along; passed the obelisk and fountains in the middle of the ovoid piazza; passed under the holy army of giant-saints, standing like sentinels on the entablature of the façade, entered the vestibule and threaded our way through the leathern curtains opening into the great space, without any of the tumultuous sensations of yesterday; was attracted

rather by the incongruity of our entrance, like a handful of black ants penetrating a great hogshead with sides brilliant with golden honey, than with the sublime proportions of the building itself.

The feelings proper to such an entering in, were not mine. Why? I ask myself, and pause for a reply, for such questions are difficult to answer; and yet I feel that it is because of the sad sights of the streets of this eternal city, where it seems as if the adjective referred rather to the squalor, degeneracy, indolence, and everywhere evident immorality of its lounging citizens than to the city itself. The contrast is too great between the poor people, their wretched homes, and the sublimity and grandeur of the magnificent structures in which they worship God, and makes me think of an inscription that a company of revolting Portuguese soldiers had inscribed upon their banner: "*The friends of God, the enemies of all people.*" Of course I am not in St. Peters now, or I never could have written the above. When within a place of worship, no matter what its tenets, influence, or teaching, I subscribe to them all. Thank God I can worship Him in any temple or in none. The mysterious and mystical dim of hallowed centuries, especially when accompanied by the sensuous wealth of ages, fill me with veneration and awe. On such occasions, I can feel the wings of my adoration expanding until the place itself becomes religion and I am swallowed up, lost, engulphed in the glorious memories of its mighty past; but, when released, and once more under the blue sky I am myself again.

After service this morning we had a consultation, when some of us decided to go home and wait on the sick; others to visit the ruins; while I alone concluded to give the day to the Vatican, the present continual abiding place of the Popes, formerly only their winter residence; the Quirinal, the present Roman home of the king, being formerly occupied by the Popes in summer. And yet you would naturally suppose after all, that the Vatican alone would be sufficient for a single man, especially as it contains eleven thousand (11,000) rooms and twenty courts, including chapels and saloons. The historian Bonanni says, that the number of apartments is thirteen thousand, others give different figures,

which reminds me that there seems to be as much diversity of opinion in reference to the number of rooms in the present Palace of the Pope as there are in regard to the number of statues in the Cathedral of Milan. The majority of writers, however, claim eleven thousand as the quantity of distinct apartments in this greatest palace in the world. I received a ticket of admission this morning at the hotel, or rather two tickets, for strangely enough foreigners are generously presented with two *permessi*, stamped with the Papal seal, one for permission, the other, I imagine, to take home to excite the wonder of friends, while it is only with much difficulty that the Italians themselves can get one. Free and united Italy is evidently not a welcome visitor in the home of the descendant of the fisherman. I crossed the piazza alone and came over to where about a dozen stalwart, big fellows. gorgeous in black, yellow, and red were lounging around; they were a part of the Pope's celebrated Swiss Guard, consisting of one hundred men, who, by their pleasant faces—handsome uniforms and kind consideration, do much to brighten up the otherwise sombre appearance of the grand approach. I presented my ticket—was admitted, ascended the *Scala Riga*, and am now in the faded and cracked Sistine chapel, with the incomparable frescoes by Michael Angelo on all sides—the Deluge on one end, the terrific Last Judgment on the other; on the ceiling the Creation and the Fall. Herman, not disposed to see the serious side of even this disaster to the race, says, "from such a height, too!" What this church must have been in its prime who can tell, when it is so impressive in its decay. The chapel, decorated by this mighty army of wonderful creations, is simply an apartment, gotten at by interminable flights of marble stairs, in the Palace of the Pope. As compared with the places of worship here it is but a chapel; with us it would be a large church. A curious contrast to its magnificent but decayed elegance, and the feelings of holiness that the unsophisticated almost instinctively associate with a place of worship, is an Italian workman (in an enclosure in the auditorium, which looks like two pews with the partition between them removed) who is *making* "*antique* specimens from the tesselated floors of Rome!" I have been watching him for some time adjusting the bits of stone in a

drab cement that solidified like plaster of Paris, but without its brittleness. He offered me a piece for a franc! which I foolishly refused. When my back was turned he spat out, saying under his garlic breath, "*Maladetta sia la vostra testa!*" —"Curses on your head"—the custom here when you refuse to comply with a request or to drop a penny in an extended hat. A cluster of nine or ten people in a little while crystalized around this maledicting nucleus. In a few moments, as if the light of the situation had just dawned upon them, they synthesized again into their original units, resolved into their peregrinating elements, each decorated with an audible grin. A fair Puritan-like lady in a Quakerish costume, with a face like the Libyan sybil, raised in ludicrous horror her attenuated hands, and an irreverent young man burst into an unbecoming laugh, but is soon quelled by the stern "*silenzio!*" of the alert custodian, who coming from the closed door to where we stood, demanded why we disturbed the sacred silence by such unhallowed noise—*profano strepito*. In explanation, we point to the fashioner of antiques! Yet he continued to make the walls re-echo with indignant protest—how I wished for a phonograph —until the now thoroughly terrified yet audacious young giggler slips into his hand a two-franc piece. I declare I was astonished. I would not have done it for all the wisdom of a Cook's guide, and yet to our surprise the boisterous maintainer of the proprieties stopped instantly, looked at the piece of money in his itching palm; his face relaxed into a sort of ghost of an apologetic smile as he politely walked away, giving occasion for another burst, which, however, we quickly restrained, as we felt that at two francs each they would soon mount up. And thus the placid depth of our reverence was cast into furrows of rippling and ever-increasing circles of curious wonder by the pebbles thrown in by these two knaves, and thus I was prevented from writing down my impressions of Angelo's intemperate ærial multitude, weltering in their purple inane, like eels in a pot. The "Royal stairs" lead to the "Royal saloon," the hall of audience for ambassadors. We entered the Sistine chapel from this hall, tipping the doughty custodian at the door; thought that permission to smile aloud was included among the privileges, but no! The *Capella Paolina* is another chapel, containing two frescoes by

Michael Angelo, from which we ascend more stairs, and arrive at the celebrated Logie Raphael, which are divided into thirteen arcades, and decorated after designs by that master. From the galleries you enter the "Chambers of Raphael," four in number, the "Chambers of Constantine of Heliodorus," the "*Camera della Segnatura*," and the "*Stanza della Incendio del Borgo.*" You may imagine the size of these magnificent apartments when I tell you that in the first is the largest historical picture in the world, "The Defeat of Maxentius by Constantine." The next contains two pictures by Raphael—the first represents Heliodorus, the Syrian general, chased from the Temple, that he came to rob, by two angels and the heavenly horsemen of the Maccabees; the second "The Miracle of Bolsena," in which a skeptical priest is being converted by the sight of the bleeding wafer. This picture, particularly celebrated because that in it Raphael's mistress, *La Fornarina*, makes her first pictorial appearance on any stage. The "*Camera della Segnatura*," or "The School of Athens" as it is also called, contains perhaps the most celebrated of Raphael's frescoes. The first subject is "The Dispute" on the holy sacrament. It contains heaven and earth. God, the saints, doctors of the church, and angels are assembled to consecrate the institution of the Eucharist. In the background is Raphael and his master Perugino; on the right Dante crowned with laurels and Savanarola in a black cowl. Raphael had to obtain special permission from Julius II to place the Florentine martyr in the composition at all, because his predecessor, Alexander VI, as a heretic, had him burned. You, as an admirer of Savanarola, will be glad to know that he was honored thus by Raphael, and will perhaps be surprised to learn that Pope Pius IX confirmed the choice of Raphael, and Julius II, by having the same Savanarola canonized as a saint. Thus one generation undoes what the other does, and thus the world wags, or at least alternates, between the laps of contending centuries; and yet Savanarola was what he was, and is what he is, independent of canonization.

The principal painting in the next room represents the destruction by fire of that part of Rome called the Burgus, and shows the flames, encroaching upon the Vatican, being arrested by the Pope making the sign of the cross.

These pictures (also, the apartments in which they are displayed) are too great for ordinary remark. They daze and overpower you; and, in this state, you pass through chamber after chamber, like "trailing clouds of glory." Illimitable avenues of statuary—innumerable halls filled with invaluable wonders—one department in particular, seventy-seven yards long and sixteen wide, crowded with the artistic wealth of the world. In addition, museums, art galleries, magnificent collections of antiquities from every age and clime, corridors of inscription alone, rearranged by Pius VII, two hundred and thirty-one yards long! The *Museo Chiaramonti*, by order and in memory of the family of the last Pope, arranged by Canova, is filled with the most beautiful things, including the Virgin Tutia, whose virtue was proven by her carrying water from the Tiber to the Temple of Vesta in a sieve. The Hall of the Biga; Hall of Animals; Halls of Statues and of Busts—one of these having in its centre a porphyry basin, forty feet in circumference. Glorious objects everywhere—many very naughty, too. Hardly a great name in ancient or modern art but is represented by one (generally many) masterpiece—all the immense and bewildering spaces crowded to overflowing; so much so that, in 1817, the "*Braccio Nuova*," or a new arm, two hundred and sixty-one feet long, was found necessary to be added to one of the museums. And still invaluable things continue to accumulate, until literally thousands and thousands of objects of *vertu* in bronze, silver, platinum, solid gold, malachite, porphyry, *lapis lazuli*, and all sorts of precious stones; large pictures, painted upon single slices of amethyst—invaluable even before the application of art; articles of furniture and ornament, made solidly from the precious metals; everything that exuberant luxury and prodigal intellect could conceive and devise is here in unimagined profusion. If I continued for a year I could not tell you all.

"The School of Athens" and the "Scourging of Heliodorus" represent, I would imagine, the very acmé of Raphael's genius and, consequently, the highest triumph that painting has, or ever can achieve; and you feel when under their spell that as Shakespeare possessed the excellencies of all the greatest masters, and besides a multitude peculiar to himself,

so Raphael Sanzio in the thirty-seven years of his life—the decade or so of his mental activity—exemplified all the great traits of his immortal contemporaries, besides those inimitable excellencies inalienably his own. These are the most beautiful and graceful of pictures, yet the most intellectual, too; appealing far less to the senses than the mind. But why do I specify these two when the whole series are so admirable. How tame the word *admirable!*—how inadequate! All the extremes of life and all between are here, combined in one harmonious whole—animation, repose, passivity, energy, passion, self-abnegation: the vigorous drawing of Michael Angelo without his muscular exuberance; the sensuous coloring of Titian; the magical chiaroscuro of Correggio; or, to transpose, as it has been said that if Spenser had been a painter instead of a poet, England would have possessed in one man all the princes of art, so Italy in Raphael possesses all the princes of poetry and song; and yet there is one thing beyond even Raphael, he cannot paint an ugly form. He has tried it more than once; but you always discover some emblem of grace that converts your aversion into pity or love. The wonders of the great young man fill these rooms, including "The Transfiguration," as it was returned from France, with the top of the canvas torn nearly all the way across.

I am sorry that I am obliged to draw in the horns of my reverence at this first view of this famous work. I can't see much, if anything, in it to admire, hard as I try. Our copy shows all that there is of it except the fact of its being faded, like most of Raphael's greatest works. After looking at it in silence from every point and for a long time, I am not even pleased, and feel that if our Benjamin West, for example, had done it, the world would not have gone into such raptures over it, and the eloquent elucidators of its apparent and concealed beauties would not have ran into such extravagant praise. Yet I think I can hear you say something like what the Mohammedan said when an enemy asserted that his religion had to be propagated by force of arms: "Yes; but it was Mohammedanism that produced both the arms and the force, too;" and so you will say that it was the picture that produced the veneration and praise; and if it was in your nature to bite, you might add that it was not so much the big lens as the brains behind it

that saw delectable mountains in the stars. Nevertheless, with all the omnipotence of patriotism I repeat, that if it had been composed by our Ben, it would not have been the occasion of so much panegyric remark. I feel like apologizing though to the shade of that distinguished Pennsylvanian who became President of the Royal Society for adding that although he made many pictures better than "The Transfiguration," he also made a few worse. This, as you know, is Raphael's last composition, left unfinished when he died, and carried as a banner through the streets at his funeral. Napoleon, the great cut-throat, carried it to France, since, it with much else has been returned to their then original possessors. To me the picture seems a failure. It looks as if its author was so pleased by the success of the Sistine Madonna that he decided suddenly to try another cloud-floating piece and failed. Much of it is out of proportion. The hill Tabor (the scene of the event) is entirely too small, for if the pair of prostrate saints make the slightest movement they will fall over on the heads of the astonished people below. In fact, it is not a hill at all, but a little mound, made for the purpose and covered with painted canvas, as is done in spectacular plays. Besides, such figures could never float in the air—not even in water. If they did, it would indeed be enough to throw the reclining three into *spasms* of excitement—as it does. But perhaps the *heaviness* of the floating figures, after all, is a part of the scheme for exciting wonder, introduced purposely to add to the amazement of *elation*. Who knows? And then the absurd crowd at the base of the canvas-backed mound, too. What is the alarm about over there? Why does an old man with yellow toga and blue tunic sit on the pasteboard banks of a leaden stream, with an open book in his hand that he could hardly carry? And the boy with distorted features, in convulsions and yet on his feet—a positive impossibility—what does he mean? The whole picture is too suggestive of the stage, and you know that in the nick of time the curtain will be drawn aside to exhibit the prepared spectacle beyond. The curtain is drawn with the result—the tableaux that gives the picture its name.

I have just had an altercation with a custodian in the Chamber of Meleager about using ink. It is not permitted

because of the danger of spilling it on the dirty floors. I would have been silenced forever by this austere enforcer of rules, but, recollecting the young rogue in the Sistine Chapel, I produced a two-franc piece, and by its magic, without speaking a word, convinced him that my stylographic pen was a lead pencil, or at least was not included in the law, in consequence of which I sit in front of the Belvidere Antinoüs, exhausted with amazement and awe, dissatisfied with myself for having given the flexible fellow so much, yet scribbling ahead for dear life, and too weary to think much of what I say. "The Court of the Apollo Belvidere," built by Bramante, is octagon in form, is surrounded by a portico supported by sixteen granite columns, and contains, besides "The Lord of the Unerring Bow," other wonders, including "The Laocoon," but the day is too far spent, and, strange as it may seem, I am too weary to go over where they are; admiration is paralyzed, and so are my legs.

Besides the objects that I have merely indicated, there is also a splendid library here, containing 40,000 invaluable MSS. and over 100,000 books, containing, among other curious volumes, the dedication copy of the *Assertio septem sacramentorum adversus Martinum Lutherum*, by Henry VIII—the counterblast against Luther—for which the Pope conferred upon Henry the title of "Defender of the Faith." The library, although in truth rather deficient in modern works, yet there is enough to enable a man to pass a few pleasant hours, even if he is "a prisoner." Oh, happy man! to be voluntarily confined within these walls—who would not be—with the privilege of going out when you please; with a splendid garden, too, filled with statuary and sylvan bowers and every flower that grows, and commanding a magnificent view of Rome, and with a skillful corps of cooks, best-stocked wine cellar in Europe, most devoted army of servants, and with an income of thirteen millions a year, including three millions from moneys invested outside of Italy alone, and all—this wealth of art as well—exempt from taxes! by a government liberal but poor. Oh, happy, happy man, "with face radiant with glory," and not a child to add to the anxiety of your heart, or to bring your gray locks in sorrow to the grave. *Oh, benedetto, ancora benedetto, benedettessemo Papa, ché tu fossi solamente mio zio!* surrounded

with the material wealth of the ages, and yet, like the ravenous horse-leech, crying out, more! more!

In the Library.

The parchment is here that conferred on Henry VIII the title "*Defender of the Faith*"—duplicate in the British Museum. The palimpset of the "Republic of Cicero," the oldest Latin MS. in existence, is among its treasures, as is also a collection of letters, written by the above mentioned English Bluebeard, to Anna Boleyn, eight of which are in English, nine in French. The library is under the personal care of a prince of the Church. Cardinal Pitra is the present incumbent. It is rich also in ecclesiastical MSS., but just think of the number of your friends that are excluded because that an infallible Church has pronounced against them. I shall quote only a few of the more distinguished of the condemned from the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*, viz: the list of proscribed books, engravings, pamphlets, and tracts published by the Congregation of the Index, and none of which the faithful are allowed either to read or possess. I find in an old edition, from which I quote, that the proscription includes about twenty thousand names, and as one name often implies the prohibition of everything written by the writer (who may have been as voluminous as "Vincenzo Gioberti" and "Henry Hallam" were, the one an ardent Catholic, but liberal; the other a mild Protestant, with a charity that enveloped the universe of man; both devout Christians and of untarnished character and fame, yet both equally condemned), you may imagine what labor it costs the Church to put all this mass of prohibited matter upon record, and yet not one half of what is condemned is here; for of late years so numerous are the books written against the faith, prerogatives, and privileges of the Church, that recent supplements to the Index are generally confined to the condemnation of works written by Catholics alone. You can imagine, too, how strenuously the Church has attempted to restrain freedom of thought when you learn that she has authorized her confessors to refuse absolution to penitents unwilling to render up books in their possession that are expressly, or even impliedly, forbidden; such books to be either mutilated or burned. It is

this that has made certain works, formerly universally read, now scarcely known—large editions of forty and sixty thousand sometimes reduced in this way to a couple of volumes. Now, if this ponderous engine was directed against immoral books indiscriminately it might perhaps be well enough; but it is not, for the works of the ancient heathen authors, works of a notoriously immoral tendency, are permitted to be read as "*propter sermonis elegantiam et proprietatem*, though not to boys!" whereas the pure writings of Luther and Calvin are most emphatically condemned. This you might expect. But think of its being a crime to read Oliver Goldsmith's "England!" or Archbishop Whately's (of Dublin) "Logic!" or the works of Gibbon, Robertson, Bacon, Milton, or Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress!" or Young's "Night Thoughts!" We consider it an omission not to read them, but here you are coolly told that they lead to death. Even the luminous writings of the prescient and gentle Henry Hallam, as I said, the scholar,—like Milton, one of the saints of literature—of whose son, dying suddenly abroad while traveling with his father, Tennyson wrote "In Memoriam," even he is put upon the same list of interdiction with writers that everybody knows to be evil. Why this indiscriminate condemnation? Simply because, that when in the line of duty, they came in contact with the papal question, they discussed it with impartiality rather than glossed it over or bolstered it up. The Congregation of the Index, being of the opinion that they who are not with them must be against them, and if so, they have no right to exist; and yet they do exist and will, for even in Catholic countries the condemnation of the Index increases the popularity of the book. This is another of the anomalies of the Index—namely, that in it the Church, for the protection of her own people, have found it necessary to forbid the reading of books so immoral that the soul of the most depraved, you would imagine, would revolt from them—the books condemned because of immorality, written by people in their own communion; while other immoral books are prohibited to be read, not because of their notoriously immoral tendency, but because they speak too plainly about nuns and monks; and yet Addison, our beloved Addison, who surely is neither irreligious, seditious, nor immoral, is absolutely condemned! Pope Sam

Johnson says, "Give your days and nights to Addison." Pope Pius IX says don't touch him with a forty-foot pole. Now, what are we going to do about it? We like to be accommodating. Let us consult Chesterfield; we may find some precedent there to lead us through the difficulties of this intricate case; * * * no, we can't, for he is neither on the Catalogue nor Index. We feel that sentence of guilt ought to have been pronounced against him; we hoped it had, for if ever man deserved to be condemned to perpetual infamy that noble scoundrel was the man. It is not only English authors that have incurred the displeasure of the Congregation of the Index, many of the best names in modern literature are brought thus under the ban. In Italian, of course, you expect an interdiction against Boccaccio and Cellini, Massim d'Azeglio's "Memoirs," "The Heptameron of the Queen of Navara," and such books. It is not necessary for a man to be religious to damn these, but why blast Guerrazzi, Giusti, Aleardo Aleardi, Giuccardini, Sismondi, and even Gioberti, commissioned by Pio Nono to write most of what he did, and who approved of it when written; yet during the life-time of the same pontiff, because of Jesuitical supremacy, all his writings were outlawed. Of this same Vincenzo Gioberti, a priest of the Church, a scholar, a patriot, and one of the most devout of men, it has been said that he wrote *Del Primato Morale et Civile della Italia*, and most else that he produced, at the suggestion of Pio Nono. Religious congregations, bishops, and leading laymen among his own countrymen pronounced him the first of Christian philosophers; and abroad, even Cardinal Wiseman was so much enchanted by the beauty of his orthodox utterances, and by his mental worth, that he offered him the chair of philosophy at the University of Oxford. All his works were produced for the purpose of confirming faith and promoting good. Abbé Rosmini, also a philosophical writer of the purest and most orthodox type, a member of the Congregation of the Index, I think—I am not sure, I shall ask the old gentleman over yonder examining some odd-looking volumes in a grilled case; he and I are the only occupants at present visible in the great room. He looks omniscient enough to know everything. * * * Yes; "Gioberti was a member of the Index Board." Well, Rosmini unfortunately

incurred the displeasure of the Jesuits; they became hostile to him. Now both Rosmini and Gioberti in their writings had the same object in view—namely, the reconciliation of philosophy with Catholicism. Rosmini had adopted the psychological plan, but Gioberti, who had used the ontologic method, wrote a book in three volumes, entitled *Allo Studio della Filosofia*, in which he points out the errors in the work of Gioberti. The Jesuits espoused the cause of Gioberti. Yet some time after Gioberti, who was as fearless as he was gentle, had the temerity to pronounce against the friendship and influence of that powerful society, whose hands, it would seem, are against every man's, and every man's hands are against them. The book in which Gioberti declares the effect of the Jesuits on the world to be pernicious is, his celebrated *Primata Civila.* Soon, however, the Jesuits had again gotten sufficient power to control the Index, when, like merciless birds of prey, they swooped down upon the two hapless philosophers, and put their complete works under ban; declared them unfit for use, dangerous; prohibited to be read under pain of excommunication. It was like the history of the two noblemen that went abroad to fight for their king, and during their absence he appropriated their property. It was beauty for ashes. They had given the Church the beauty of their intellects and lives, and had received ashes in return. So it has been, and so it will continue to be, until Christians refuse to recognize any spiritual head but Christ, for He is the only Supreme Pontiff, uninfluenced by worldly motives, and that never betrays. But talking of condemnation, even Dante and Ariosto have not entirely escaped. It does look, therefore, as if when an author in Italy wrote anything worth reading he was rewarded by having it *barreled.*

I had hoped to visit the Vatican manufactory of mosaics and Church trinkets, also the armory and mint; yet here I sit, not wishing to see more. The day has contained too much already. If I desired to visit every room in this palace, giving but ten minutes to each, and gave five hours daily to the task, it would take over a year. This reconciles me to leaving it now.

ROME, September 12, 1887.

"'I have him in Italian,' said the barber, 'but I do not understand him.'
"'Neither is it any great matter whether you understand him or not,' answered the Priest, 'for he is deprived of a great deal of his native value. This is the misfortune of all poets translated into foreign tongues, they are never raised to the pitch they were in, in their own.'"

DON QUIXOTE.

IT is ten o'clock, and yet I am hardly awake. I came home last evening so exhausted by a trip through a few of the chambers of the Vatican, that I am not yet recovered; was too tired to attend church this morning, or join in the festivities of last night. Yesterday was a day of general confession with us, consequently last evening was one of joy. The only absentees from confession was the divinity student, who talks as if going to apostatize, young Herman, and myself. As I sit here at a comfortable desk writing, with Miss L. looking over my shoulder, yet unable to read; young Herman practicing a step in a corner—he and *Fräulein* Lubke went to the Can-can last night; others around engaged in all sorts of duties preparatory to sallying out; I think how much pleasanter it is writing here than in the constrained position of public places, where you have to fight for every word. How restless you are when traveling; how anxious to see something new every day. The Venatic instinct, no matter how latent, becomes unusually pronounced in a country like Italy or in a city like Rome. Since entering Trieste, it seems months ago, I have been hunting too—Shakespeare is my game. I am on the scent for some evidence or sign of his having been ahead of me. The probability of his having visited Italy I saw suggested somewhere long ago, and the hope of finding some proof of it has taken possession of me, so much so, that it is no matter where I am or what I see, there struggles in among a number of other feelings, the thought that perhaps sweet Will may also have been here ahead, and that in the very place I occupy, or the object that I am looking upon he may have found material to embellish his dialogues, or to facilitate the construction of his plots. Then I begin attempting to make visible upon the tablets of memory some line or description having reference to what I

behold. I stand, for example, entranced before a face painted by a Titian, Andrea del Sarto, or Guido, and I think of Bassanio's soliloquy over the portrait in the Merchant of Venice.

> "What demi-god
> Hath come so near creation? Move those eyes,
> Or whether riding on the balls of mine
> Seem they in motion? Here are severed lips
> Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
> Should sunder such sweet friends: Here in her hairs
> The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
> A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
> Faster than gnats in cobwebs."

Then I feel that the picture I look upon may have been the inspiration of the lines, and that as such pictures were not common in England in Shakespeare's time, it may be but a transcript of some memory that he brought with him from Florence or Rome; or again, in Julius Cæsar, who can read the speech of Marcellus to the rabble of citizens, with its topographical touches true to the life of the *ancient* place, without feeling that the man who wrote it must have been in the Eternal City, or he never could have written thus:

> "Many a time and oft
> Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
> To towers and windows, yea, to chimney tops,
> Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
> The live-long day, with patient expectation
> To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome,
> And when you saw his chariot but appear
> Have you not made a universal shout
> That Tiber trembled *underneath* her bank
> To hear the replication of your sounds
> Made in her *concave* shores?"

There are circumstances enough in that one passage alone, without any other proof, and there are hundreds of them to show that Shakespeare must have been here and saw for himself; for what book extant then could tell him that the shores of the Tiber were "concave," or that the river *trembled underneath its bank*, or that the shouts from the *walls*, *towers*, and *windows*, people leaning over the sills—*affacciate* as they say to-day—were replicated by the concave shores. Young Herman, the divinity student, and myself shouted our falconer voices hoarse at various points along the yellow river our first

night here, and for our pains came near being arrested, but not, though, until we had proved that Shakespeare as usual was correct; and that the shores still retain the old trick of re-echoing the shouts made in their vicinity. By placing his Rome, too, along the river, Ann Hathaway's husband shows that he was here; for the Rome of the then extant books was Ecclesiastical Rome—modern Rome, whereas the Rome of Pompey, that is Shakespeare's Rome, was quite another city, and unlike the modern, so situated that its many voices were re-echoed by the trembling stream running near. Does not the idea of "women sitting the live-long day, with patient expectation," with their babies in their arms merely, and to see a pageant, too; also indicate a familiarity with national traits that must have been learned by personal contact? You may say no; he got that from Montaigne. I reply, not necessarily so; for although he was familiar with the old essayist, or rather Florio's translation of him, a copy of which is now in the British Museum, inscribed with his autograph. Yet there is nothing of these national, geological, and architectural peculiarities mentioned in the essays, so that he could not have gotten them there. Although Montaigne traveled here after Luther did, and before Shakespeare, and kept a journal, too; yet the journal was not discovered until a century after Shakespeare's death; was not printed until some time after this, and was never read, so that you see there is no other way to account for the accuracy of Shakespeare's topographical touches, but the one I have suggested, namely, that he was here and saw for himself. The expression, too, "like Niobe, all tears," from Hamlet, may also give evidence of Italian travel, suggested by having seen the group in Florence, rather than its being a mere mythological memory; again Quercino's "Endymion Sleeping," or the like, never seen out of Italy then, may have been the occasion of some of the life-breathing descriptions in "Venus and Adonis;" besides, there are many passages in "Tarquin and Lucrece" that, if written under the frescoes in the Pitti Palace, you would imagine the pictures made to illustrate the lines. I could find many such quotations, and better, giving internal evidence of the fact that Shakespeare traveled in Italy, if I had my own marked copy with me, or if I knew my Shakespeare, as some people do.

Observe, I unconsciously said *my* Shakespeare, so did Milton ("What needs *my* Shakespeare"); that is one of the peculiarities of the man who "was too great for controversy." He is yours and mine; he accommodates himself to every intellect—the greatest and the least. He is Milton's and mine. He is yours and everybody's. *My* copy is absent and unfortunately I have nothing here but a poor Italian translation by Alfieri, I think, for the title-page is expurgated, to hunt in, and I give it up. A good edition of my master is not one of the fixtures of a pilgrim hotel. And yet, I am convinced that he was here, first, because of the fact that all cultivated Englishmen then, who had rich friends willing to lend, visited Italy. Shakespeare was cultivated notwithstanding certain remarks to the contrary, made by his admirers; and he, also, had rich friends, the Earl of Southampton and Baron of Titchfield, two in one; and of course he belonged to "The Great Race"—the borrowers (see Charles Lamb), although he makes that judicious simpleton, Polonius, advise the opposite. Secondly, in his Italian plays he shows a closer intimacy with the domestic and social life of the Italian people, their methods and domestic habits, than with any other people, except the English. Thirdly, he knew the national language; was familiar with Italian authors; knew when a story was "written in very choice Italian," and that in itself surely was sufficient to have induced him to have visited the land that produced the tales that he confiscated with such liberal and consummate skill. Now, then, since I have proved that the "Bard of Avon" meandered on the margin of the Tiber, the next question is to decide at what hotel he was a guest. The house occupied by La Fornarina waited for its Columbus for three hundred and fifty years, and I believe that now or never is the time to discover Shakespeare's Roman hotel.

This is a question that has caused me much uneasiness since entering the Eternal City, and I have often given utterance to the above words. I have felt that my visit was going to be marked by the occurrence of some great event, something startling, undefined, in consequence of which there has been borne in upon me a burden of responsibility and dread, yet associated with an elation of spirits, too; such feelings, I imagine, as possess a commander on the eve of battle, or as may

have influenced Victor Emmanuel at Novara, who, although almost at the mercy of his enemies, yet felt *Ma l'Italia Sarà.* I too have felt, that in consequence of this unknown event about to be accomplished, that we, that is, our "Italy shall be." Little did I imagine though, that these yearnings after immortality were so soon to be realized, and that, too, in connection with a discovery proving beyond doubt, for certainly none can doubt after reading the above proofs, that Shakespeare was not only in Italy, but that the very hotel where he stopped was the one occupied by your delighted husband and twenty-nine other penitents at this very hour; yet such is the case! I shall keep it from you no longer. This is the identical place. This very room reverberated with his honest English laugh. What a pity that there were no phonographs around to have caught a few of them! they could have been let loose now and then to convince the hyperskeptical, and caught again, you know, and thus transmitted from generation to generation, like spoons; but since there were no phonographs at the time, and since his letters from Italy were obstructed by the Papal government and afterward destroyed, nevertheless I have sufficient evidence without them to prove that this is the hotel of which he was a guest. My first reason for believing that this was the hostelry of his choice is founded on the fact of its proximity to the muddy river, the peculiarity of whose banks he knew so well; this, in connection with its convenience to the various points of interest—equally near to them all as usual—two qualities that would recommend it certainly to such a double-ended genius "looking before and after," as was he of Stratford. My next evidence is both internal and circumstantial; internal, because connected with one of the windows; circumstantial, for reasons that you will observe further on. The window is the only one in the bedroom into which Weinbrunner and I nightly retire as into a tomb. It consists of sixteen lights, all modern but two; and on these two hang the tale of my discovery, which I think, when made known to the world will produce as much noise as a ward election. In the first place, I will say that the glass in these two lights, the only two remaining of the original panes, is not the glass of this century, nor the last, nor of the seventeenth, the so-called cathedral or hammered glass of com-

merce, nor is it the transparent, dark-blue glass of an earlier date; such, for example, as you find in the Portland or Barberini vase. Of course, after all, this is a cheap hotel, and you can't expect such luxuries in mere glass, for six francs daily, "wine included." These two panes, on the contrary, are made of the peculiar "crackled and lace glass;" the *vitrodi trino*, of Venice, that any glass expert, Bill Jones, for example, can tell you, was first made about 1590. Now, this fact gives indirect evidence to the age of the hotel. It was a new hotel, and was consequently glazed with this new glass, and this quality of newness, in connection with its nearness to the Tiber and the railroad station, was another of the circumstances that induced Shakespeare to come here. New buildings then, as now, in Italy were preferred by travelers, who cared for sleeping at night; and certainly the man who wrote so much, and so beautifully, of sleep, must have known it from experience; and it may even have been that some of the more celebrated passages on that subject were suggested by the fact that he slept here so soundly, as I said it was a new hotel, while his more aristocratic friends, at the larger houses, were kept awake by the enemies that walk at midnight. But, about the glass. In examining these odd-looking lights on the day of our arrival, and seeing at a glance what they indicated, I observed scratched upon the surface of one of them a character somewhat peculiar, yet familiar, too. It was like this:

I knew I had seen it somewhere; for a moment could not recall where; when suddenly, like a revelation from the sky, it dawned upon me that it was identical with the trade-mark attached to Shakespearian documents, and that has enabled scholars to identify such papers as being the genuine productions of the gentleman of Avon. Why this spasm of ink has been looked upon as an evidence of Shakespearian genuineness I shall let antiquarians explain. Yet I felt—if this is really Shakespeare's signature, then he must have been here!

I declare to you, "my dearest partner of greatness," that when I first felt convinced of this I could hardly restrain myself from screaming; would not have succeeded in keeping

quiet at all, but that I am so very timid about the correctness of my Italian pronunciation, and was afraid that in the precipitancy of my enthusiasm I might make a mistake. The Emperor of Germany scribbled upon a pane in the cottage of Peter the Great, in Holland, to show that he was there; Lord Byron wrote his name upon the window of a palace in Venice for the same purpose; Sir Walter Scott sketched his autograph similarly in Stratford, and Shakespeare made his mark here! he did it with his diamond earring; you know that he wore earrings (see Chandos portrait). What greater proof can there be than this? What more evidence does anybody need; yet, I thought to myself—before buying the hotel—when we call upon the King in a few days, I shall, if I can, have him stamp my discovery with the seal of his approval; we shall go halves, and then, welcome fortune! Tell friends Wallace, Charlie and Wardie Wilkins, Dr. Gadd, and Mr. DuBois, I shall let them in on the ground floor; the top shall be reserved for boarders, fifteen dollars a day. With the proceeds I shall start a private hospital for the poor, and will make every member of the family independent.

ROME, September 13, 1887.

"His letters, like a sick man's dreams, are formed of vanity and whims."
—*Anatomy of Melancholy.* BURTON.

"Beware that thou never tell thy dreams in company; notwithstanding thou mayest take pleasure in telling thy dreams, the company will take no pleasure in hearing them." EPICTETUS.

Alle Schätzen flieszen nach Rom. Von wo sie nie wiederzuruck kehren, und das wird dieser heillose abgrunde niemals voll.
FREIDANK. (Written A. D. 1229.)

I RETIRED early last night, went instantly asleep, and began to dream. I thought that we were all admitted into the presence of the Pope but poor Weinbrunner, who was put out because he had but one glove—I, as an American, being honored by especial attention. I thought his Holiness took me aside, and began complimenting me about the marvelous advancement of my country. He became enthusiastic when

talking of the wonderful things that America had done—"in such a short time, too; only 110 years!"—her mammoth machine shops, grain elevators, and *abattoirs*, where a thousand hogs have their throats cut every minute! But when he touched upon the liberality of our great cities in permitting themselves to be ruled by the lower ranks, and often even the outcasts of other lands, his enthusiasm knew no bounds. I felt called upon to resent this as slander, although he meant it as a compliment, and said we had no "lower ranks," no "outcasts from other lands," in America—except immediately after election. All were citizens of the glorious Union, and that, conferring on even the worst, this sacred rite, like baptism, it regenerated and made clean; we were all equals——. I was about to proceed in this strain, but catching him looking at me with that benign smile that he has had copyrighted, and that you know from the chromos, I stopped. "Other countries," he continues; "the effete monarchies, for example, with characteristic pride of birth, or intellect, or morality, or the like old-fashioned qualities, when *they* wish to confer municipal honors upon a man, selfishly select one from among themselves—their equal or even superior—a man of family or standing, or irrespective of birth, simply because of his belonging to the aristocracy of brains; but you, in the nobility of your tender hearts, give the poor and down-trodden a chance. With a magnanimity beyond praise, you are even satisfied when your legislators, like Necessity, know no law, and are never happier than when you have selected some poverty-stricken shoemaker or tailor, unsuccessful plumber, or drayman to occupy places of public trust. In the disinterestedness of your candid natures you say, that even to talk of qualification for office is pure selfishness, worse than nothing; it implies a groveling soul, grubbing for gain. 'Offices run themselves;' consequently, you may give the best places to the worst men. Like Hamlet, you "treat every man, not after his desert, but according to your dignity and honor. The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty!"

I was getting ready to be bored by a repetition of the same opinions that you hear so often abroad about America, at first with indignation, afterwards with an attempt to refute them, and finally, with indifference, foreigners are so stupid; but the

mention of the name Hamlet, I declare to you, *la mia cara moglie*, so attracted me towards his Holiness, that I almost forgave him for all the astonishing things he had said. I had expected him to have been better informed; he knows so much about our public schools, and the needs of our children in them, that I thought, until my dream, that he knew us altogether; but as I said, having heard him pronounce the talismanic word "Hamleti," and in Italian-English too, it immediately aroused my somewhat *ennuyed* interest, and drew me closer to his Holiness than anything else could have done; for after all it is not consanguinity, or consimility of task, faith, or vice, or similarity, or contrast of disposition or country, or having the same color of hair, or being misfitted by the same tailor, or dunned by the same collector, or belonging to the same political party or church, that unites people. These play an important part, I admit, but yet their welding force is as nothing in comparison to having read the same books. When his Holiness, therefore, quoted from my beloved in his sweet English-Italian, that had the rhythm and harmony of verse, I can assure you that I felt so much at home that I looked around for a chair. Would you believe it, there was none to be found, and I had to stand while he continued, "Other countries unreasonably expect their leaders to know how to read and write, or at least to be able to speak correctly their mother tongue, even if she is but a foster mother, but you, like good-natured prodigals whom everybody loves as long as they have a cent, say, Give the illiterate and disreputable a chance. The other method has been in vogue long enough! let us have a change. And so, when you discover a benighted wanderer from a foreign clime—how you love to take in strangers—who perhaps left his country for his country's good, when he has been with you long enough to know how to vote, especially if he has sufficient effrontery and cheek—those rare qualities in which even the Church, with all her greatness, is deficient as compared with some of your public men. Would you believe it, one of them, a Mc something or other, when kissing my toe a few days since, I declare to you—you'll let it go no further—he actually did it as if it was he, that was conferring the favor, and not I! Truly," continued his Holiness, ele-

vating and pointing at his little embroidered slipper, which as near as I could see in my dream was a No. 5, "he kissed this toe, the apostolic descendant of those that have trampled, metaphorically, upon the throttles of kings, as the captains of Joshua did upon the conquered rulers of Jarmuth and Eglon. He kissed it, did I say? He grabbed it, rather, with as much familiarity as if it had been his own, and was something he was going to eat, while my royal apostolic pen-wipers, fan-wafters, and the like,—younger sons of the old nobility,—stood around speechless with surprise. I repeat it, therefore, that if your public man possess the precious qualities mentioned above he at once becomes a demigod!" I felt called upon again to resent;—took the liberty of substituting *demagogue.* "I understand well enough," he promptly replied, yet somewhat pettishly, as if he did not like to be corrected; "but both are the same with *you*, all men are equal, demigods and demagogues are similar." I modestly attempted to put him on his feet again, by saying that the Declaration did not say that all men were equal, only that they were born equal. "And, therefore," he replies, "when you find a fellow willing to take a nomination that runs a jig-saw in a mill, or has failed as a shoemaker, for example,—anything, you know, to encourage the working man,—or that keeps a junk shop, or makes candy, or works in a tannery, especially if he is poor, and stupid enough to smoke twenty segars a day without a headache, then you are almost ready to make him a king! Now, this is well; we believe in kings over here—that is, if they are of the right stamp. These, therefore, are some of the reasons, why your noble country has won our fatherly regard. This is why we look towards America with longing and esteem."

The volubility of the old gentleman had been increasing for some time. When introduced, in deference to my national prejudice he had kindly spoken *Englisshe*, as moral John Gower has it, for I maintain, with all the firmness of stupidity and patriotism, that no American should speak any language but that of his native land. What? Is United States not good enough for us? Can we not tell all that we know in that? Were our ancestors teachers of languages that we should run wild after these strange linguistic gods? Why

should we study Latin or Greek when we have Thompson and Smith, authors that have made thousands from their books, while the ancients scarcely made their salt? Why should we learn the languages of other people when twenty millions of years from now business will be conducted universally in United States? Even already, your Holiness finds it necessary to "think," in English, and unless your "successors both speak and think it," as a great church authority has said, "we shall be lost!" We can wait. Westward the flood of languages takes its way, to be engulfed in an English sea.

Such are the opinions that I hold about languages, now. They were different a few years ago—long enough, unfortunately, for me to have acquired the insanity of knowing how to mispronounce all the foreign words in the back of "Cook's Guide"—I am now convinced of my mistake. However, as I was saying, his Holiness, out of respect for my country, spoke English; and it was pleasant, even in my dream, to see him pick his way through the intricacies of our prepositions and verbs, and to hear how musically he pronounced our slang—this was easy enough—but when he became excited, eulogizing present states and recent performances—our prohibiting the voteless but industrious and kind-hearted Chinamen from landing on our shores, while we allow the vagabonds and scoundrels of every other country to come in wholesale—the management of educational affairs in Boston—the denationalization of some of the Eastern States—our supine submission to foreign dictation and foreign tampering with the curriculum of our schools, so unlike that arch-enemy, Bismarck, he added, who said, "the saddest sight I ever saw was the mutilated Text-Books in the schools of France." You, on the contrary, say virtually, cut away; the more you cut out the less there is to learn and the sooner you're through. Oh! the tenderness of his Holiness, and his minions, in striving to save our children from the contaminating influences of sacred Scripture; they are such saints themselves, just because they have been kept distant from this stone of stumbling that they want the children of America, England, the world! to walk in their sanctified footsteps! When talking of the above glorious conditions, as I said, his Holiness spoke so fast that I could not comprehend—told him that he was one ahead. "Very well," he replied; "you

speak Italiano?" I did so; got even with him—he couldn't understand me—when we decided to split the difference and talk French.

Now, I thought, in my dream, that although his Holiness was kind enough to express so much appreciation for our institutions, yet I felt that my object in calling was not so much for the purpose of discussing the present and future of the United States, as to talk about Ireland! Yes,—don't be alarmed. I had caught the disease at last—in a dream. Ever since seeing the Crœsus-like wealth of the Vatican I have been developing a scheme, now completed, for the elevation of "the down-trodden," that, if successfully carried to its consummation, would, I felt, as Artemas Ward said of the Tower of London, be a "sweet boon;" and so I had decided to be the Daniel O'Connell of the almost lost cause, and, if possible, gain the victory alone. I introduced the subject with much caution and hesitancy, I can assure you, as I knew it was not popular at the Vatican, and that one fatal step now might ruin my plan forever; I felt the necessity, therefore, for putting my best foot foremost—did so; and when I saw that I was carrying all before me—pilgrims, cardinals, officials, all, were becoming engrossed in my arguments and wondering why they had never thought of them themselves (Columbus and his egg again), I gradually grew up to the importance of the occasion and the responsibility of my place, and said all that came into my head—and more—as is usual with orators.

I prepared the way by telling him of the fidelity of the Irish to the Papal cause; of their constancy—in the face of wrong and treachery; their liberality,—giving, when they had nothing of their own to give—but blessings—although even in the hardest times *they* were a drug; told him that during the famine, when they were the recipients of the bounty of aliens—saved from starving by the philanthropy of other people, especially heretical England and America, thousands of whose families denied themselves all but bare necessities that they might be able to contribute to the assistance of the sister isle—even then Ireland presented the Holy Se*a* (or rather ocean) with her quota of Peter's pence—and did it with a will; and now, when other Catholic nations are disestablishing monasteries and nunneries, denouncing Jesuits and demand-

ing freedom of speech, rights of conscience, and a free press —more's the pity—she almost unanimously accepts the formula of the Church; and not in her own land alone, but wherever her wandering sons have taken up their abode, there they have erected the banner of Infallibility, struggle for the continuance of the union of Church and State, accept the right of the spiritual head to become two, submit to political interference, permit the Holy See to prescribe what their children shall learn, accede to the demand that they be withdrawn from the schools of whatever country they have found a home, and thus become the means of introducing strife where there should be peace; discord, where there should be harmony and love; and all this not for themselves, but because of their reverence for their religious head. No matter what tune the Pope pipes, they dance to it; not, remember, like other subjects, because of fear of being shut out from everlasting joy. "Oh, no; they are brave—'brave as their ancestral Celts of Damascene'—replies his Holiness, "who refused to run away from a falling wall." I felt myself growing eloquent—dropping into poetry at this intimation of approval—and concluded with the following clinching peroration:

> "That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
> And follows but for form,
> Will pack when it begins to rain,
> And leave thee in the storm."

But they won't; never—as long as you monopolize Heaven and hold the key!

There was a pause—I felt that it was only necessary to mention these good qualities of the patriotic and temperate sons of Hibernia in order to gain the help they desired; for what shivering mendicant ever knocked at the door of the Vatican, without being given, at least, a bowl of cold soup by the Swiss Guard. I felt that my case would be no exception; one good turn deserved another, I said, as I began again to unfold my scheme for the political redemption of Ireland, the restoration of her nationality, her re-elevation, from her present rôle of weeping widow of the nations, to her ancient position as *prima-donna* of Europe, accompanying herself on the harp, and "civilizer of the world." I candidly told him of the wrong done her by Pope Adrian IV, of illustrious memory,

who, in 1155, A. D., sold her to England so *cheap*, so very, very cheap. It was a great affront, Holy Father, an insult to the commendable superlucration of the Church—hard to forget, for she was worth more. Your Holiness must admit that the price was too small. "Yes, *then*," he replied, with that droll, stereotyped twinkle that's so familiar; "but what is she worth *now?* that's the question." He began to smell a rat. "That *is* the question," I replied, "and that is the reason I am here. There has never been a time in all her sad history when she was worth less. What with heartless evictions and persecutions, and tyranny of landlords, barbarity of agents, English selfishness and greed—in the papers—dynamite explosions, Boycotting, Plan of Campaign (he looked aghast), twisting the tails off cows, cutting the ham-strings of sheep and goats, depriving people of their ears, drunkenness, cheating, hypocrisy, and universal bedevilment—by her own people —there has never been a time in her perplexing history when her purchaser would have been so willing to sell out cheap. I am sure that we (that is, my people) would be glad to give our strip for the merest song. I can say for my mother, so much interested in the long past, disgusted with the present, and hopeless of the future as she is, that she would readily surrender her interest in the Isle of Saints for almost anything connected with other days, especially before Home Rule—the farther before the better. The merest trifle in the Vatican would do. The small profile, for example of the man and woman that Rauch copied for the tomb of Niebuhr, at Bonn, would be sufficient, or for that matter, any old stick of a *torso* or the like, such as are used in the department for domestics, to prop broken bedsteads and tables, would gladly be received in exchange for her Irish Estate—ten acres too much—she would give it as willingly as trading Jewesses exchange useless articles for old pantaloons. When I had given his Holiness this hint of my scheme, I thought I began, and boldly told him the whole plan, namely, that he should ransom the Island—buy it back, body and breeches, from the power to whom his predecessor had sold it. It was a villainous thing, I was indiscreet enough to say, thus to have betrayed the people who trusted so much, but it was noble to undo justice and wrong; he had it in his power to do it *now*, and I felt he

would. I hesitated, for although he had acted as a perfect Bevil of courtliness and grace, entirely free from *podsnappery* in all this trying interview, yet at the sound of the above unfortunate epithet, his ordinarily pale, monastic features —that had become somewhat flushed during the unfolding of my proposition, became canescent again like his robes. It was but a moment; and although enough to indicate that I had been too rash, yet having the object so much at heart, I continued. Told him of the pitiable state of a man or community of men, who, when being able to redress evil refused, because of fear that it might be a reflection upon the infallibility of their predecessors. It does not do; it is not well for a community to imagine themselves incapable of wrong, for that implied an incapability of repentance, without which there was no remission of sins. I stopped again, for I felt that I was infringing upon a patent-right; yet—I saw, too, by his resumed kindly expression, that because of my zeal, he excused my lack of knowledge. I continued to tell how the redemption might be accomplished, and the "down-trodden" re-pedestaled for the delight of a world in suspense. It can be done through England's craze about the diffusion of useful knowledge, I resumed, because of her fanatical effort to bring everything worth looking at in the world to London, that the poor may be able to see, free of charge, what formerly was only seen by the rich. What she could not produce and did not possess, from a Fourteenth Century manuscript to a Trajan's column; from a Cleopatra's needle to an ivory carving, she was willing to buy. Other people accumulated their treasures of antiquity and art by the barbarous method of right of conquest, in other words, by theft; she and Germany by purchase. I told him particularly of her ambition, almost accomplished, of having the finest and most complete collection of old masters, and by far the best catalogue in the world. I stopped—even in my dream realizing something of the momentous importance of the occasion. I had been feeling perfectly at my ease, calmed into placidity by the sincerity of my motives and plausibility of my plan; but now, when almost upon the brink of delivery, its very simplicity staggered my confidence —like Macbeth, it stuttered out, "What if we shall fail?"— and there was no resolute wife in my dream to say, "Screw

your courage to the sticking point, and *we* shall not fail." I began cautiously leading up to my final proposal, my *coup d'état*, upon the result of which depended the success of the whole scheme. The English, I continued, are wild over "old masters;" you have old masters *galore!*—you understand? They are particularly short of Domenichinos; and I feel convinced that if your Holiness goes about it with your usual skill in such matters, you can get back the whole blessed Island for one of that master's productions *alone!* say, "The Last Communion of St. Jerome," for which the monks paid the artist but $60, and which since, next to "The Transfiguration," has been declared "the finest picture in the world;" or if he objected to part with the scholarly saint, the Father of Monachism in the West, the antagonist of St. Augustine, and the reviser of former revision of the Bible, then Guido's "Crucifixion" would do; the one in which, with so much fidelity, he depicted the features of his dying model that he crucified, in order to see the agony before death.

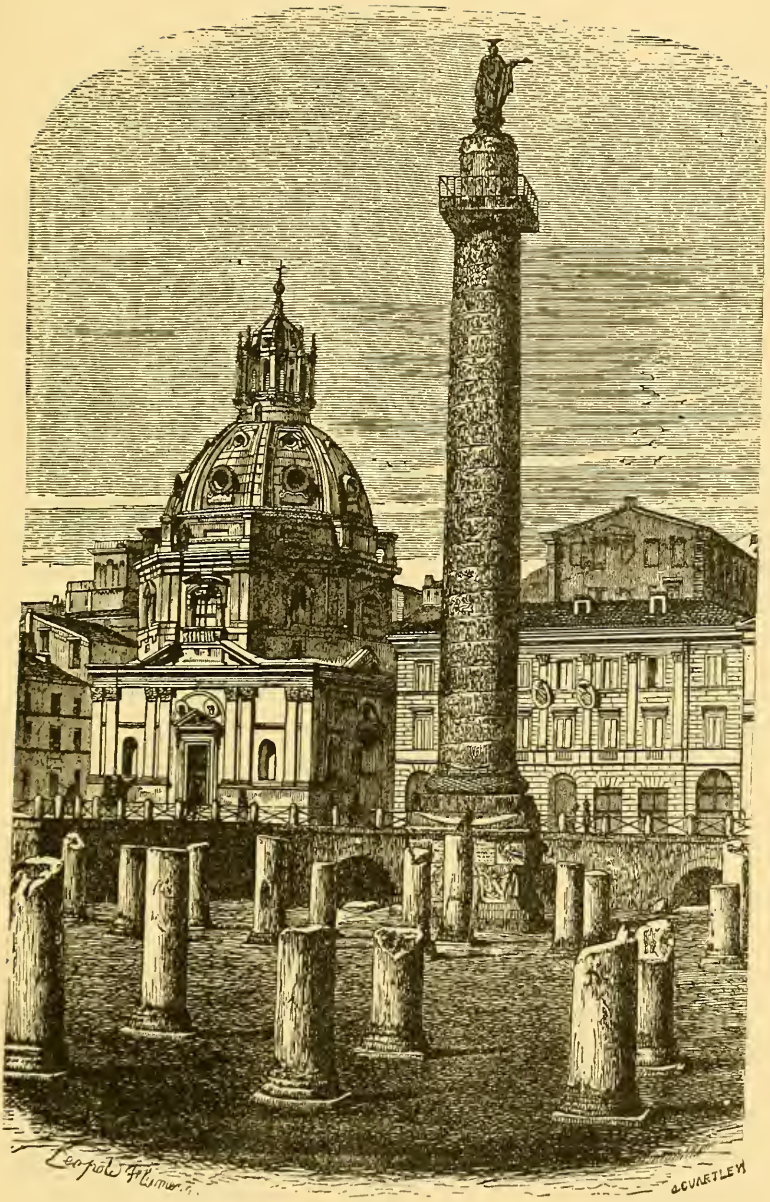
But why multiply examples, I continued, when the treasuries of the Church are full of inestimable specimens, any one of which, I am convinced, would be received in exchange. "The Laocoon," "The Apollo Belvidere," "*La Nil*," "The Dying Gladiator," "Faun of Praxiteles," the "Mosaic Doves" of Pliny," "Marcus Aurelius," "Ariadne"—any of the thousands that crowd every hall—would be sufficient, for the English naturally feel that for the commission of one mistake, committed under such auspicious circumstances, too, and with such a laudable object—"the conversion of heathen to Christianity"—seven hundred and twenty-two years of penance was enough. The truth is, they really want to be released—by some means not a reflection upon their military prowess, but they will never be *coerced or tormented* into yielding, much as they would like to have the political relationship dissolved. Now, by my method, patent applied for, there could be an exchange, without compromise, and everybody would gain; or, if money was demanded—although that is not likely, as they would not wish a retreat—the savings of a few years, now that all the nephews and nieces are married off, would be enough. Besides, it would be a good investment—the property of the Church is exempt from taxes, and the people in Ireland that now de-

mand a reduction of rent, and refuse to pay even that, would, under the new system, become clamorous for an increase, for then the soil would yield of her abundance with joy. Potatoes would spring out of the ground already salted and boiled; the full corn in the ear would transpeciate automatically into whiskey—no need for illicit distillation; goats would back up to the domestic noggins and milk themselves; in fact, everything would be just as it was in the golden age, before English misrule. *Then* the happy tenants would pray for their stipends to be enlarged—the higher the rent the greater the glory!—I felt in my heart that the old gentleman was going to acquiesce, for who would *not* be pleased by the prospect of an increase of revenue; I was beginning by anticipation to realize the pleasure of having millions yet unborn gratefully point to my mortgaged monument as that of the patriot who accomplished by mere diplomacy, in a nitro-glycerineless contest, what all the dynamite ranters and parliamentary tub-thumpers had tediously attempted in vain—when my complacency became ruffled by a loud, rasping groan, followed by a sonorous thud, as if a fat penitent was beating his breast. I had been feeling for some time that my companions were growing jealous;—felt it would come to blows and groans—everything Hibernian does. Yet I was startled when it happened; looked suddenly around, and there—instead of my envious auditors was poor Weinbrunner, who since his last confession had been in the state that Frederick Lemaitre and Gambetta are said to have been in when they accomplished their greatest victories—"*drunk!*" There he was, prostrate on the floor, with his lips in the dust—the groan that had disturbed the volubility of my nocturnal wanderings, a penitential wail. I wondered how he got in without gloves, but in a moment realized that it was all a dream, for instead of the rich tapestry hangings of the Papal audience-chamber there was the unadorned beauty of the little tomb-like room with the naked Christ on the whitewashed wall; instead of the deep masses of subdued splendor penetrating painted glass there was but the little window on one of whose sixteen panes Shakespeare had written his name; instead of the admiring though envious throng of cardinals, pilgrims, lackeys, and priests, there was but empty space; and instead of that exhilaration, and eleva-

tion of spirit that accompanies the consummation of a noble deed well done, there was but the self-depreciation and sinking into insignificance that is the consequence of disappointment and defeat. I languidly arose, and here I am about to begin the duties of the day.

* * * * * * * * *

I started out this morning unaccompanied, as I wished to wander undisturbed through the streets or sit amid the ruins, to drift wherever circumstances willed, and to be alone; and thus I have strolled through the Corso, the chief business street and drive; saw Trajan's event-delineating column, which reminded me again of England's enlightened liberality, for the copies of this set up in the South Kensington Museum, and I think the Crystal Palace, too, are fac-similes. This celebrated column is one hundred and thirty feet high, and has two thousand five hundred figures, representing the victories of Trajan, encircling it in bas-relief to the top. It is said of these figures, their beauty defaced beyond recognition now, that many of them were of such excellence that Raphael used them as models; and yet you can see it all in London. It is at present surmounted by a saint, the original inscription on the pedestal, by Papal command erased, and the now ridiculous "*Pontifex Maximus*," in conspicuous modern letters, has taken its place. The next object that I drifted into was the ruins of the Forum, where tradition says St. Peter was torn by wild beasts. At present it is simply a large circular space about ten feet below the modern streets that surround it. It still contains the upright ends of its original columns, with an enormous fourteenth century one in the centre, like a giant amid pigmies, on which is surmounted the martyred saint. I am simply writing, you see, a catalogue of what can be glanced at in a day; make no attempt at comment, but pass on, and in a few minutes I am in the heart of Cæsar's Rome! and yet it is not very different from what I had already seen in Florence and other Italian towns. There are no traces remaining even in ancient or modern Rome to indicate that domestic architecture was cultivated as an art at all. The handsome houses in both, I would judge, were the houses in which nobody lived—namely temples and churches. When



ROME. TRAJAN'S COLUMN.

you do run against a palace, it is simply a fortress, built with enormous blocks of undressed stone, many of them twenty feet or more in length. The entrance is through an arched gateway, wide enough, like the portals of prisons, to admit the van; the first-story windows being as high as our third, between these and the ground, blank walls, so that the narrow streets, where they generally are, are gloomy in the extreme. Then these enormous structures, being built simply for protection or pride, never for comfort, are merely a series of vast rooms, that seem to have been constructed for the hanging of pictures alone. They are without any pleasant breaks in the way of pillars, arches, or recesses, no internal perspective, no vistas running into a point, to be swallowed up in space. You can imagine the monotony, therefore, of having these long series of weary horrors for contemplation uninterruptedly for squares. You are permitted to enter one of them—it is a museum of antiquities, a collection of art—to behold Descents from the Cross, where every one tries to outdo the other in the horrible and ghastly, the wounds more livid, lacerations more real, agony more blood-curdling, and death always exaggerated into something to avoid. You would almost go mad if it was not for the benign glance of some heathen goddess now and then, smiling at you from her niche, or some lovely vision of the Virgin Mother graciously dissipating the gloom. They are all dirty, these grand places, and are usually attended by men, not too dangerously familiar with soap. The approaches are narrow, common, and unclean, and you enter these domiciles of the great in art from foul contracted streets, where the Lazzaroni add to the sores of their renowned predecessor, who sat at the gate of Dives, all the parasites that came out of the ark, many of them busy scratching and killing when they are not begging; and as, besides these, the offences of Belgium are repeated at private doors, at every corner on the finest promenades, and at the entrances to churches, too, by mere perforated stones let into the ground, you can imagine that the lot of a sentimental man in Italy is not a happy one. Besides all this the conglomeration of strange smells. Phew! what a place! the government, it seems, can do nothing with these, and it has no jurisdiction either over the monuments, consequently, for variety of foul odors you can recommend connois-

seurs to Rome. You see in the distance, at the bend of the street, a lovely fountain, jetting its crystal water to the clouds; you feel, oh, here at least is something fine! and so it is—a masterpiece—but you can't go near it, it is so unclean. Over yonder is a gem in Carrara, perhaps by Donatello; now you think I shall be rewarded. You approach, find a halting place on each side, unscreened, where men are assembled around the ubiquitous perforated stones, and you turn away in disgust and shame. Women and young girls will erect their fruit-stands within a yard of these *Fur Männer*, and instead of being shocked by the presence, or women being repelled by them, they seem on the contrary to be more attractive to both. These offensive malodorous halting-places are to be found on the corners of chief streets in the open air, with dozens of men, women, and children passing and loitering around. Strangers are first shocked, then driven away by the stench. These, they tell you, are an inheritance from the old government, the law or custom making it necessary to have them "five minutes apart." When remonstrating with our landlord a few days ago about an encrusted row of these, along the side of our hotel, like buttons on a coat, under Shakespeare's window, and which, to Weinbrunner's annoyance, are in perpetual use, the landlord said that nothing short of a revolution could banish the perforated stones from Italy. "They are the palladium of our national security; when they go, Rome goes."

In spooking around you see long lines of clothing, like signals of distress, festooned from window to window across the façade of some old palace, not because they have been washed and are put there to dry, but merely to air. In their homes, which perhaps may be a part of a room in a great house, the people live together as the same class do in the south of Ireland, and indeed they are very much alike in every way, except that the Italians have a knack of assuming graceful positions when lounging about, and have a kind way with strangers. Of course I am talking of the masses only, and tell you plainly just what I see. I need hardly repeat that gentlemen and ladies are the same all over the world. Well-bred Italians are the same as well-bred Americans, English. It is the mental and moral condition of the *masses* that indi-

cates the efficacy of a system. If so, then the system under which these poor people have been trained can hardly be the unalloyed good that its advocates proclaim it, or they would not thus seem to have degenerated from the manliness of even the old pagan days, or to have thus stood still while the untrammeled world moves rapidly on.

At St. Peters; you know the circular colonnades that in front project from the church on each side like arms encircling the fountain, obelisk, aud piazza, as if they were babes? well, these are the approaches to the church, and architecurally are worthy of Bramante, who you are proudly told designed and built them, and yet this only way, unless you walk over the square, of getting into this magnificent church—this grandest house of worship in the world—is lined at distances of about thirty feet with these primitive *Fur Männer*, entirely exposed. But, then, is not St. Peters beyond, with Raphael and Michael Angelo's pictures, and Canova's statues and Cimabue's busts, and the boards that formed the back of the manger in Bethlehem, and the table on which the last supper was eaten, and does not the Holy Father bless the people from the balcony once a year. If he would only wash them, how much better it would be—and so this is Rome, Venice, Florence, and I expect it to be Milan also, although it is called "the moral capital of Italy," as Rome is the ecclesiastical and national.

I have climbed to the Quirinal Hill, now called Montecavello, from the statues of Castor and Pollux with their steeds, said to be by Phidias and Praxiteles; have passed the ruins of Cæsar's Palace, saw the remains of the baths of Titus and Diocletian, masses that fill you with wonder and awe. I can imagine easily that it would require a year's residence before you could find it possible to say what you felt about these stupendous relics from the mighty past. In the beginning you are silenced, dwarfed by them—united with greatness, too, they stupefy you, make your pen stop and thicken your ink—yet it is perhaps not these, but the tombs of ancient Rome, that constitute the most striking feature in her general aspect. Of those in the city, the Tomb of Hadrian, now the Castle of St. Angelo, and that of Augustus, at present a day-theatre, are the most imposing. The Tomb of Hadrian

was the burial-place of the emperors down to Septimus Severus. The present mass, but the core of the mausoleum, was covered originally with Parian marble. Through the Middle Ages this, like the tomb of Augustus and others, were used as fortresses—the marble peeled off to be burned into lime, the army of statues used as missiles against the Goths, and later as cannon balls, of which until lately piles lay on the ramparts, but—it has become rather suddenly dark. I can see little but the ponderous mass with hazy outlines projecting against the deep blue sky, and I say farewell—a day's march nearer home.

ROME, September 14, 1887.

Stulte, quid, heu! Votis frustra puerilibus optas quæ non ulla tulit, fertve, feretve dies. OVID.

LAST evening while the others, including Weinbrunner, young Herman *et al.* sallied out to visit places of amusement, the old gentleman, the divinity student and myself, surfeited with sights, remained at home. Of all the pilgrims I like these two best; they would be a credit to any community, and look just what they are, gentle, devout, full of simple reverence for the great name in whom we live and move and have our being. Like our own people they feel that in belonging to God they must be separated from the world. Withal, they have cultivated that sanctification of the ordinary duties and rules of life, which is inseparable from true faith, for, after all, a Christian is a Christian independent of the character of the steeple of his church, or whether it has any; consequently, we get along passing well. The young man, filled with a deep, yet gentle religious enthusiasm, has had the tone of his melancholy temperament deepened quite a number of shades, I should imagine, by the curious evidences of grace that he has observed, more than once, with loathing, since leaving home. His hope of coming into a land of saints has not been realized, neither has mine; on the contrary, the cause of much of his disappointment, like my own, is because that he has witnessed in this crib of Christianity—Bethlehem was the cradle—so much that is too bad to be told. Our young friend has a fine appre-

ciation for the remote past, associated with a sort of sentiment akin to reverence; but, like Manfred, "for the present until the past be gulfed in darkness; it is not of his search." The present he tries to get away from as much as possible, as he can't reconcile what he sees with what he believes—I predict, therefore, that ultimately finding *his* world too wicked to live in, he will retire into the silence of some of the religious brotherhoods where, undisturbed, he may devote himself to God by dedicating himself to antiquarian research. He was exceedingly shocked in Venice, also in Florence and Rome, but the Venetians, he thinks, are the strangest of all. Taking them all together, they are, indeed, an odd lot, a combination of art and nature strangely unique. Besides their personal peculiarities, there are also social differences in Venice, noticeable even to the casual observer as well as the visitor of a day, that are striking enough. The unexpected things, for example, pitched through windows into the all-devouring sea, sometimes drenching the too-curious traveler, are wont to come upon a man as a rather unpleasant surprise; even the graceful alabaster-rimmed casements of arcaded and balconied fronts not always abstaining from emitting these golden showers; then, the ingenuous sights of the side canals, where art conceals nothing, and where men and women are evidently much lower than the angels and nearly as nude, as well as the flesh-crawling sights frequent in the sunless lanes and weed-grown courts of the Venice of Faliero, Foscari and Henry Dandolo are only another illustration of the fact that even the best and largest slice of bread has a crust; but when you get into the open spaces, vistas of translucent loveliness, oh! the glory, the divine harmony, the enchantment of it all, as if a section from some celestial city had floated down from its azure foundation and had rested here for a while, as a foretaste of the mansional magnificence reserved for the blessed. It's a dream, and you dread the waking, when all will have faded into invisibility. The miracles of marble gracefulness, springing like Venus from a placid ocean, pillars of crested sea-foam jutting into the air, arrested by petrifaction before reaching the sky; a city of alabaster and emerald, marble, amethyst, and gold, with the broad bosom of its undulating streets as silent as light. You have seen the

pictures of Canaletto and you imagine you know Venice. You have beheld glimpses of the splendor of Venetian sea, architecture and sky, interluded in some of the compositions of Titian. You know of T. Moran's and Clara Montalba's masterpieces, and others by our own people, and familiarity has taught you to admire English Turner, Henry Woods, the greatest of them all, and you may have read Ruskin, and then, you imagine you know of the ærial and fantastic splendors of the inimitable, but in vain; there is no power in print or paint to transmit its glory. It must be seen. It was our last evening in Venice, after gliding in a gondola past such visions as the above, whether in the body or out of it, I know not, that young Herman, the divinity student and myself ran ashore and jumped on the beach of a rather secluded lagoon. After strolling for some time, like children in wonderland, chewing the cud of sweet and dreamy fancy, we drifted into the mouth of a little bay—the sights it exhibited instantly brought us back to stern reality. Our first impulse was to retire; curiosity induced us to remain a moment, but when we saw that the place, although retired, was not private, we walked boldly down and found a goodly number of men and women bathing at the same time, and as naked as Adam before the fall! and such wretched specimens of humanity, too, like men, as somebody in Shakespeare says, "You would pare from turnips on a summer's day," Falstaff's "forked radishes" Hyperions to them. The women, like Chinese grotesques, carved in ivory. "If I looked no better than they," said Herman, who has an eye for the picturesque, "I would never take a—bath,—would be ashamed even of my shadow on the wall." Truly you wonder, after such an unexpected exhibition, where Venetian artists get their models. You also appreciate the kindness of the better class of bathers, in wearing clothes. On the way back, Herman, disgusted with the present went into ecstacies over the past, that from such inadequate material created the human splendors of Tintoretto, Titian, and Paul Veronese—the divinity student, more conservative as well as more reserved, said not a word. I imagine that his faith has been sorely tried since, for, notwithstanding the tender watchfulness of his exceedingly careful father, within the past few days he has given utter-

ance to certain rebellious expressions, more in sorrow than anger though, that has caused the old gentleman much concern. He too, has been shocked by revolting sights, and indeed I can't conceive how any person with a proper regard for the common decencies of life can visit here or any of the cities in Italy that we have seen without having his sense of propriety in manners and morals shocked at every street corner, and at the entrance to almost every church. Judging from Italy, the little bit of Austria that I have seen, Bohemia and Ireland, I would be disposed to call Christianity a failure. Judging from England, Germany, Holland and Scotland, a glorious success, not though without admitting that there is still room for improvement in the latter—in the former much to commend. I know, too, that no matter what the religious form, after the ritualistic and legendary wrappings are removed, there remains the kernel of truth, the salt that may savor the whole lump; but still it requires such careful training to enable people to distinguish between the chaff and wheat —and these people are not trained—that you hardly know even what to *think;* you generally *say* nothing.

Yesterday, while on my circuitous way home, the Angelus began ringing, when a few women clustered and chattering around a basket of eels near a church door, suddenly stopped, bowed their heads and for a moment became absorbed in prayer, during which the eels attempted to get out. The sudden attitude of devotion in the trafficking women was a pleasant sight and suggested entering to worship. I did so, and to my surprise found two villainous-looking men, a wretched cripple, and a woman prostrate in front of an altar to the Virgin, and actually licking the dirty floor with their tongues; a few people near saying their beads—looking at them indifferently at the same time. I asked the cause of this debasement; "*Penitenza, signore,*" ("penance, sir"), replied the gentleman, that had just concluded lighting the candles in front of the Virgin mother. "It is nothing to their sins!" I can well imagine that, I thought, for anything viler-looking than the penitential quartette I never saw before, and yet it is just such things as this, sights and acts that you avoid mentioning for fear of hurting the feelings of friends that makes traveling here, especially if you write every day, not the unalloyed pleasure that you have been

told. You need to be continually on guard for fear of letting fall something that might be construed into personal offence, even when you only describe what you see. It is this, I believe now, that is the cause of the silence of so many in regard to the more objectionable sights of the countries through which they pass.

ROME, September 15, 1887.

"If there is a gradation in sufferings, Israel has reached the highest acme. If the long duration of persecution, and the patience with which they have been borne, ennobles, the Jews are nobler than the high born of other lands. If a literature is rich that contains a few classic dramas, what place deserves a tragedy lasting a millennium and a half, composed and enacted by the heroes themselves."—"*Synagogue Poesie.*" ZUNZ.

TO-MORROW we are to have an audience with the Pope—the hour and preliminaries are arranged—and to-day the whole talk is but of the great event.

Yesterday I walked the length of the Corso, the scene of the mad festivities of the carnival; it is the most fashionable promenade of Rome, and yet it is only a mile long, thirty feet wide, and has hardly a handsome house. It naturally recalled the Ghetto, the Jews' quarters, where the favorite people in the good old times had the iron of insult and persecution so ruthlessly driven into their souls. The Ghetto and the Corso are united in memory by invisible bands, and in a way that seems strange in these days when the Temporal Power is destroyed. Before the reign of Paul IV, made Pope in 1555, the position of the Jews in the Papal States, although bad, was not so very bad, as it afterwards became. That cruel and zealous bigot, who flits with so much vitality across the pages of Ranke and Bower, hurled against this unhappy people in the first year of his elevation a merciless enactment. He prevented them from living in any other place in the Papal States than Rome and Ancona, and in these cities caused them to be confined to particular districts. He compelled them to wear a visible badge of separation—for men, a yellow hat; women, a yellow veil or handkerchief. Jewish physicians were not allowed to prescribe for Christian patients.

Jewish families were forbidden to employ Christian servants; Jews were not permitted to possess real estate, to learn trades, to engage in commerce; every avenue of honorable employment was shut against them, and, as "Christ killers," they were hounded and persecuted until released by death. Since then the chosen people in Rome, soon after in every other Christian city frequented by them, have been restricted to a special quarter, which is called the Ghetto. I shall quote from a writer by me, what this quarter was until a few years ago, and then I shall go and see what it is now: "It is a cluster of narrow and crooked streets, bounded on one side by the Tiber, near where the river makes a sudden turn; it is accessible by eight gates, which, until the accession of the present Pontiff, were closed from *Ave-Maria*, sunset, till sunrise. On entering the enclosure the aspect of the place and its inhabitants leave a uniform impression of poverty, desolation, and filth. The streets are narrow, crooked, and dark; the houses, which have a look of mouldy decay, are crowded with life, so that in fine weather the occupants swarm out like bees, sit on the steps or on the pavements in front of the door, and there pursue their avocations. The Jewish race is here seen in its saddest and lowest plight, not gilded by even a ray of its old glories; there is nothing that betokens wealth, nor the power that wealth bestows; there are no dignified forms, no keen and penetrating brows, none of those beautiful children who, in other lands, reminds the Hebrew of the youth of his nation, none of those superb black eyes which blend the passion of Judith, the softness of Esther, and the sadness of Rachael; the general countenance is commonplace, stamped with the impress of sordid cares and homely occupations, touched by no sparkle of pride or hope; complexions colorless, like plants that have grown in the dark. The imagination of D'Israeli would find nothing here suggestive of proud recollections or animating hopes, but only a forlorn and crushed life, which dwells in the petty wants and works of the present and borrows no dignity from the past or the future. In spite of the disadvantages under which the Jews have so long labored at Rome, so powerful are the cords which binds us to the place of our birth, or so completely has the heart of enterprise been trampled out of them by the heel of oppression, that at this

moment there are nearly four thousand of them crowded together in the twisted knot of streets, where of sun and air they have not enough and of water too much, being always the first and greatest sufferers in those frequent inundations by which the Tiber vindicates its old reputation for turbulence and insubordination. The men, excluded from attractive callings, are petty shop-keepers, peddlers, dealers in old clothes and second-hand articles. The women mend and repair garments, and because of their skill are in constant demand. Among the other disabilities laid upon Jews in Rome they are not allowed to hold real estate in fee, and by a bull of Gregory XIII, in 1584, all Jews above the age of twelve years were compelled to listen every week to a sermon from a Christian priest, usually an exposition of some passage of the Old Testament, especially relating to the Messiah from the Christian stand-point. This burden is not wholly removed, for to this day several times a year a Jewish congregation is gathered in the Church of St. Angelo, in Pescheria, and constrained to listen to a homily from a Dominican friar, to whom, unless his zeal hath eaten up his good feeling and taste, the ceremony must be as painful as to his hearers. In the same spirit of vulgar persecution there is upon the gable of a church opposite one of the gates of the Ghetto a fresco painting of the Crucifixion, and underneath, in Hebrew and Latin, from the sixty-fifth chapter of Isaiah: 'I have spread out my hands all the day unto a rebellious people, which walketh in a way that was not good, after their own thoughts; a people that provoked me to anger continually to my face.'

"The Ghetto from its appearance, its filthy and narrow streets, its old and mouldering houses, swarming with a population that all the fountains in Rome could not wash clean, would seem to be the very hot-bed of disease. Here we would expect to find all the plagues and pestilences which have desolated the earth in former ages preserved as in a museum; and here, too, we should look to have new forms of death invented from time to time. But the reverse is the fact. It is in some respects the healthiest part of the city—not only free from malaria, but when the cholera was in Rome in 1837, the proportion of deaths was less than elsewhere." So much for George Stillman Hillard.

During the old *régime* there were but few schools in Rome, and they of a low grade. No free schools at all except one for foundlings and orphans. Of the former there were quite an abundance. A contrivance for their reception in the Hospital of the Holy Spirit, near the Vatican, consisted of a circular projection from the wall with a bell, which, when you pulled, a door opened exhibiting a basket; you deposited your baby; rang the bell again; the basket and babe rotated out of sight; the door shut; you were alone, with nobody the wiser. This was the notorious *Rota* of the *ospedale dei bastardi*, that so much has been written about, and where thousands of illegitimate children, no one knowing from where they came, were deposited in the days of the Temporal Power. It was removed by the present government, and now no child will be received into this retreat, unless brought by the father or mother in person, who are obliged to register their names. The residents of Rome were exempt from taxes then; the Papal government supported, as it was, by contributions of foreigners, exempted its citizens from paying for municipal expenses. Now taxes in Rome are enormously high, and yet the people with all their faults, protest against the return of either the Temporal Power or the *Rota*. Then, although there were a few colleges—there were no schools—in Rome; Jews and Protestants were not allowed to enter as students; and even the children of Catholic Italians excommunicated for political offences, were prohibited from attending any of the colleges; so that even these, if they wished their children educated at all, had to send them outside of the States of the Church. There was neither freedom of speech nor of the press; I mean political and religious freedom; and so strong was the feeling against national aspirations that there was a restriction preventing people even from wearing neckties with the Italian colors, and if suspected of belonging to any of the Free Italy parties—*Unita Italian or Partita Liberale*, *Giovanni Italia*, Mazzini's organization, or the like, you were imprisoned or banished, or both.

Then you were not allowed to enter the states of the Church with a Bible in your pocket, or a Pilgrim's Progress, or any of the books on the Index, and if you died you were not buried in consecrated ground or within the

city walls. To-day, on the contrary, the schools of Italy are on a par with Germany, England, and the United States; and the government, as far as a government could in such a short time, has done its duty well. The streets are cleaner and in a much better condition than ours; are swept *every* morning and repaired at night before the defect becomes large enough to engulf you. To be sure, churches and around fountains are still in an unenviable state as regards cleanliness, but these, it seems, are outside of the jurisdiction of the municipality, and are as they were before United Italy.

The soldiers, also, are not the pinks of perfection that you see in Germany and England, but you must in charity remember what they were, before being enrolled among the defenders of Free and United Italy; and after all six-feet tall and well-fitting clothes are not the infallible proofs of bravery. King Humbert, a good king, thinks that if at the end of their term he can discharge them into civil life, disciplined, able to read and write, and with a better knowledge of what Carlyle called "the eternal verities—honesty, truth, work," he will be doing well. When you think of the legions of such helpless people that have been transmitted to him and his predecessor, and know what he wishes to do with them, you will feel like bidding him God-speed.

I have seen nothing yet finer here than the Swiss Guards—splendid fellows and clean, still wearing the peculiar black, yellow, and red costumes designed for them by Michael Angelo, who thus, you see, was equal to every thing, from the designing of garments to the fashioning of forms that for all time will be an inspiration and a joy. If he had married Caterino Cornaro, instead of making sonnets to her, he might have fashioned her frocks; who knows?

I have just had a little chat with one of the guard. There is always a group of them lounging around the entrance to the grand stairway; I suppose for the color of their handsome uniform and their size. Their effect against the sombre background of the Vatican, is like a gleam of yellow and crimson asters against a dark fence. They add much to the attractiveness of the dingy but grand approach. My accommodating informant tells me, the Pope has another guard, recruited exclusively from the younger sons of the old nobility,

"Wit shall not go unrewarded when I am king," says Stephano. * * *

I am surprised by the common-place appearance of the houses here. The street architecture less attractive than anything I have seen. In no part of modern Rome do you ever see any of those dreams in stone that are frequent, for example, in Venice, Bruges, or even The Hague. In church or palace you but rarely see a handsome façade, little that's quaint, graceful, or odd at all. But like Edinburgh, one of its chief attractions, its inequality of surface, makes up for its exterior deficiencies; for even ordinary buildings, when over your head, or at your feet, gain a certain kind of picturesqueness by the very novelty of their position, independent of what they are themselves. Beside the immemorial Seven Hills of the Eternal City, it, at present, includes two others—the Janiculum and Monte Pincio. Besides, The Vatican and St. Peters have their grandeur enhanced by being situated on a rather conspicuous —if not hill, at least swell, which obliges you to look up at them instead of viewing them on a plain. Consequently, while in Rome, from any of these prominences you may see sights that even if they do not make you wise are at least attractive to the eye. One peculiarity of the architecture is the absence of spires. There are plenty of churches, convents, campaniles, columns, battlements and domes, pyramidal and towering tombs, but not a spire. Why? Simply because the buildings are chiefly Roman in origin, and "the tapering finger, pointing heavenward," was not a necessary concomitant of the Roman style. From these heights you can not only look down, and like Satan on his pinnacle, see the wonders of the world, but you occasionally also obtain behind-the-scene glimpses that you would hardly expect, for many of the expressionless palaces, in whose gloomy shadow you shudder as you pass, enclose gardens and court-yards with enchanting balconies, where a scarlet shawl, thrown over an elegantly contrived balustrade, supplies the necessary bit of color to enliven the scene; or perhaps it is a handsome frieze, or gracefully fashioned window, looking out on a green lawn; or a snow-white Faun roguishly peeping from behind the branches of a laurel or ilex; or the green of an orange tree with fruit of gold; or perhaps it is a row of statues, alterna-

ting with carved seats, with patches of blooming petunia and phlox blazing around their base; all this and much of the same, you can look down upon from your station over-head. Another peculiarity here, is the number of people that conduct their business in the open air, owing, I judge, as much to badly-lighted interiors as to the mild climate. I have seen to-day in the smaller streets, tailors, cobblers, shoemakers, braziers, blacksmiths with portable forges, and "darners," with piles of garments to be mended, by their side, suggesting Jewesses and the Ghetto again, yet not Jewesses, all conducting their business under the blue sky. Besides these, numbers of young girls, looking as if Raphael's madonnas had stepped out of their frames, and wrinkled old creatures, with parchment skins, resembling Buonarotti's Fates, stringing beads, as if skulls, on the thread of life. Each operator has her lap full of them, into which she thrusts a needle, seven or eight inches long, which instantly emerges with two or three inches of beads glistening along its shaft. You find people cooking all sorts of unknown dishes also, especially eels and macaroni, with no covering but the clouds, and of course the omnipresent balloon-man is here, with the old woman roasting chestnuts, the two being as inseparable in Rome as the white horse and the red head with us. Also in the tumble-down side streets, you frequently meet donkeys being driven by barefooted girls, or men with open sleeved-waistcoats, their legs bound with crucial bands, and using as instruments of coercion cudgels terminating in iron spikes—a raw place on the back of the animals showing how their owners use the probe. Your flesh creeps as they thrust the end of these implements into the raw wounds of the poor beasts, thus stimulated into activity by the cruelty, but soon again subsides into their life of dreams.

The curious things, too, that you see projecting out of windows in this city of the Seven Hills is not the least conspicuous of her characteristics. To-day I have been making a mental inventory of these strange stoppers, protruding from the orifices in the sides and faces of houses, you can't correctly call them windows, since they have neither frames, sashes, nor glass. They make me think of he neck of the domestic demijohn or crock in the Green

A BY-WAY IN OLD ROME.

Pavement laid over 1900 *years ago and not a loose stone yet.*

Isle, variously plugged with wisps of straw, potatoes, wads of paper, rolls of rags, bits of sticks, like babies swaddled in flannel; reversed tin cups, accommodatingly waiting to be used; segments of turf whittled to the proper size, *ad infinitum*; here the same picturesque variety prevails in windows. You find hanging out of them, old women and young men, babies, girls, straw beds, bunches of frowzy carpets, curtains, strings of parti-colored rags, as if the people inside were fishing for mackerel, letting their lines down into the sea; all sorts of utensils and household goods, as if they hung them out of the windows so that they could lie on the floor. It was while walking through the streets of Rome that Shakespeare saw the furniture and things mentioned in his Italian plays. You do not need to enter a house here, to see how it is furnished, as often all that it contains is dangling from strings over the sills. And then the large number of priests, nearly always in couples, without which no Roman landscape is complete, add their quota of interest to the life of the streets. It is curious though to see the disrespect and suspicion—perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say hatred—with which the clergy are regarded. No one that I have yet seen salutes them. When they look at them at all it is usually with a scowl. Even women and children, when they glide past, never change the tone of their voices, or give any pleasant evidence of their being aware of their presence; and yet, many of them that move hurriedly through the streets look like men of gentle blood and refined manners. I imagine that this belligerent attitude is at present intensified by the fact that they are in the midst of clamorous preparation for the celebration of the downfall of the Temporal Power, which will occur on the 20th of this month.

I have not yet come across the gentleman in seedy black, sometimes mentioned in books, the knight of the pen, who, on street corners and in secluded ways, writes letters for those who cannot write, and read them for those who cannot read. Perhaps Cavour and King Humbert's "godless" schools have rendered *nil* the occupation of the *scretoria*. If so, can you not imagine a company of these penurious worthies, talking about the good old times, when not a man in his precinct but "the grocer, the lawyer, and the duke" were able to read or write, and where in consequence they were all in love; but

now they add, shaking their melancholy old heads, "love is unknown." Can you not suppose them, owing perhaps to their suffering the pangs of famine, adopting the views of the clerical party and denouncing the system that gives to every man the same educational foundation, and allows him to build on it, whatever structure suits him best.

The vegetable venders of Rome, also, are a picturesque crew, that arrange their tomatoes, egg plants, melons, cauliflowers, red and green peppers, and purple cabbages in a way to delight the eye with their harmonious but brilliant colors, and the watermelon merchants—honored specialists here—are a class of beings that can not be too much admired. These priests of the flexible knife usually erect their altars within a few yards of a malodorous *Fur Männer* and light their torches, for, like Venus, their rites are celebrated at night, when the number of blood-red melons that fall victims and find honorable sepulchre in the maws of their ravenous worshipers are beyond compute.

"Slaughtered hecatombs around them bleed."

Literally, the blood of their victims make both a slippery and sanguinary aureola around the place where they fall, for you know by this time that, although a sense of the beautiful may be, and is, an important factor in the make-up of a modern Italian, cleanliness does not—since the truth must be told—seem to come naturally to him. Consequently the blood and mutilated remains of the victims nightly offered in sacrifice accumulate in putrescent layers around, and unite their sickening fragrance to the strong urea-like odors that are so common in the place where they fall.

Let me give you an account of the strange service conducted at one of these nocturnal altars, where the worshipers sacrifice their vegetable god, with the skeleton on the outside of his body, and then eat him. The rendezvous of assemblage is commonly selected because of its proximity to some place of public resort. In Florence it was generally the *Piazza di Santa Croce*, within the shadow of the statue of Dante, but here the preferred sites seem to be in the vicinity of the great fountains or statues, as these always have their collection of side-shows—the stones of Rome—as Ruskin desig-

nated blocks of a more ornamental, if less useful pattern, "The Stones of Venice." Whenever you see a citizen walking in a hurry here, you may feel certain that one of these petrified cullenders is ahead, perhaps within a yard of a doorstep around which stand or sit the young girls of the house and the rest of the family, and that he is as sure to stop when he comes to it as a politician is to want a second term. If you follow the stream, you always come up to one of these accommodating fountains, which, whether erected by prince, pope, or people, is always sure to be associated with at least a couple of these delights of the Italian heart; and where you find a collection of these you usually find an altar erected to the vegetable god. Torches are lighted; customers slowly gather around. On the right of the presiding genius of the stand is a pyramidal pile of watermelons, like the tomb of Cestius; on his left a little mound of the gray-green foliage of a sort of gourd that grows abundantly here, these evidently an evolution from the aromatic leaves used in connection with the holocausts of a less cultivated age. Between these leaves and the melons stands the smiling priest, holding in his right hand a long, flexible knife and in his left a hone. A few preliminary strokes of the weapon across the stone produces a silence among the customers. He removes a melon from the pile and places it on a sort of cradle in front of him with a flourish; then, raising his hands in the air, he says, "Here goes!" "There goes!" is the response of the eager auditors. The glittering knife describes a series of curves—there is a moment of silence—it comes down like a hawk on its prey—enters the heart of the immolated offering. A few moments of intense anxiety on the part of the congregation, during which the blade runs around the rim of the melon, and it falls in two, showing the red blood within an inch of the green; when hosannas ascend from the husky throats of the expectant multitude, interspersed now and then with vociferous bravos, through which you can hear the clear voice of the priest shouting a few bars of the "Trio of Felix," or a bit of the "Song of the Soothsaying Temple-boy out of Axur of Ormus," or snatches from "*La Traviata*," or some wild thing of his own. Then a pause for admiring inspection and congratulations, and he begins to dissect. I am not exaggerating. Every step of

the process is attended with even more ostentatious display than I have told, the people sometimes exhibiting an interest almost painful. He cuts the melon from the rind towards the centre, the elasticity of his knife enabling him to shave it off in spiral splinters about the thickness of water-crackers, so that when he has it pared to the stem a bloody column remains as a memorial of the slain. These small pieces his acolytes hand around on the leaves to the chief men. Their brethren wait for the approving words "very fine," "choice," "*belissimo*," when the collection is made, by the contributors depositing their *soldi* and taking up a slice. This is continued until the whole pile is devoured. You would imagine that in time the attention might cease; not so. I waited one night in Florence until eight melons were sold in this way. The interest never flagged. If the specimen happened to be unripe though, or not the proper color, they spit, hiss, and utter taunts (not at the dealer) at the melon, and manifest their disapproval in various ways—indescribable gestures—significant monosyllabic sounds—while the song of victory of the priest is transformed into an abrupt apologetic groan.

But, if I stop to tell you of every peculiarity of street life I am afraid that I, too, may be taken for a *scretoria*, writing anticipatory love letters, in expectation of a future rush. I will therefore stop. * * *

Here are the Baths of Caracalla. What can I say of this magnificent ruin—nothing—the subject is too great. There are the remains of a number of these enormous structures called "Baths" here, but surely our word "Bath" cannot express the entire significance of a building one thousand feet square, as large perhaps as two St. Peters, with walls thick enough for a battalion of soldiers to parade on, and looking as if there was enough stone still in them to build a small city. You cannot comprehend these things. They seem by their very immensity to paralyze thought, and the memory of what you have read of their original grandeur, mosaic floors, paintings, statuary, groves, frescoes, costly refreshment rooms; thermæ, encrusted with Parian and Dorian marble, and studded with precious stones, everything contributing to the distraction of the mind—serves but to dissipate instead of to concentrate thought.

But the Jews' quarters, how can I get to it? I ask a couple

of men, standing within the halo of light made by a little lamp burning in front of an image of the Virgin, niched at the corner of a winding street: "*Non comprendo*," shrugging their shoulders. I explain. "Oh, I understand;" their countenances lighting up. "You mean the Ghetto?" Yes. "Gone! The French revolution broke down the walls of the Ghetto everywhere, the complete demolition of *ours* has only been effected since the downfall of the Pope. The Jews are no longer oppressed, have the same rights now as other citizens; there is no distinction, at present, because of faith; all are equal before the law; Jews, Protestants, Catholics, unbelievers, each have the same rights, attend the same schools, are buried, if they wish it, in the same yard, are married in the same way and according to the same form, civil, the only method recognized by the State; of course they are married by their own clergy afterward if so disposed, but church marriages, whether performed by priest, rabbi or minister, alone, are not recognized in law." But what about the treatment of the Jews in the Ghetto? I repeat. "Well, sir; it is a long story. It had its rise and decline like everything else. It attained its acme during the pontificate of Gregory XIII, who introduced as one of the attractions of the carnival, races between old Jews, naked, through the length of the Corso, for the amusement of the faithful and the punishment of unbelief. This continued until a *gracious* Pontiff permitted horses to be substituted for Jews, they, the Jews, rewarding the winners with embroidered cloth. On the day appointed for the reception of the Tapestry it was the humane custom to receive the offering from a delegation of the most venerable among the "chosen people," who, when having presented their gifts and had turned to leave the hall, like drunken soothsayers, were kicked down stairs for their pains, and in the presence of the hooting multitude; this also continued for a while and declined. Then came the twentieth of September; General Cadorna summoned the city to surrender to the national army. The Pope decided to yield to force alone. The bombardment began, a breach was effected in the city wall near *Porta Pia*. The Italians entered, were enthusiastically welcomed by the inhabitants. There was a scuffle over the Papal flag; only a few lives lost, and on the day

on which the first shot was fired the flag of Italy waved over the capital. The Plebiscite, twelve days after, by 133,681 votes against 1507, declared their desire to be enrolled among the adherents of Victor Emmanuel, and thus was accomplished the ambition of his life, the unification of Italy under the house of Savoy, and thus ended the Temporal Power, and thus was secured freedom of conscience and worship and faith, and thus was guaranteed to all, irrespective of creed, all the rights of citizenship, and thus the defrauded Hebrew and everybody else, had their disabilities removed and were declared free, and now." What now, sir? "Now the Jews are among the prominent citizens of Rome, and the best. Seismidt was a Jew; Doda, Minister of Finance, was a Jew; Laffatti and Levi, *Deputaties,* are Jews; Ascoli, Depretis, the great Crispi, and many others foremost in every walk are of the despised race, and no reflections by the present government are cast upon a man because of his creed, for we have come to learn that men are not so much responsible for what they believe as for what they do, and we have found that men of all creeds and of none do well and ill!" Thank God, I said, for this spirit of benign tolerance manifested in this day of grace all over the green earth. "Yes," he continued, "it has permitted the outcast to stand up and be a man, and has enabled the seed of Abraham, people that for 1800 years, Christian and Mohammedan alike, in vain have attempted to stamp out, to give to the world, returning good for evil, its Neanders, Ganses, Benarys, Weils, Benfeys, Stahls, Dernbergs, Valentens, Lazaruses, Hertzs—their name is legion—men the foremost and most brilliant, in the intellectual progress of the age. Men who have converted European finance into a profession that comprehends all the resources of science and soil, and makes them active in the development of good. Men who control the European press no less than its finance, while on the other hand names like Mendelssohn, Heine, Borne, Ense, Auerbach, Jules Janin, Henrik Herz, Costa, Meyerbeer, Moscheles, Rachel, Davison, Dessoir—everybody can add to the list of prominent Hebrews who shine in all branches of art, music, painting, sculpture, the drama, philosophy, science, and that prove the despised Jew to be among the chief promoters of humanity and civilization wherever he goes." The light which engirdled us

from the lamp of the Virgin mother became tremulous, as if with emotion, at the sound of these gracious words. I was too much impressed to respond. I gave my instructor thanks and good-night, and came home to write down what he said.

ROME, September 15, 1887.

"If Christianity should ever perish, the age that loses it will have reason to deplore the blindness of those who teach mankind to defend this glorious and consolatory tenet, not by general considerations of the fundamental properties of our common nature, but by traditions, assertions, and records which do not bear the stamp of universality, since in one state of society they are held true, and in another state of society they are held false."—*Buckle's Essays.*

"In proportion, Cebes, as a man is godly, so of necessity does he grow in apprehension."—*Man and his World.* GARRETTSON.

* * * "Thou, whose feet were set
On English earth, while this was England yet,
Our friend that art, our Sidney's friend that wast,
Heart hardier found, and higher than all men's past,
Shall we not praise thee, though thine own forget?

* * * * * * * * * * *

Surely thy spirit of sense rose up to greet
Lucretius, where such only spirits meet,
And walk with him apart till Shelley came
To make the heaven of heavens more heavenly sweet,
And mix with yours a third incorporate name."
—*For the Feast of Giardano Bruno.* SWINBURNE.

I WAS compelled by the darkness, last night, to conclude before I had written all that was said by the young man. I wish you could have seen him, as he stood within the luminous shadow cast by the light burning in front of the Virgin, and looking as if he was the genius of the past; familiar and in harmony with the glorious achievements of antiquity, regretfully cognizant of the humiliating degradation of the present, yet full of hope and high thoughts in regard to what was to come. If this is young Italy, I thought, I have no fear for the success of the new *régime.* When in repose, his features and general bearing resembled the picture by Raphael, that we have been taught to believe the portrait of the artist himself, until Germany, as usual, this time in the person of Herman

Grimm, had shown us that it was only the likeness of one of his friends. The curved neck, refined, rather feminine features, and long mass of thick hair, surmounted by a scholar's cap, gave him an expression of high-born dignity and reserve; but when in answer to a remark of mine (about the Rome of ruins being greater than the Rome of to-day) he spoke of what Italy was as compared with what she ought to have been, he seemed to become transformed, the soft, mobile lineaments contracted into the rigidity of resolution—yet the breakers are not where the water is deepest—for, notwithstanding the fact that the ocean of his feelings was stirred to its depth by humiliating memories, the surface was as calm as a summer sea, as he continued to talk of things that it would not be graceful in me to repeat, for, at present, every question in Italy is a religious one, and I have resolved, as far as possible, to leave the discussion of such for wiser heads. From a denouncer of the Papacy, he suddenly changed into a eulogizer of Giordano Bruno, "soul splendid with all-righteous love of right." Do tell me more of Bruno, I said. I know him, of course, that is, as well as a foreigner can know a man isolated not only by speech and faith, but by that peculiar kinship to the remote past, which is the characteristic of Italy, and more particularly of Rome. I know him, somewhat, through his works, and, of course, esteem him, as who does not, that can consider him with unprejudiced eyes. I know, too, that more even than his discoverer, the German Jacobi says of him, in his *Briefen über die Lehre des Spinoza*, more than Scartazzini, Wagner, Descartes, Sigwart, Bartholmès, say of him, can be said in his praise, for they only speak of "the accuracy of his deductions," "the purity of his teaching," "the loftiness of his ideal;"—more can be said of this "son of the lightning and the light," that even Swinburne says, by remembering the fearless enthusiasm with which he combated error and struggled for the right, and how heroically he met his doom; but still it is hard for a foreigner to understand just how a people regard their great men. Why is it, for example, that two hundred and eighty-eight years after he was burned by the very power of which you are still a part of the clientage—he shrugged dissent. "I understand the significance of the gesture—you spit out when priests pass you on the street, but

you send for them to confess and anoint you when you are dying! Why is it that you seem to exult in the mere preliminaries connected with the erection of a monument to the only man that was brave enough to express openly his dissent from what he had been taught, and that at a time, too, when to pronounce such dissent meant death at the stake." "That is one of the reasons why we honor ourselves and him," he replied. "We never could have done it before. Rome, until now, has been in the hands, and under the exclusive control, of the enemies that burned and reduced him to ashes, and today, we, the people of united Italy, as we have erected a monument to Savanarola on the very spot where he was put to death, for being a preacher of righteousness, so here, on the place made sacred by the ashes of a greater than Savanarola, we commemorate the principle for which he died."

We stood within sight of the enormous ruins of the Baths of Diocletian, as he said the above, and it seemed as if the projecting stones—sentinels of the centuries—were auditors, as he resumed relating the story of his life: "Giordano Bruno, at an early age," he continued, "joined the Order of Dominicans, but having expressed doubt, shortly after, in regard to the doctrines of Transubstantiation and The Immaculate Conception, he was compelled to flee from his convent. Henceforth his life was unsettled. In 1580 he went to Geneva; but having incurred the opposition of the clergy by the frankness of his utterances, he judged it prudent to betake himself to France. He refused the chair of philosophy in the University of Paris, but delivered lectures on the great art (logic) of Raymond Lully. Here again, because of the originality of his assertions, he found it necessary to seek refuge in flight; he escaped to England. where, through the friendship of the French Ambassador and Sir Philip Sidney, he remained for two years in peace, during which time he wrote his most important works. Because of his opposition to the Aristotelian philosophy he was obliged to fly to Marburgh, where he matriculated from there to Wittenberg, where he became professor, and where, although he refused to join the Lutheran Communion, yet he delivered an impassioned panegyric on Luther. After spending some time in Germany and Bohemia, visiting Prague, he resolved to return again to his people and home. Persecution, obloquy,

banishment, were insufficient to embitter him towards his enemies. It was while suffering unimagined pangs, in being separated from country, relatives, all that was dear to him, that he wrote the following paragraph, a paragraph that ought to be retained in the memory of every man discouraged by circumstances which he cannot control: "Wherefore, I am not filled with disgust at having undergone toil and trouble and exile, since while laboring I profited, and while suffering exile I improved my mind, because I found in a short task a rest every day, in slight distress a vast fund of joy, and in constrained banishment, a limitless land for my loyalty."* He resolved to return to Italy. From Padua, where he resided two years, he went to Venice, and in 1598, about a month after his arrival, he was arrested by the officers of the Inquisition and taken to Rome. He was subjected here to the tortures of The Holy Office, and for two years suffered every torment and indignity that cruelty and cowardice could devise, in the hope of making him recant. But the ingenuity of his tormentors failed, and on the 17th of February, 1600, in the *Campo dei Fiori*, he was burned alive. Surely, Philosophy and Science have their martyrs as well as Faith."

There was not the slightest evidence of excitement exhibited by the young man during the relation of the above; nothing but a calm, deep resolve, as if the barbarity inflicted upon this noble life—or, as Cardinal Newman would say, this "Mystagogue of Misbelief"—had been repeated often enough in fact to have taken away its novelty. "Now," he continued, "we desire to express to the world our abhorrence and complete separation from the crushing and persecuting power which committed this great injustice, and that even now with characteristic effrontery and sophistry is attempting to call the dog mad, that it killed. Such acts and attitudes, of which the burning of Bruno is a type, have kept Italy as she is. Italy, who taught the nations to read, after being, for eighteen hundred years, under the exclusive control of this same power, was unable to read herself. Instead of improving upon the methods of our Pagan

* Pro qua incurrisse non piget labores, dolores, exilium; quia laborando profui, exulando didica. Quia inveni in brevi labore diuturnam requiem, in levi dolore immensum gaudium, in augusto exilio patriam amplissimam.

ancestors, with such credentials of their greatness (pointing to the ruins), so astonishing still, that they excite the admiring wonder of the world, or instead of keeping pace with the manliness and nobleness of the old days, under the paternal care of the omnipotent power that professes humility and practices intolerance and pomp, we have become instead objects of pity and reproach."

"What Bruno refused to believe is what most of the people of Italy—the world—refused to believe, and as Bruno has been condemned, so have you and I. Italy has produced many great and good men, but there are few, if any, of them that exceed, in all that constitutes true greatness, Giordano Bruno, 'philosopher and martyr,' who, in the very depth of his misery because of enmity and persecution, wrote: 'We ought never to be dispirited by any strange accidents through excess of fear or pain, nor ever be elated by any prosperous event through excess of hope or pleasure; whence, we have the way to true morality, and following it we would become the magnanimous despisers of what men of childish thoughts do fondly esteem, and the wise judges of the history of nature which is written in our minds, and the strict executioners of those divine laws, which are engraved in the centre of our hearts. * * * Thus the excellency of God is magnified, and the grandeur of His empire made manifest; who is not glorified in one, but numberless suns; not in one earth or in one world, but in ten hundred thousand, and of infinite globes."

We remained at home last evening, and had quite a pleasant time comparing notes. The old gentleman and his son, with Father Fabian, visited the catacombs. Young Herman, the ladies, and some others spent the day after mass in the gardens of the Vatican. Weinbrunner and a few of the more devout visited a number of the churches, where they saw the chains that bound St. Peter in Jerusalem; the Capuchin Cemetery, where the vaults are decorated with human bones, and skeletons lie on couches of bones covered with canopies of the same. Yet poor Weinbrunner, with all this wealth of sanctified woe, is unhappy, as he hoped to see the boards from the manger in Bethlehem, but for some reason failed; in consequence he is like Rachel weeping for her children—won't be comforted.

He has an appetite for relics that never seems to be surfeited. The old gentleman—"his hair is silvered o'er with age, and long experience makes him sage"—gave me a very pleasant account of the catacombs. Beyond the gate of San Sebastiano, on the Appian Way, is the entrance to these famous tombs, quarries in the old times, afterward the place of concealment for Christians during persecution. These ghost-haunted passages have been explored for fifteen miles, and have been found to form a chain of labyrinths with a circumference of over fifty miles. By the light of torches you wend out and in through narrow ways saturated with dampness and heavy air; yet on you wander among martyr's graves, penetrating subterranean vaulted roads diverging in all directions, choked up with heaps of stone to prevent them from being used as places of rendezvous by robbers. Graves on every hand, tombs of men and women, and their orphaned children, who ran to the persecutors crying, "We are Christians, we are Christians," that they might be murdered and go to their parents; graves with the palms of martyrdom and all the symbols of Christian faith; graves of some who dwelt for years in these living charnel houses, ministering to others, preaching hope, truth, comfort, and the love of God. To these dreary crypts it is said the early Christians were in the habit of retiring in order to celebrate the new worship, in days of persecutions. Though latterly devoted to purposes of Christian burial exclusively, it is now believed that they were used previously by Pagans and Jews, the palm tree, the symbol of Judea, being a prominent design in the decorations of the tombs.

* * * * * * * * *

Since our arrival I have been observing in the windows of the smaller shops, chiefly on side streets, a very fine yet curious photograph of the present Pope. I have seen it at least in a half-dozen windows. It represents him with official robes kneeling on a praying stool, his arms resting on the back, his hands clasped in prayer, his face turned upward, and with an expression of the most intense ecstacy on his glowing features—he gazes at an apparition of the Madonna in the clouds. It reminded me of the picture in Cologne of St. Francis receiving the stigmata. The Pope, too, is looking

heavenward, his piercing gaze has penetrated the veil; for there, as I have said, on the summit of a billowy cloud is the Virgin with the Divine Child. How was it gotten so? I thought many times. I ventured into a shop to-day, and asked. "He posed for it," was the laconic answer. That will do for the Pope, I replied, but how about the Madonna; did she, too, sit for her picture? He shrugged his shoulders, and shook his head, "No; she is one of the *properties* of the photographer!" Oh—h!

* * * * * * * * *

I have found my way—how I know not—into the world-famous Pantheon, and here I stand in the interior of its circular auditorium looking up into the aperture in the centre of the dome through which it opens to the sky. To behold this is indeed worth a trip across the Atlantic. No wonder it was once thought to have been called "Pantheon," because of its resemblance to the blue vault of heaven. Anything more simply sublime—size is not essential to greatness—I have never seen. The diameter of the dome and the height are each but one hundred and forty feet, and yet it seems to include the universe—heaven, earth, and all the aspirations of humanity. How impossible it is for words to convey adequately the impressions produced by such a building as this!—and to think it was made by man! Your very soul dilates when you feel that you are related, no matter how distantly, with such a race. You are raised to the sky by it, but soon dwindled again into insignificance, as you remember that you have done nothing to deserve such honor. I feel now as if no man or woman has realized all that God intended until he has stood on such a spot as this, hallowed by centuries—glorified by everything great in life. It is not more than a quarter the size of St. Peters, and yet by the very harmony of its divine proportions it annihilates magnitude and space. You look up and behold the clouds fitfully flitting across it, or lingering lovingly above, as if there was nothing fairer on the glad earth. You think of looking up through the dome at midnight, seeing the golden stars peering wistfully in, and can imagine yourself in one of the celestial mansions escaped from its orbit and fixed on earth. I would not have missed this for all that I have seen in Rome. It is the very eloquence and oratory

of architecture, while other buildings are but the mere gossip and chatter. What a history, too! Built by the Emperor Agrippa when Christ was a child, it has been a witness of all the vicissitudes of the Eternal City from that day to this. Restored by Domitian, Trajan, Septimus Severus, and Caracalla. In 1609 converted (by Imperial permission) by Boniface IV into a Christian church; subsequently used as a fortress by one of the rival Popes. Then despoiled by Urban VIII; disfigured at his command by Bernini's belfries—"asses ears"—which were removed by the present Government four years ago. Its pavement of porphyry, pavonazetto, and *giallo antico* frequently flooded by inundations from the yellow river; its glittering bronze peeled from its interior by Pope Urban to make canopies for St. Peters and cannon for St. Angelo, as whalebone is torn from the mouth of a whale to make other kinds of canopies and parachutes; its sublime simplicity marred by tawdry decorations, yet, withal, it brings to us a message from the antique world that proves the vanity of modern pride; for "age cannot wither it, nor custom stale its infinite variety." Raphael is buried here, near his betrothed, Cardinal Bibiena's niece, Annibale Caracci, and Victor Emmanuel. And there are altars; but your mind is monopolized by the building itself. You want no other thought to enter. These are material—evanescent—and of the earth; but the glorious building, with the elements of infinitude, endureth forever.

I had just left it with what feelings I cannot tell—was fairly in the street—when my attention was arrested by a few monks and other people going down the way. People stopped and looked after them. On inquiry I found that it was a delegation of priests from the church of *Ara Cœli* or the Altar of Heaven, carrying *il Santo Bambino* (the Holy Child) to the bedside of a sick woman. I learned that this "Holy Child"—a wooden doll—came direct from heaven, and that it is endowed with miraculous power. It is the chief actor in one of the most curious Christmas ceremonies at Rome. During the week after Christmas it is laid in a richly decorated manger before the altar of the chapel, where it is kept, and from three to four o'clock children under ten are permitted to kneel before it and address to it their petitions. On each day

at *Ave Maria* it is shown to the multitude on the piazza of the capitol, and at other times is carried to the bedside of the sick, the people kneeling as it passes. None knelt to-day; "and as the doctors leave when the Bambino is called in," sarcastically adds my informant, "cures are frequent, and costly gifts from grateful patients make the shrine of the Bambino one of the richest in Rome." It is covered with diamonds, the contributions of the healed, and the priests only touch it with hands encased in gloves, sprinkled with gold dust.

Christ said, "Feed my sheep." Such things as these, to me, say "Shear them." I was thinking of this and much else —lost in reverie—when I heard a harsh voice (everything is harsh here but Italian—the sweetest speech, except English, on earth). However, a harsh, sibilant—or rather strident—"*Herr Baumister! Herr Baumister!*" came vibrating through the clear air until it struck my ear. I looked up, and there, as large and numerous as nature, stood the whole pilgrim band —the entire flock, minus the shepherd—he was waiting at the hotel. They had been looking for me; begged me to hurry and get ready, time for the reception was almost up. "What will it cost?" I cautiously asked, for my late visit to the residence of the Pope had been the occasion of a greater outlay than I had expected. Unlike the museums of Holland and Germany, there are no friendly placards in the museums of the Vatican, telling strangers that "servitors are not permitted to receive gratuities." "What's the tariff?" "Oh, nothing of consequence," a number of voices say in concert. "Ladies must dress in black and wear veils without bonnets." I looked at Miss Lemcke's face, the apparent foraging ground for all the fleas and mosquitoes of Rome, and said, "Good! What do gentlemen do?" "Gentlemen must be in full dress, and carry their gloves in *one* hand." "Is that all?" "Yes; that's all." I looked despairingly at my baggy knees and reinspected a recent rent in the tail of my grey coat —had been vain of it, as it reminded me of the rent that the dagger of the envious Casca made in the mantle of Cæsar; and yet it was only done by a rusty nail in the Pantheon. Even that was some honor, although now I wished it undone. "Oh, never mind your clothes," says good-natured Weinbrunner; "we have been negotiating with the waiters for black

suits. They will lend theirs for a trifle. Salome's will just fit you; he said they would. Your hat suits him, exactly." "What! my Cork hat?" "Yes; he wore it to a ball last night, and says that when hats fit everything fits." "How much will he charge?" "Three francs—*only* three francs; they don't expect much from pilgrims, you know." "Too much, its not worth the money; I can get into one of *our* museums for a dime, and see a dozen popes and kings—("Yes, in wax," interrupts Herman; "but he's alive")—and shall I give sixty cents here to see one? No; I don't care to see him. I'll get his picture, with the madonna-tipped cloud; that'll be better, and last longer." "And not see the blessed Father!" say all—"*Screchlich!* Not care to see the Pope? Why, my dear American, he is going to bless us!—Father Fabian says so." "Can you not be persuaded?" pleads Miss Lubke—putting her hands on my shoulders and looking into my eyes as only a Viennese nymph can. "No, my dear; not even by your eloquence. I am going home to-morrow, and I have much to do to-day; but I do trust that when I am gone the mosquitos and what do you call them—that bite in the night—may allow you to sleep as beautiful as you look, for then I know your rest will be complete, and you need it much." "He is so poetical (*dichterisch*), and yet I only said the truth," says the poor girl, in a burst of enthusiasm, but with tears, adding, "I do, indeed, need rest, but I know now that I cannot—when you are gone I will think only of our *Bildhauer*, rocking across the mountains to Paris, *where, I am afraid he will always be lost to me*;" the last clause whispered. We turned toward the hotel; they to get ready for the audience with the Pope, and I to go to the grave of Shelley. *Fräulien* L. had occasion many times to blush on our way home; and little Weinbrunner, or the "Trumpeter of Sackingen," as Herman calls him, since he *heard* him sleep a few nights ago, more than once turning up in contempt his pug nose at sights that we saw as we came along.

* * * * * * * * *

Never talk again of the unreliability of dreams. After the others had gone, I started alone to visit the Strangers' Burying Ground outside the walls. The heart of poor Shelley, and the body of Keats are there, and Joseph Severn, to the last his

devoted friend; and John Bell, who wrote so eloquently about the Eternal City, and many more. If my secret soul was asked, why came you to Rome? I think she would say—to visit these. However, no matter what I start to see, I almost instinctively trend the roundabout way to St. Peters; the enormous Piazza, Bramante's Arcades, the Obelisk and Fountain, with feathery foam against the blue sky, the magnificent saint-lined Façade of the Cathedral, the storm-beaten Vatican, with its nosegay of living men at the door, all produce upon my imagination an impression entirely unique. I never tire of them; feel as if I would even be willing, if needed, to become a beggar in order to remain long enough to drink in the glory of the sublime combination. I had started, therefore, again towards the entrance of the Pope's Palace; was talking with one of the guard—strangely, about the United States, too. Found him as much interested as everybody is; for the heart of the universe seems to long for America, the Eldorado, they think, of every hope. He had just uttered some extravagancies about "the States," when who came down the stairs, looking like a whipped dog, but the poor Trumpeter of Sackingen.

He was dressed in the black, swallow-tailed coat and trousers of Alastor, one of the waiter demons of the hotel. Alastor is not stout; Weinbrunner is; consequently, everything on him was ready to split. If you can imagine Sir John Falstaff dressed in the clothing of an Antinöus, you know just what he looked like, except instead of the jollity of the fat knight, he had the dejection of Adam expelled from Paradise. "What's the matter now?" I asked. "Can't get in," he says, in despair; "I have forgotten my gloves." I actually felt sick. He had come all the way from Vienna for this, and now he was to be cast out thus like a hungry hound from a meat shop, and for a mere whim. I was angry. How I wished my lips at the ear of his Holiness for a moment. I felt that I could very soon have convinced him that this man was the most devoted of the whole pack, and that his delinquency in the matter of gloves was due to his eagerness—to his being entirely absorbed in the prospective honor of seeing him face to face, and of kissing his blessed slipper. I did not know what to do. I happened to have in my pocket my mineralogy gauntlets, very much the worse for

wear, as for the past few days I had been poking a good deal in the Coliseum, and on the banks of the Tiber. I offered them; it was all I could do. The guard shook his head, "Won't answer." "How can we manage it?" I asked him. "Wait a moment,—have you a pencil?" I presented my stylographic pen. He wrote a few lines, folded them, and with some hurried directions, sent Weinbrunner back. I whispered in his ear in passing, paraphrasing from Locksley Hall, "You can open any door with a golden key," as I slipped into his ungloved but honest hand a lot of loose francs that I had in my pocket. Then I watched anxiously until he had passed the second sentinel and was out of sight. The guard good-naturedly signifying "It will be all right" I thanked him; asked the location of the "Cemetery of the Protestants." He kindly directed me the nearest way; when I held it meet that we should shake hands and part.

I discovered a florist on the road out who charged me fourteen francs for a basket of flowers and eight additional (the scoundrel!) for the basket; and thus equipped, like a male Flora, with a load heavy enough in the intense heat to produce apoplexy, I continued until within the shadow of the sepulchre of Caius Cestius, a pyramid one hundred feet high, and that now marks the place, the only spot near or in Rome, until the abolition of the Temporal Power of the Papacy, where Protestants were permitted to be buried. The walls of the city are built against it. Its apex towers far above the massive gate, put there by Belisarius, thirteen hundred years ago. It was here that St. Paul, when departing, bade farewell to his friends. Yet it is not traces of these, nor the "tombs of fame and eld," that I seek. I sit down and think of the noble band of men whose dust has enriched the soil, but particularly of him, fine-tempered, heaven-gifted, luminous, immortal Shelley, who has written the most touching description of it; touching, because in a few years after the date of the letter from Naples to his friend Peacock, of "Crochet Castle," Shelley was drowned, and his ashes and heart laid to rest in this very spot. I open his "Letters" and read, under date of December, 1818, and within sight of the famous tomb, "The English burying-place is a green slope near the walls, under the pyramidal tomb

of Cestius, and is, I think, the most beautiful and solemn cemetery I ever beheld. To see the sun shining on its bright grass, fresh when we first visited it with the autumnal dews, and hear the whispering of the wind among the leaves of the trees, which have overgrown the tomb, and the soil which is stirring in the sun-warm earth, and to mark the tombs, mostly of women and young people who are buried there, one might, if one were to die, desire the sleep they seem to sleep. Such is the human mind, and so it peoples with its wishes vacancy and oblivion." And here I stand, perhaps, on the very spot occupied by the author of Adonais in some of his visits sixty-nine years ago; certainly in the same month—probably the same hour and day. And thus I have at last found something in Rome besides the Pantheon and Coliseum that engages my whole soul, for not only Shelley is buried here, but Keats, his predecessor in glory, and the artist Joseph Severn, his devoted friend; also the gentle William Howitt, author of "The Homes and Haunts of the English Poets;" Gibson and Wyatt, the sculptors, are buried here, and J. A. Carstens, the artist, and William Augustus Hare, the youngest of the philosophic brothers, who, in conjunction, wrote "Guesses at Truth;" the Italian Salvator Rosa; the German Müller; and Scotchman Bell, the brother of Sir Charles, and the first that taught the application of the science of anatomy to practical surgery. Over his grave every healed sufferer should drop a grateful tear. But why enumerate the names of the gentle who sleep in this solemn spot "the sleep that knows no waking," when every nation of Europe—almost of the world—is represented. My flowers are too few, as there are so many dear to the universal heart in the soil of this *Campo Santa*—this holy field, sown with some of the best seed not only of England's greatness, but of the world's—guarded within the circle of mighty Rome by the tower-crested wall of Aurelian and the discolored pyramidal tomb of Caius Cestius.

I have sought out the place where Shelley lies, with cypresses around, perhaps those planted by Trelawny, his friend. The stone is marked as follows:

"PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY; *Cor cordium.*
Natus iv. Aug. MDCCXCII. *Obit* viii. Jul. MDCCCXXII."

This written by Leigh Hunt. Then the lines from "The Tempest," that he so frequently quoted:

> "Nothing of him that doth fade
> But doth suffer a sea-change
> Into something rich and strange."

Glorious Shelley! What might he not have been if he had had what in his boyish pride he affected to scorn—the sympathy of the world! He was refused Christian burial, and lo! he has sanctified the whole land; and I, notwithstanding my admiration for heroism, would not exchange the tenth of what he was for all the saints that are enclosed within the walls of the mighty city and in consecrated tombs, for *their* virtues were exerted for a selfish end, that they might gain a heavenly reward. They in their heroic sufferings were sustained by a consciousness of the nearness of God—"Underneath were the everlasting arms." But *he* hoped for no reward—thought of none—believed in none. For his convictions—the pure love of what he considered right—he sacrificed fortune, friends, public esteem—all. He did it unaided, alone, and without the support of faith in an ever-present and merciful God. Without vain boasting he returned good for evil. His whole life was an act of charity; his purity, the purity of a child; his "atheism" the ebullition of noble youth protesting against seeming tyranny and wrong. Without knowing it, he was the noblest Christian of them all. Never was there so generous a friend, so true a representation of poetical character, a man so gentle, generous, and kind. His piety was toward those whom he desired to befriend—the human race; and, as a true zoophilist, it included not only the higher animals, but, like that other tender heart, Cowper, the very insects of the field and worms of the dust. And thus *his* spirit, as that of his Adonais,

> "Like a star,
> Beacons from the abode where the eternals are,"

and makes the air and the sacred, sequestered place redolent with the memory of his greatness of soul. I cover the stone with flowers, and pass over to the grave of Keats:

> "To that high capital where kingly death
> Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay—
> He came; and bought with price of purest breath
> A grave among the eternal."

Inexpressibly sad is it, and soothing, too, to find these two friends of my youth lying here almost side by side, and so surrounded, in a land where we are all strangers.

> "He has outsoared the shadow of our night,
> Envy, and calumny, and hate and pain;
> And that unrest which men miscall delight,
> Can touch him not, and torture not again—
> From the contagion of the world's slow stain
> He is secure."

When a boy, in a fit of orthodox rage, after reading "Prometheus Unbound," I burned Shelley's book, that I had some months before purchased with the savings of days; but I have long since renewed my allegiance and have come here to proclaim it aloud. From Keats I have never been separated; on his headstone is inscribed—

> "This grave contains all that was mortal of a young English poet, who on his deathbed, in the bitterness of his heart at the malicious power of his enemies, desired these words to be engraved on his tombstone:
>
> 'Here lies one whose name was writ in water.'"—*Feb.* 24, 1821.

The monuments, which are numerous here, are in significant contrast to those in the native grave-yards; they consist chiefly of columns, obelisks; broken shafts, ordinary headstones, sarcophagi and the like, with epitaphs having reference only to the virtues and misfortunes of the deceased. The Papal Government, with characteristic tyranny and narrowness, not permitting to heretics even the sad comfort of incribing upon the monuments of their dead any allusion to hopes beyond the grave, or any symbols of Christian faith. Consequently no stones here except those erected since the liberation of Italy, refer to the resurrection or to the future life. But the shadows of evening are falling, the time for retreat is near. Scattering the remaining flowers over the grave of Keats and Severn, his dear friend and partner of his sorrows, and others, I bid a hurried farewell, perhaps forever, to the aliens from all parts of the earth, buried in this Court of Peace, and hurry home.

ROME, September 16, 1887.

"I do remember me that in my youth,
When I was wandering, upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's walls
Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome."—"*Manfred.*"
BYRON.

"The gladiator's bloody circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection."—*Ibid.*

"Immortal glories in my mind revive,
When Rome's exalted beauty I descry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie." ADDISON.

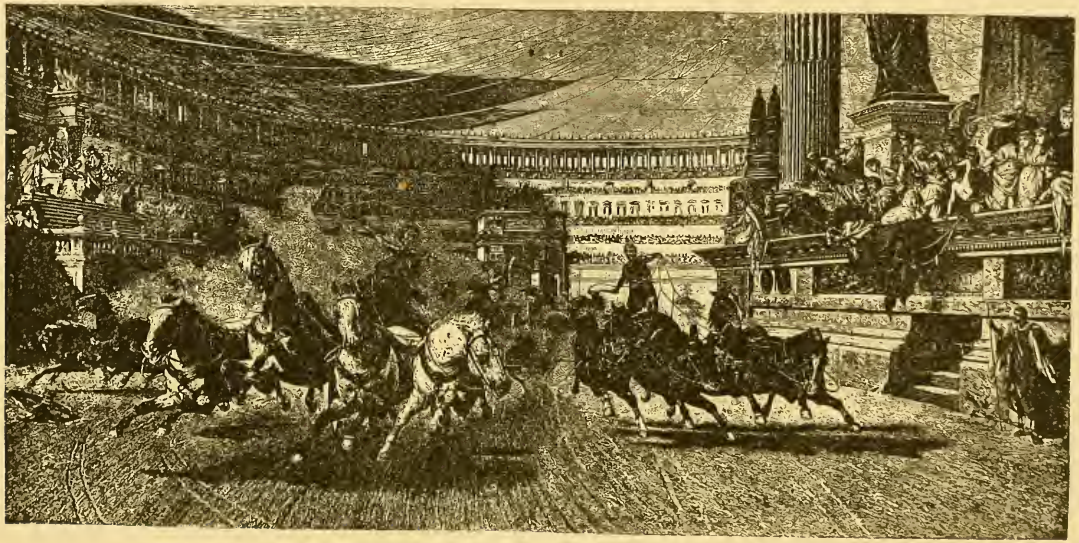
LAST night, late, I hired a carriage and had the driver take me to the Flavian Amphitheatre, or as an Englishman, the venerable Bede, first called it, the Coliseum. Everybody wants to see the noble ruin by moonlight; my visit was in the darkest night. Approaching what seemed to be a rent in the outer wall, I asked the driver to permit me to dismount, as I wished to enter alone. He objected; there was an altercation, in which he attempted to point out the danger, but when he finally saw that I was determined, he said "very well, *signore*, but you will please allow me to ask that I be paid *now*, as you know, *signore*, we may never meet again!" When I saw that his anxiety about my safety was because it involved the loss of his fee, I paid him for his services and agreed to pay him for waiting until I returned—"but, *signore*, you may never return; you may be lost; could you not pay all, now?" No; not a cent; I will get back safe; do not be afraid; the longer I remain the better for you. He shook his curly head incredulously—"pay half, now." Not a *solde* until I get back. Here, I guarantee my return; you wait near the lamp over yonder; I take my handkerchief, so; fasten it in this rent, so; the moon will be up at midnight. Then I shall circumnavigate the interior until I come to the entrance with the flag of truce—unless in the meantime you have stolen it—one of the silk handkerchiefs that Irma gave me, and then you will drive me home—then you'll have your pay. It was a bargain. You see I wanted to sit upon the

capital of a fallen pillar or like in the grand ellipse, and meditate; everybody does, and this was my last chance.

"Fools *rush* in where angels fear to tread."

I didn't; I picket my way, awfully, I can assure you, using hands and feet to guide me instead of my eyes; it seemed to take ages to pass even the outer wall, so thick was it and so multitudinous the memories that possess you in threading such a needle's eye; but, after having put it between me and my expectant friend, I remained breathless for awhile, not knowing whether to continue or return. I had heard there were chasms and pitfalls, and that if a man fell into one of them on a dark night it was not likely that he would escape alive. I hesitated now; was restrained because of what I heard from attempting to navigate further in this unknown sea. When we approached the great ruin it was extremely dark; its ponderous outlines but intensified the gloom, while a dim lamp near by made the darkness visible; but after I had been for a few minutes in the inside, suddenly a glimmer of light darkly illuminated the whole interior for a moment and ceased. It was the mere flash of a dark lantern, I thought, but it was enough to enable me to see where I stood. I advanced a few steps; darkness had returned but not so dark as before. I had now been, I imagine, about a half hour in it, and it was just about light enough to discover in the distance a dark mass at the other end, undulating wave after wave like a tempest-tossed petrified sea, its apex striking the sky. I proceed until near the centre of the arena and stop. The top pierces the clouds, tier upon tier, tier upon tier, seats away up until lost in space, and around me, I thought, scattered pillars, entablatures, friezes, chaptrels, capitals, denuded of their acanthus by curiosity-seekers, fragments of caryatides and boulders, as if the place was truly a quarry, or an arena where giants had been struggling for victory. The darkness was being slowly dissipated by the moon—stars just beginning to appear. It was the most impressive moment in my life, when I stood there, surrounded by these mutilated and mute fragments, looking like the ghosts of the slain, the same indifferent sky with its eyes of gold looking on as it did centuries ago, without a cloud of disapprobation or a tear.

Who would not be overwhelmed by the memories of such a place? From behind some fallen pillars near me, I heard the voices of whispering men! for a moment my heart stopped, I was not sure of the way out; and what could I do to help myself in a place like this, where stones could hardly be distinguished from men? I stopped, motionless, listening for every sound, wondering what to do in case of an attack. Flight was impossible, even if I had thought of it, for I could not see the handkerchief. I wanted even the gift of my little child to lead me, yet knew not in which direction it was. The only weapon I had was a pen—in such a case hardly as mighty as a sword; but I was cool, and knew that if I could only dodge around until moonlight, which would be in an hour, all would be well. Fortunately, in a few seconds more, I knew that the whispering people were also visitors, getting ready to protect themselves from what they supposed a company of banditti. Everybody thinks of banditti here, although a more peaceful set of people than the present Italians I have never known. We were so glad that all were "honorable men." They asked the road out, in good English, although they were from Camden, New Jersey! and so glad was I to have heard the familiar words, that I could have shouted with joy. When we had said "good night," and I was alone, I sat down on the capital of a prostrate column, and tried to recall what I had read of this solemn place, I repeated, as everybody does, the soliloquy about it in "Manfred," and felt, as I never did before, its beauty and power. The verses in "Childe Harold," also, I tried to recall. I thought of the sixty thousand captive Jews, during its erection, employed on it for ten years by Titus, and of its dedication, under the same Emperor, and its inauguration, lasting one hundred days, when dwarfs fought with cranes, and when even women entered the lists as gladiators, fighting both animals and men; when five thousand beasts, including lions, elephants, and bulls, together with ten thousand men, were slaughtered for the amusement of its audience of one hundred thousand souls! The place became restored to my excited imagination, and I was present at the chariot races, felt the intense excitement of the multitude, and heard the charioteers shouting to their steeds. I thought, too, of this same arena, when it was flooded with water and became like an in-



THE COLISEUM—CHARIOT RACES.

land sea, on which was reproduced the sea fight between the Corinthians and Corcyreans, as described by Thucydides, at the conclusion of which Titus wept, and died soon after, in his fortieth year; then of Hadrian's entertainment afterward, in honor of his birth, when a thousand beasts, including two hundred lions, were slain by gladiators trained at the public charge; then of when the arena was converted into a vast plain, with growing trees and shrubs, the earth, perhaps, where I sat, by some unknown contrivance, opening and allowing wild animals to escape, then closing again. I thought of the gladiatorial contests becoming so popular that it was found necessary to pass laws to prevent more than sixty pair from fighting at one time! Other laws, to prevent *noble women* and senators from becoming gladiators—so popular they became, and so greedy the people for blood—the "amusement," twenty-three hundred men killed in three weeks, at last, becoming such an infatuation that women fought with men to the death, and even the Emperor (Commodus), in this very spot, calling himself Hercules, and, dressed in a lion's skin, killing both gladiators and bears; and, finally, of Telemachus, the monk, in 1603, rushing in to prevent the murders, repeating "Thou shalt not kill"—although being murdered himself—thus putting an end to gladiatorial contests forever. After this, the long catalogue of saints martyred here, beginning with St. Ignatius, devoured, except the large bones, by hungry lions; one hundred and fifteen Christians at one time killed with arrows; others, when the lions refused to devour them, were put in brazen vessels, which were tightly closed, when, in this very space, to make a Roman holiday, they were slowly roasted alive. St. Presca was exposed here to lions. They refused to touch her; when she was put upon a rack, torn with iron hooks, dragged around the arena, and, still alive, was beheaded. After this, Sixtus V turned its arcades into shops, and the building into a woolen-mill factory. This passed, then Clement XI converted it into a laboratory for making saltpetre, afterwards consecrating it as a place made sacred by the blood of martyrs. "If you want relics," said the late Pope to a number of relic hunters, "go to the Coliseum and take up a handful of earth. Every particle is holy." Then Christian services were held in it, and the work of demolition for a time ceased. Afterwards,

magnificent palaces were built from it, and yet it is still the greatest ruin in the world. Since the downfall of the Papacy, the central cross and surrounding shrines, erected in memory of the martyrs, have been removed. Now it is under civil, instead of ecclesiastical control. The former pulpit of the Capuchins, used by Gavazzi, in 1848, to stir the people to arms, is also removed, and nothing remains but the unadorned, naked bones of this leviathen of the past, to thrill with awe the puney creations of the present. With all its bloody history, I doubt if the Coliseum ever calls up any feeling in the heart of the observer but awe and pity, so grand and sublime is it even in ruin.

It was now clear. Words cannot convey the impressions made by the wonderful place. In looking at some of the other great buildings of the world in the clear moonlight, as compared with the blue vault overhead, they are dwarfed by it, while *they* enhance, by their comparative pettiness, the grandeur of the heavens; but with the Coliseum and other ruins of ancient Rome, and, also, but in a more graceful way, Venice—Venice enchants; Rome awes; they appear a part, an important part, of the visible glory of the firmament, and are in harmony, and yet exceed, all that the imagination can conceive. I strolled at my leisure around, thinking of you, the children, Mary, Eliza, Martha, Mary Norton, my mother (every noble object suggests her). I thought of many things, but all mixed up in some mysterious way with its frightful story. At length, coming to the exit, marked with the white handkerchief, I hesitated before going out, perhaps, never to return. I felt in the few hours that I had remained in it, as if I had lived through its entire history. The carriage was waiting—the driver delighted!—with the prospect of an augmented fee. We drove home in the clear moonlight, arriving at the hotel at two o'clock. My generous companions, in alarm, thought I had been waylaid; had talked of notifying the police, etc. Kind-hearted people, all: the Misses L., *Herr* Weinbrunner, and the old gentleman, very particularly glad.

P. S.—I came near leaving Rome without telling you of the beautiful building where I attended divine service a few days ago. An occurrence that happened directly after, and that I have put upon record, drove it from my pen, though not from

my mind, for as one of the most gratifying pictures seen during my travels, one of the most beautiful exhibitions in architecture of faith associated with indomitable energy, is the American Episcopal Church, in Rome, of Rev. Robert J. Nevin, of Lancaster, Pa.; and the finest, and most intelligent looking people that I saw in Rome, except some of the clergy of her own Church, were the people that I met there. The congregation was large, and in delightful contrast with the poor men and women, decrepid old creatures, that are so numerous on the streets of the eternal city; and the building, too, combines beauty of color and line with harmonious shadows, devotion-inspiring twilights, mystical dims—in a way I can never forget. There was an elegant variety about it, also, indicating the touches of many masters, as well as a scrupulous cleanliness and neatness, in marked antagonism to surrounding squallor. It is, indeed, a noble monument to the industry, devotion, and taste of Mr. Nevin, who was a captain of artillery in a Pennsylvania company during our Civil War, and I know that many of his old comrades, in arms, would be glad to learn of the noble service he is doing for his Master in this new field. The Church was designed by Sir Charles Gilbert, of London. Burne-Jones came all the way from England to paint some of the frescoes, and the mosaics—wonders of harmony and grace, made in Venice—are also after models by the same master.

ALLESANDRO, September 17, 1887.

"There is na workeman
That can bothe worken well and hastilie,
This must be done at leisure parfaitly." CHAUCER.

"Je prends mon bien où je le trouve." MOLIERE.

I FORGOT to tell you, that after all, poor *Fräulein* Lemcke was too sick to go with the party to call on the Pope; she prayed Herman to take her beads to be blessed—she had brought quite a collection for the purpose from Vienna. Herman, faithless among the faithful, found, to reverse Milton, looking at the great mass of them, said: "My dear friend, I couldn't have the face to ask it; it would take his Holiness quite a while to

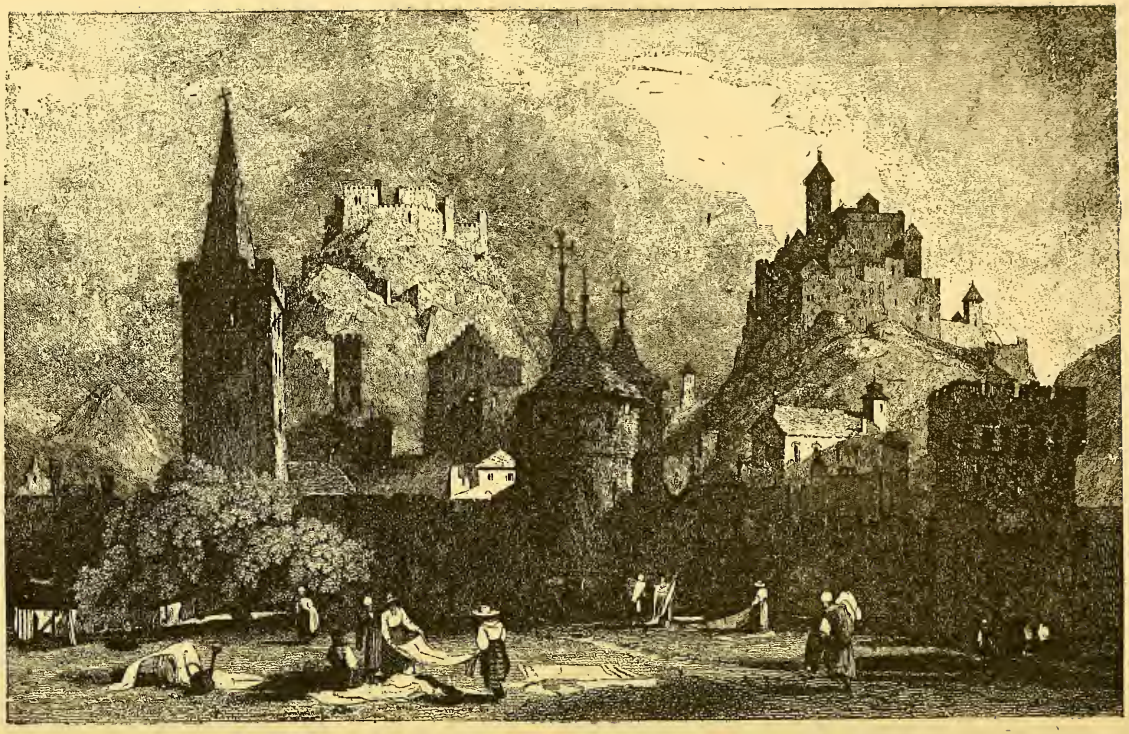
do so many, and you know that, what with the Bruno people, and the pilgrims with gifts, and the malcontents in France, and Bismarck, and the jubilee preliminaries, etc., he has much on his hands." "I know it, I know it," pleads Lemcke, "but my beads! they *must* be blessed. Take them with you, all of them, put a lot in each pocket, and when his Holiness blesses you, he blesses all you have on." Thus you can imagine this converted infidel, distended with rosaries, like the cabbage-ladies of Cork with cabbages, winding his way with the crowd towards the Vatican. At the station, referring to this, the devout, but now triumphant Weinbrunner, regretting that he had nothing better to give me, as in the hurry of getting ready to accompany me to the station, he forgot all; said, taking me by the coat collar, "never mind; all that I have on—all that we all have on—is sanctified (*verheilight*). Here, I'll give you a bit of my waistcoat, to be basted into an amulet (*zaubermittel*), to keep off the witches!" I refused to permit him to mar the splendor of his vest, as he prided himself, much, on its unbroken beauty. He thanked me. "But I must give you something; take a couple of my buttons." I accepted; when, turning his back to us, with Herman's tobacco knife, Miss Lubke severed the most useless two from the tail of—Salome's coat. It served him right for wearing, without permission, my Cork hat. She handed them to Weinbrunner, he held them in his hand, gazing at them. "Oh! those blessed buttons," he says, turning up the whites of his eyes, and striking an attitude of adoration. "Now ar'n't you glad you came to Rome?" he continued, as he tremblingly laid them on my "itching palm." "Yes, indeed," I replied, as I shut my fist on them, "the buttons, alone, are worth the money, and I shall consider everything else thrown in. I shall have a scarf pin made from one, and a broach for my wife from the other, and if there is any virtue in holy water, any power in charms, we're O. K."

After the hand-shakings, good wishes and, cheers of my fellow pilgrims, Miss Lemcke even kissing my thumb; and *Herren* Weinbrunner, Herman, and Millick embracing me after the Austrian style, I bade the whole *pilgerschaar* good-bye with real sorrow, got on a cab, asked the driver to take me once more around the ancient city. I still had two hours

to spare and wished to see again, before parting, the various landmarks that figure so conspicuously in every picture of Rome, and in the memory of every traveler, and thus I passed again The Pantheon, Forum, St. Peters, The Temple of Vesta, the Arches of Constantine and Titus, Cemetery for English, and The Baths of Caracalla, Coliseum, Palace of the Cæsars, Temple of Concord, etc., with mingled feelings of regret, pity, and awe.

I am writing this letter on a handsome marble table, in a restaurant of the first-class, in the Railroad Station, Allesandro, a table handsomely covered, but black and sticky with the accumulated dust of days. This universality of dirt, except in things controlled by the government, is one of the great drawbacks to the enjoyment of Italy, for while the government does all that a government can to make attractive and clean the *public* life, private affairs especially, the so-called "homes" of the poor, as well as the poor themselves, present lamentable conditions. Don't imagine though, that I mean to imply that the streets of Italy are as disorderly and malodorous as those of, say Philadelphia; far from it. When I talk of Italy being untidy, I mean so as compared with Germany, Holland and England; it is cleaner than Austria, and the streets of Italy are far cleaner and better than ours. Most people who have visited Italy within the past ten years, will agree with me, I think, that the part of it controlled by the government, is excellently done. For example, slaughter-houses are scrubbed and white-washed *every* day, including the floors; streets are swept *every* morning, and usually mended at night. There is no waiting until they become impassable, and there is not that chronic state of eruption, either, that Lazarus condition, we, unfortunately, know so well. In the streets of Italy you hardly ever see an inequality—never a hole. The government is better than the people, or rather it is the better class that govern, as is the case in most parts of Europe, and I am thoroughly convinced, that before many years, Italy, under the new management, will have removed many of the objections that at present appeal so conspiculously to the pity, as well as the indignation of travelers, and that she will again occupy her pristine position among the great powers. Palaces, stores, art galleries,

public monuments and fountains, are very unclean; and the frequency of the perforated stones that I told you of, in public and private places, fill you with disgust, and detract much from the otherwise good condition of the streets. A man builds a house here, and in the very exuberance of good-will, or in the absence of refinement, as it seems to us, he inserts a couple of these filters within a few yards of the front door, and while sitting on the steps in the evening with his wife and daughters, almost every man who passes will stop and put them into use, and perhaps bid the time of day to the ladies while in the act; even the splendid white marble fountains that I saw a few days ago erected at the personal expense of the late Pope, in commemoration of something or other connected with the Immaculate Conception, has projecting from it six of these receptacles, so incrusted with offensiveness, that they drove me away. Why they are not cleaned I do not know; perhaps they are still regarded as the property of the Church and not under municipal management. The houses, also, I should say "the homes of the masses," are fearfully unclean. In the steam cars of Italy you can scarcely see through the windows, and if you attempt to let one down you are enveloped in a cloud of suffocating dust, so that after one or two experiments you let bad enough alone. How fortunate that much of the glass is painted in illustration of the exploits of the canonized; the mantles of the saints cover a multitude of stains. But here I am ill-naturedly exposing the *pechars* of my host, when I am still a guest in his home, when I sat down to occupy a two-hour wait, by telling you only of the grandeur of the former tenant; I think I like him best, for he had baths; but to my itinerary of last night—I passed the Fountain of Treve, The Campidoglia, The Monument of Victor Emmanuel, Arch of Septimus Severus, and at last the station, where, to my delight I met a little fellow that I knew in Philadelphia as a vendor of busts. I hailed him as a dear friend; it was like being restored again to modern life, and the good-natured little waif was a fragment from home —from *my* home—in that was his charm. He was a nail-paring from my Prince of Wales, a single hair from the head of my favorite saint, a little bit of the earth into which was thrust the "true wood of the cross." He had come all the



ITALY. BLEACHING CLOTHES ON THE DRY BED OF A RIVER.

way, sleeping in barns and the like, so as to save all he could for his old father and mother, that he wished to see before they died. We remained together until the ringing of the parting bell; I never felt so lonely in my life as when he left me for Carrara, and I took the train for Milan. After a night and half a day of unpleasant travel through a heavenly land, I am here covered with dust, and waiting for the next train. What a pleasant trip it would have been under other circumstances. We were for hours running between the blue Mediterranean, bending out to a nebulous horizon of purple grey, and the Appenines towering until lost in the clouds. Passing through tunnels, to be rewarded on the other side with valleys of olives and figs, ilex, acacias and grapes, houses perfectly straight, five and six stories high, and painted all colors of the rainbow, but chiefly yellow: some decorated on the outside like caskets of Venetian glass. The rivers, waterless for miles, with people drying clothes on their bleached beds; bridges withwhere, out water, children playing and horses hauling on the places after the autumnal floods, there will be steaming and sailing boats; everything dessicated to the dryness of bleached bones; everything tumble-down and looking as if they liked it so. A country, apparently, for which modern civilization has done nothing. Farming implements seen on the way were of the of the most primitive type, yet graceful. We occasionally encountered teams of white oxen, with Virgilian plows, slowly turning up the soil, and looking as if they had just stepped from the entablature of a temple or the panel of some monument of classic times, and, indeed, this is one of the peculiarities of things material in this glorious land; they present the clear defined outlines of bas-reliefs, almost of cameos, or else the luminous contrasts of light and shadow that you see in the mosaics of Teranto or the pictures of Elton Bray; but oh, the charm of it all! so little of the matter-of-fact, so much suggestive of dreams. Now and then we get glimpses of the dry beds of precipitous cascades running into torrid glens, whose chalky and cream-colored sides are entirely void of vegetation. Occasionally, also, we beheld the fragments of defunct temples and the like, projecting into the air from amid squalor and surrounded by desolation. Perhaps it is only a cluster of columns, their sides corroded, capitals gone,

around their base, like weeping Marys at the foot of the cross, figures from the vanished pediments, and united at the top by the bent branch of an ilex or the straight stem of a weeping acacia, along which in pendent festoons runs a vine. Behold a picture of Italy—the improvised trellis, the Italy of to-day, the ruined temple, the classic Italy of heroism and song. We encounter everything surprising in landscape—impenetrable ravines, unfathomable chasms, mountains piercing the clouds, dwellings, narrow and high, like light-houses, great rivers, as I said, dry! with people bleaching clothes on the bottom. In fact, everything exalted, startling, enchanting is here, but the "divine vegetation" you have heard of, and of this, not a vestige visible.

You rarely behold a house in a good condition. Here will be a decayed chateau; a corner has tumbled out; the breach covered with festooning vines, just as a beauty makes a bow take the place of a patch. Yonder is a handsome balcony looking down into a perfectly bare street. A few balusters are missing, which would make it look like a mouth with absent teeth, but that a crimson shawl is thrown over the "rent of ruin," the bit of color lending a charm to the beauty of the whole view; and, indeed, these crimson and cardinal shawls seem to be the panacea for every architectural, physical, and even spiritual defects all over the peninsula. A hole in a roof will have a bit of drapery over it instead of a slate; a tumble down wall, a bunch of vines; a dilapidated arcade will be enhanced by a red quilt or a shawl. Everything is bathed in brilliant colors, people, mountains, streets, houses, rocks, and the dry beds of mountain torrents form a combination of purple, yellow, crimson, cardinal, blue, green; great masses of these blended so harmoniously that you are enchanted at every turn; the roads, too, running through every shade of the chromatic scale are as white as snow, or glitter with mica like a harlequin at a masqurade. This continues until we get to Genoa, when there is a change. The mountains not so steep, water not so often seen, fewer tunnels; peaches, apples, pears, and plums become common, but hardly a flower. I do not remember seeing a flower nor a tree in all Florence outside of the Boboli Gardens, nor in Rome—natural things seem to have no use. They are not a

flower-loving people like the English and Germans. At Carrara, where my friend said good-bye, the geology became peculiar; the strata strangely irregular, forming often acute and right angles; and near the town notes of interrogation, as if they asked, can't you tell how we were made? Thus we pass station after station, every hour making a ten-minute stop; then screaming whistles, tooting horns, ringing bells, and shouting men, and away, until at last we roll into Milan at 7 P. M., with forty-five minutes for refreshments.

I have had nothing to eat since last night. What shall I do—lunch, or see the Cathedral? I ask the waiter how long it would take? "You can be back in time." "Very well; I shall make the attempt. Please take care of my baggage." I board a car, and soon am on the wide streets of the "moral capital of Italy." How glad I am that I am here, as this hurried visit redeems the country from my disapprobation. Milan has all the grandeur and dignity of a German city; good modern houses, wide streets—and clean—with an indescribable air of elegance about it; rare here. I keep a sharp lookout for the church. We pass under a bridge and turn corners. It is Sunday, but all the shops are open, and some people are still at work on the streets. And over yonder is, I believe, the great Gothic Cathedral, under whose vaulted dome rests the visible corpse of St. Charles Borromeo, who was Archbishop of Milan, in the sixteenth century. Who, having ever seen a picture of the Duomo, can forget it? I jump out, and in a minute am at the door of the church—second only to St. Peters and the Cathedral of Seville in size—second to none in grandeur of conception and execution. There is the forest of pinnacles, with the mighty army of sentinel saints, variously estimated from seven thousand to four. That's the wonderful roof, with its turrets and army of white-robed men, some of them by Canova. Among many other treasures belonging to the Cathedral of Milan, is the towel with which Christ dried the disciples' feet, part of His purple robe, thorns from His crown, a stone from the Holy Sepulchre, the rod of Moses, and "teeth which belonged to Daniel, Abraham, John, and Elisha." I walk across the front sixty-five steps, run along the side of the great white wonder—one hundred and sixty-two steps—and wish that I had more time; but I am off to the "Victor

Emmanuel Arcade." "Where is the Victor Emmanuel Arcade?" I say to a young fellow with a violin in a case. "*La*," he replies, pointing to it, and I am soon at "the finest arcade in the world." I am in it; look up and around at the beautiful stores—peep into a few windows. There stands Galileo, and here is Dante, and this Cavour, and over yonder is Raphael; there is Boccaccio and all the rest. I walk rapidly past, nodding to them as I approach. But where am I now? Let me see. Oh, there is a statue; I remember passing this. I approach, and sure enough I am in front of the line that brought me from the station and to Leonardo's monument at the same time. I sit (metaphorically) for a little while at the feet of this Gamaliel, but too soon must bid him and his four companions good-bye. I go to the street to find my way. Walk quickly along the track—am all right—have time, I feel; but the line, without my knowing it, has united with another—a double track. What shall I do? Which is right? For a few moments, oh, what suspense! Nobody about. I did not know what to do as I stood there confused—dazed—when the name "*Via Allesandro Manzoni*," the street that brought me from the station, occurs to me like a flash. For a moment I thought gratefully of Goethe and Eckermann, who introduced me to the great romancist. I look around, observe his name over my head, and I am off. Here is an open square; there a bridge; over yonder, a statue. Cavour. I run over. Right again; there stands the resolute statesman with a great Fame of bronze (not brazen), just finishing the last letter in his name. I stop until I have taken in, I feel, most of its significance, when, like Rosamond, I again seek my scarlet thread—the track—but am lost; it has been crossed. I cannot tell which is right. I run up to the sentinel at the bridge: "Where is the depot?" "*Dirretto*," he replies. My heart gives a jump, and in a few more moments I am in the station, with eight minutes still to take my ease before we start. I had been stretching my legs, and now, at my leisure—investing a *lira* in sandwiches—I take my seat in the car beside my luggage. The bells ring, horns toot, whistles scream, and men shout. The lunchers become launchers, and make a rush, with their mouths filled,

down the steep place into the train; some with bits of bread in their hands; some standing and gulping the dregs of coffee from scalding cups, others running back at the last moment for things in the hurry forgotten. But as for me, I had seen Milan! and sat quietly looking at all the confusion and alarm, eating my bite in comfort and peace. And thus we rolled out of *Millano*, and were soon enveloped in the darkness of night.

Now, how can I relate what came next? Who can tell of the splendors of Orgnana or Lake Como, "lifting to eternal summer its marble walls"—its vineyards, forests, villas, mountains, hamlets—its precipitous cliffs and encircling organ-pipes of gold, descending to the bottom of a translucent sea? Truly a place of enchantment, where you would fain rest, but are hurried on, and leave its loveliness behind, but only to be brought within the radius of something more beautiful still; for there is Lake Lugano, with its sinuous gulfs penetrating great mountains—with "beautiful obliquities" on every hand, keeping you constantly running from one side of the car to the other, only to be delighted still more. Then Lake Maggiore, with extensive plains, vineyards, and mountains on the north, and dark-blue water reflecting the glory of heaven. But I am so fatigued with watching and admiring—so worn out—that I close my eyes; and in a few moments am asleep; but even then not at rest, for events like the past are being repeated before my weary eyes. You have become a verification of *Herr* Weinbrunner's dream. I can see you tripping airily across the tops of the mountains like Aurora, scattering flowers—herself a fairer flower—waking up the rosy morn, night retiring along your path. You hold Irma in your arms, embosomed in bliss, and look as if you were both creatures of the elements, smiling and at peace, moving without visible volition, while I, tired and worn out, wearily follow in the flower-strewn path. I can still see you aloft, girt about with light, above care, and, because of the great distance ahead, getting smaller and smaller—*Auf der Höhe*, a feathery, tremulous form, as you recede into the inane; then an ovoid, nebulous mass, softening into invisibility; then a mere fleck, around which revolves all my interests; then empty space—you are gone! I have lost the race. I am alone; my light has gone out—am without hope

—in despair—until a great blast, like the sound of the archangel's trump, wakes me. I look around. Where are you? I look down and out, and there, extending before me, like a panorama of heavenly fields, cradled between gently ascending hills, is Chamouni!—like the corolla of a mammoth flower—its houses the lovely spots on the inside of a purple-green lily—and my sleep is over for the night. It is one o'clock. The moon is up; the whole earth bathed in mellowing shades. Has ever the eyes of saint in ecstasy, or seer, been greeted by scenes superior to these! Away behind and beyond is

> "Mount Blanc, the monarch of mountains,
> They crowned him long ago,
> On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
> With a diadem of snow.
> Around his waist, are forests braced,
> The avalanche in his hand."

But on we move over green hills billowing to the stars, and still beyond the cloud-capped breakers of the Berenese Alps, and yet we are passing well-kept farms, orderly houses, great undulating stretches—laps made by the rocky limbs and bent knees of the Swiss mountains—all dripping in dew, with vapory clouds already rolling up from the valleys, until lost in the clouds above.

The whole aspect of home life and order has changed. We have crossed the Rhone, get a benign smile from the dignified, towering Jungfrau, as we pass her by; still, in the shadow of the Alps, we scud along until at Lucerne. Here we alight, and have a few hours to behold the town, on the margin of the lake, like a swan that had swam across, and had stopped for a while to arrange her feathers. I go to see the great Lion, one of the attractions of Lucerne. This, as you may know, is a monument dedicated in 1821, to the Swiss mercenaries, who, in 1792, died in Paris defending the royal cause. The model was designed by Thorwaldsen, in Rome, and was executed by Ahorn, of Constance, in the incredibly short space of six months. It represents a lion, twenty-eight feet long by eighteen feet tall, cut in high relief out of the face of a sandstone rock. He holds the *fleur-de-lis* (lily of France) in his paws, which he endeavors to protect with his last breath, his life-blood oozing

from a wound made by a spear, which still remains in his side. The design, the position, the basin of water at the base of the rock, the overhanging ivy and other vines, with the lion, being reflected in the water as in a mirror, the eloquent Latin inscription above, in connection with the recollection of the heroism of the noble men who died defending their trust during one of the most frightful massacres on record, makes an impression different from anything I have ever felt. In the chapel near, are the armorial bearings of the officers, with the inscription "*Invictis Pax*" (Peace be to the Unconquered). And away we start again through this charming Switzerland, where every prospect pleases, until we stop at Basle, on the Rhine.

How glad I am to see again the pleasant faces, neatness, order, and respectability of the people under the fatherly rule of the great Kaiser and Bismarck. How like a star, differing from others in glory, shines Germany. I have a pleasant walk through the quaint streets of Basle, with their houses covered with shrubbery, flowers, and vines, and feel myself being restored again to modern life, where the home, and not the church, is the chief attraction.

Basle is situated on the frontier of France, Switzerland, and Germany; is divided into Great and Little Basle by the Rhine, and is a city abounding in interests of every kind. I felt very anxious to look into the old Cathedral, which had its origin in the end of the tenth century, because it was here, that in 1431, the famous Council of Bishops, consisting of five hundred members, met for the purpose "of elevating the Church to her pristine purity." They began their deliberations in 1431, and after discussing the subject for seventeen years, were all excommunicated by Pope Eugenius IV. As Simon Tappertit said, "that squelched them." It was some twenty or thirty years after the burning of John Huss and Jerome, of Prague, and at least a half a century before Savanorola's martyrdom, and the Reformation inaugurated by Luther, that this celebrated Council, so numerically strong, began the work that had such a ridiculous ending. I have never read about it without laughing and touching my hat to the intrepid Venetian monk, Gabriele Condulmero, who, in this peremptory way,

throttled the "reformers" who dared to limit the authority of the Pope; unfortunately though for the old gentleman, this same "Council of Basle," a few years after, formally deposed him from his pontificial office, and elected in his stead Amadeus VIII, Duke of Savoy, under the title of Felix V, who, nevertheless, received but little recognition, for after the death of his predecessor Eugenius, at Rome, in 1447, after a hot contest, during which two Popes sat upon the stool of Peter—Pope Felix V was obliged by pressing circumstances to retire in favor of Nicholas V, that friend of learning, and perhaps founder of the Vatican library.

This pretty town, the former site of boisterous debate, is at present as pacific as a Quaker meeting. "Order" here seems "Heaven's first law" to misquote Pope, and yet they keep up their old specialty of spiritual reform, for the chief occupation of the place to-day is the education of missionaries, who carry the light of the gospel to the ends of the earth, and you can see by the town, that they began at Jerusalem.

In a few minutes we start for France. Long since we have bid Italy good-bye, with her bronze fields ornamented with white crosses, to protect the potatoes from blight, and with her flocks of sheep and geese and turkeys, and flocks of Maud Müllers in the broiling sun making hay; with the Judges under the friendly shelter of overhanging trees, with umbrellas and contemplative pipe, seeing that his sun-burnt and bare-limbed beauties were "all at and always at it." We bid farewell to all the strange fish in the Italian net. Farewell to the Fuchsia hedges and purple Michaelmas daisies; rowans and acacias of Switzerland. Farewell to her mountains and lakes, her well-kept homes, and dark grass, cropped close by browsing cattle, making you think that Nebuchadnezzar's lot was not such a dreadful one after all. Farewell to the land of heroes and divines, to a people independent and free, for sunny France beckons and we obey. * * *

A smiling, undulating land is France. It is Sunday as we travel through, but as in Italy, so here, there is no cessation of work. Laborers and horses are at their daily tasks in the fields; yet over all is peace, and thus we welcome her meadows, purple with nodding orchids; we welcome her strange tongue, her flocks of sheep, with no protection but dogs; her lofty plebeian poplars,

shooting up from their verdant foundation like vegetable towers; we welcome her mountain ashes, with their clusters of cardinal berries, ever repeating what Moses saw in his banishment; we welcome her unattractive vineyards, her flocks of green birds—chaffinches and linnets, with their flight undulating like the waves of the sea; titmice, clustering around branches like crystals around a thread; swallows, darting like the curves made by a fishing line; magpies, skimming along with rapidly flapping pinions, as if stealing to some deed of theft; pigeons, with their flight like that of an arrow; crows, with ragged wing—never noticed before the accuracy of Shakespeare's epithet "ragged," as applied to the wing of a crow, until to-day, as, looking out from my glass palace in passing, I observe whatever comes in sight; I now see a thrush, with vermicular throat, warbling on a branch, and then a lark, pulsating upwards until lost in the clouds, and when we stop, mosquitoes enter, and add to the list, their eccentric, angular movements, like the flight of Satan to earth, head foremost, as described by Milton. Can you see one of these pests coming down upon its prey, without thinking of the graphically described descent of the Father of Lies in Paradise Lost? But we are rushing on, and the imparipinnate Acacias are yellowing, the fields are in stubble, the pyramids of dry turf are like blots of ink against the blue sky, and mistletoes festoon the trees and clusters of weeping birches line the way, and yellow jasmine and eglantine are around, and all is doubly dear, because it tells me that I am getting nearer home. The birds sing of it, the language of the flowers proclaim it, the falling leaves tell me of it, the plowed fields reveal it, the September apples are redolent of it, the rivers flow toward it. Instead of the ilex the fir tree, instead of the laurel the myrtle. The mountains and the hills are breaking forth before me into singing, and all the trees of the forests are clapping their hands, for I am going home! I already discern the domes of Paris. Farewell.

PARIS, September 18, 1887.

"We want the touch of Christ's hand upon our literature, as it touched other dead things; we want the sense of the saturation of Christ's blood upon the souls of our poets, that it may cry *through* them in answer to the ceaseless wail of the Sphinx of our humanity, expounding agony into renovation. Something of this has been perceived in art when its glory was at the fullest."—*The Greek Christian Poets.* MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

IN the gallery of the Louvre! It is just nine o'clock. I am in front of the *Venus de Milo;* have passed through long avenues of splendid things in stone, to get where she is, and as I sit here beside her and look up into her passive face—with her nose, I always thought rather large, but that is also true of most that is Greek—she impresses me only as the plaster copies always have done. Even now, while in the presence of the veritable goddess herself, I cannot tell why I am so impressed, in any other way than by saying, that from the first time I have seen her, until now—and now perhaps more than ever—I have wanted to have her near me, some place where I could see her every day, and thus I have had her by my side for years, until, like the painter of the Rialto, the very corrosions and mutilations of time are to me elements of special beauty. There is not an indentation nor scar that I would have changed, even if the author of her being was here to do it; for she is like Leonardo's Christ of "The Last Supper;" on purpose, left as she is, that the imagination of the spectator may be at liberty to complete her, according to the arbitrary laws of his own will—a liberty which I never presume to take. I do not want to know the position of her arms, the form of her hands, nor do I care to see the lost foot restored; nor to read about her; nor do I wish to know her parentage, the date of her birth; nor anything about her maker; nor her home. Some fragments of her are here, in a box by my side; I do not feel like looking at them. She needs them not; she needs not a word of praise, nor an elucidating remark; much less does she need the Taleacotians of the age, to lay upon her their sacrilegious hands; she is uniquely complete as she is, a law unto herself, a perfection to which we can never hope to attain, and can only emulate, admire, and love. From here to the *torso* of the "Crouching Venus"

is but a step—a glorious trunk, made ridiculous by being placed on plaster of Paris legs! and the sorts of legs too, that these "Worshipers of the Goddess Lubricity," (see Matthew Arnold) are prone to attach to everything feminine withal, poor Venus, I feel like apologizing to the noble fragment for the insult—the presumption of the shallow materialist, who found a feather from an extinct bird and thought to reconstruct from it the graceful creature to whom it originally belonged; the result is the breast of a bird of Paradise, and the extremities of one of the shameless wantons that figure so conspicuously in the pictures of France. * * *

Here is the droll little "Faun removing a splinter from the foot of a Satyr," that I saw in London. How it must hurt, and yet to think it will never be extracted; that his roguish tormentor will continue poking at it with the same soulless, comical grin, to the crack of doom. To think that when we are all in Heaven he will sit here still, like Lot's wife, preserved in brine, until all things are swallowed up in night and man is no more. * * *

I have been looking for a companion for my Milos Venus, who has already been too long alone, but where is he to be found; not "*Antinoüs en Hercule*," for handsome as he is, he is no match for the divinity, who, without arms, sways the sceptre of the world; nor can I select "*Mars Borghese*," graceful and stalwart though he be, and in the flower of youth, for war, not love, is his trade, and my beauty must have a consort that can adore as well as fight.

> "For those who fly, may fight again,
> Which he can never do that's slain;"
> But in the warfare we call love,
> The bravest, sometimes, cowards prove;

and the Slayer of Lions may be no exception; nor can I recommend the muscular, but effeminate Apollo, over yonder, in haughty pride, contemplating the sun; looking as if he would rather die than be the first to speak, for I remember his heartless treatment of loving Clytie, with the wavy hair, and why she was transformed into the flower of the orb of day; and although I may think well of the family connection of this son of Jupiter, and twin brother of Diana, and father of Æsculapius, this master of the lyre and inventor of the flute, yet:

"Howe'er it be it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good;
True hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

And he, therefore, who destroyed the children of Niobe, because their mother boasted of their beauty, and broke the heart of Clytie, is not "good" enough for my Venus. No; none of you "Athletes" for my nymph—you are made but of common clay, even if you are moulded in grace. Who shall it be? Where shall I find for my goddess a suitable mate? Marcus Aurelius? There he stands, fit companion for the gods; for he conquered himself, and was but a very little lower than the angels; and he—but no; who is this, Augustus? He ruled in peace. He led, did not drive the chariot of State with silken reins, he shut up the temple of two-faced Janus, quieted the excessive passions of his people, by the example of his own moderation and wisdom, and is an equal competitor with the noble Aurelius for the hand of the heroine of beauty—if she had a hand to give—but since she has not—for her heart. I know not in whose favor to decide; I am equally attracted by both. Hesitating over a difficult decision, my cruel master, curiosity, gives me a blow, and I move all. "But man is equal unto himself," consequently my two favorites are fit to stand alone until *you* can assist me in giving Venus away.

Horrible Nero, with low forehead, gloating eyes, pouting, disdainful lips, and neck like that of a bull—your State sculptors were surely men of truth, or they would never have dared, as they have, to have shown us thus your brutalized life, your sunken soul—at least all of both that we want to see. To think that you have been handed down to posterity with these beastly features, that you have made for yourself; for, as the boy pupil of Seneca, that "seeker after God," you were handsome enough, is sufficient to know of you, you cruel man of sin. It has been said of Nero that he did not fear death, but was dreadfully afraid that his head—that ugly head—should be cut off afterwards; was also alarmed about the possibility of his body not being burned *entire*. The last I can understand, but about the head—on the contrary—any one having such a one I feel, would be justified in patronizing the guillotine, or decapitating himself with a farmer's scythe.

* * * * * * * * *

The collection of statuary in the Louvre is as nothing compared with what they have in Berlin, nor are the wall paintings nearly so fine nor so many; nor are the surroundings so appropriate, rich and grand; and although it is a noble collection, yet there is an appearance of incompleteness and poverty about it when you think of it, in connection with the accumulations of selected splendors exhibited in London, and more so in Berlin, nevertheless I feel truly grateful for having seen it—especially as it is the last grand collection that I shall see for many a day, and so I remain here, dreaming about from place to place, and am in a way at home with them all. Is it not strange that in this room I feel as if I was only within a few steps of where you are; that in a moment, if I wished, I could be at your side. I think it is because I am so near England that I feel so near home, if not, I do not know why it is; but neither the unfamiliar speech, nor the strange people, nor the lack of spittoons, nor absence of flies, nor the old masters, nor any of the strange sights around can convince me but that I am in one of our own galleries. I feel as if I would like to remain another month—but no—man cannot live by stones alone, even if they have been transformed into living bread by the genius of Athens and Rome, and I must therefore hurry to where I can have a meal in courses, with the surroundings of "wife, children, and friends."

* * * * * * * * *

What a glorious place this Gallery is; I stop for a few moments just to take note for you of something that interests me much. It has been told of Cromwell, that when a time-serving artist in painting his portrait omitted the protuberances on his face, as they marred the beauty, he thought of the picture—Cromwell said "paint in the warts, man; that's a part of the features; paint them in." Well, here is a case that out-Cromwell's Cromwell; a splendid portrait, too, by no less an artist than Gherlandago, of "A Gentleman and Child," where the benign expression of the greyhaired gentleman is disfigured by a furunculous forehead and lipomatous nose, both extremely repulsive cases; greatly advanced, and real enough to demand instant treatment; incurable then, curable

now; and yet the patient, or rather the portrait, has such an air of refinement and amiability as to have won from the handsome boy by his side the deepest attachment and love. You really feel like recommending your family physician, as you look into this benign, though disfigured face, because you know he could make it all right. You would condemn this public exhibition of a sickening infirmity; but that the superior carriage and lofty yet loveable demeanor of the patient dries your pen. This is the first portrait that I have ever seen where the pathology of a loathsome disease, in its zenith, too, is delineated so accurately that its diagnosis is easy, and yet where the portrait is so excellent that you cannot condemn this exhibition of a loathsome disease any more than you would condemn a man for being sick. * * *

In the room containing Murillo's "Immaculate Conception," Leonardo's "Mona Lisa," Correggio's "Mystical Marriage of St. Catherine," and other specimens by Leonardo, Raphael, Paul Veronese, and Michael Angelo. I stand for awhile in front of Raphael's "St. Michael Overcoming Sin"—a couple approach; one a burly, consequential man, with a red face and stubly beard; the other, a chlorotic youth, with sickly countenance, yellowish-green in hue, and who has a big inkhorn fastened to his button-hole. "Let us do it systematically," says the man; "very well," replies the boy; "we will begin in this corner; what is that?" pointing to Raphael's "St. Michael." "Oh, I see; 'St. George and the Dragon' by jimminy! that's good; that's very good"—he stops for a moment, regards it narrowly, "the dragon's like a man! put that down." Master G. removes from his watch-pocket a note book about two inches square, opens it and writes (excuse me for looking over his shoulder,) "St. G. & D." the D. is like an M. He removes his hat—takes from behind the leather band a bit of blotting-paper; it is too large for the book. He gives his gold watch chain a tug—instead of a watch pulls out a pair of scissors attached to it like an anchor. He cuts the blotting-paper the size of the book; puts the fragments behind his hat band again, the scissors in his pocket, the hat on the back of his head, and walks off, just the same as if that gorgeous chain was fastened to a gold watch.

This room is full of world-renowned pictures—many of

Raphael's and other prominent masters, and I see now that Raphael has painted pictures that I would not have as a gift if I had to hang them up and look at them every day. There is nothing here that has the subtle charm of Mona Lisa—according to Vessari, the first great portrait that was ever made. It grows upon you. The Madonna *de* something or other, by Leonardo, is here also, and a charming little picture by Luini, that I will get a copy of if I can.

The house is full of people transcribing these, and others, some of them being copied by three artist's apprentices at once. The oddest and most commonplace-looking persons, too, are making reproductions with a skill and dexterity that must have taken years to have brought to such perfection. Some of them, of course, are bad, but most of the copies seem to have all the beauty of the originals, the greatest contrast existing between the seedy appearance of the copyists and the brilliancy of their work, even the faces of many of them unilluminated by a single ray of intelligence. There are some English-speaking people here, too, which make me feel somewhat at home. I have not heard my native speech in many days, and it is such a satisfaction to know that many of the visitors around are men with the same phrases. * * *

Pictures by Frenchmen alone are in the department where I am. There are about fifty specimens. I would like to tell you of all, and yet I can speak of none. Every passion, mood, and vice—especially the more violent sorts—are represented by these blood-curdling canvases. The terrific, the melancholy, and the sublime, war, tragedy, and the clamorously patriotic—the sort of patriotism that is expressed by tearing the hair, murdering your children rather than have them become the slaves of foreign foes, or by frantic men and women shouting out patriotic hymns. Love, too, is profusely illustrated in these national specimens; that is, French love; not the kind that is shown hy the happy homes and numerous children of Germany, Holland, and England, where the father and mother are the presiding spirits of circles that charm. They seem to express love here by bare shoulders and balls, and Silenus looks, and women with half masks, men with diabolical leers. Vengeance, also, and crime, and all the unmentionable coquetries and nudities of an immoral race, grace, devotion, and

beauty are here also, and done in a manner beyond praise; delineated with such a profusion of elucidating detail, that I can only look on in wonder—not attempt to describe. What a glorious art this art of painting is!—the universal language, needing neither alphabet nor grammar to understand, and conveying its meaning with a directness that cannot be misunderstood. And what masters of the art these Frenchmen are; and yet I would not want you, nor mother, nor sisters—nor would I wish our boys to enter this place, for it seems to me that art is dishonored, disgraced in this temple, dedicated to her use; for all the baser feelings and thoughts, that we are taught by religion and morality to suppress are delineated with a shameless realism that could only be thought of by a people where vice seems to be cultivated as a sort of fine art, immorality elevated to the dignity of a learned profession, and where many great masters seem to occupy their time in making attractive the one or the other. It is not a love for the beauty of the human form that creates the meretricious nudities—men and women transpeciated into beasts—of the modern French school.

What Solladus was in literature they are in art; consequently they are more culpable than he, since they live in a Christian age and know better, and, besides, since art means deliberation and sight—you see the evil done, while literature may be the mere flash of an impulsive pen—it implies greater evil to paint wickedness than to write about it. You could say of the Greeks and Romans in their zenith, and of the Germans of to-day, that nakedness in art was due to purity; but in France it is simply an appeal to the base and depraved in man.

Yet here is a picture partially nude and pure, too—"Mme. Rècamier," by David. The famous beauty in this celebrated picture sits erect on a gondola-like seat, her limbs stretched on the soft, pale blue and yellow cushion on which she sits. Her hair and white garment—all that she has on—done in the Greek style. Her shoulders showing through the bands that keep the garment on. Her graceful arm resting on her knee, and bare feet, of the delicate pink of the inside of a sea shell, just showing only the insteps and soles, making you think of Herrick's lines to Julia:

"Her pretty feet,
Like snails did creep,
A little out, and then
As if they played at bo-peep,
Did soon draw in again."

Is it not curious that every pretty or quaint thing that Herrick said about Julia always suggests our little lady, Irma? But to return to Mme. Rècamier; at her head, on an upright stand, is the *smoking* lamp of a vestal, nothing else in the lovely interior where she sits, but a low stool; no ornamental background with detail to distract—nothing; her pure womanly presence fills the room with peace, notwithstanding the startling things with which you are surrounded; so complacent, contented, and at her ease is she—so sanctified by purity—that she affords a haven of rest,—a sanctuary to your revolting senses that have fled from the prurient tyranny of the other canvases, to take refuge here. I have seen enough of them—too much—and very willingly leave. * * *

The Madeleine is a building in which a man feels his insignificance, and is in a good state to commune with God, but that the statues of the saints that fill the niches, the marble group over the altar, and the frescoes, not many, but very select, as everything else is in this perfect building, interpose. This most elegant of all the churches that I have yet seen anywhere, is in the style of a Greek temple, needing no ornamentation but its own lovely curves and lines. It is 330 feet long, 130 wide, and 100 high; is surrounded on the outside by Corinthian columns; has a pediment 120 feet by 25, with figures in high relief representing the Last Judgment. The whole building is of yellowish-brown stone—like a freckled brunette—not a particle of wood in it. The doors, perfect masterpieces, and the largest, with one exception, in the world, are bronze; the divisions in the windows, stone, and the whole structure appears as if a Phidias had chiseled it out of a solid block. Its exquisitely-fluted interior columns bearing the faintest resemblance to miniature palmettos, by way of capitals, support four arches, each about the half of a sphere; between these, circular domelets convexing toward a centre of clear glass, through which the whole building is at all times flooded with light. These rather flat domes—having a diameter the same as the arches, are divided into irregular octagonal

panels, of course diminishing in size towards the light—are delicately gilded, and this, with the few frescoes, and some colored marbles let into the brown stone, is all the color it contains. Color it needs not. It suggests, however, more a place dedicated to the gods, and to the worship of ancient Greece, than a Christian church, and as I stand here under its spell, I cannot help but compare it to its advantage, with the vulgar tawdry and *rococco*, of many of the celebrated places that I have lately seen, and I can easily imagine the niched marbles, the representations of the seasons, and the powers and secrets of nature, to which fancy at least pays the tribute of an approving nod. In this church good taste only prevails. From the charming Cristostylic retreat, behind the altar, to the graceful bronze door through which you enter, there is nothing to offend. I sit behind an old mustached verger, near the door, as I write this. He has just handed me a piece of pasteboard to write on, kindly noticing my need, as to-day I have had to depend on stone ledges and chairs for desks—even he, the most courtley of vergers, is an integral part of the beautiful church. There are no holy water receptacles in the Madeleine that I have seen; instead, the sacristan holds in his hand a brush which has been dipped in the consecrated fluid, and as people approach that he thinks desire it, he presents the brush, they touch it with the ends, mostly of gloved fingers, make on their forehead the crucial sign, and go out.

As I come into the open air again, I get a splendid view, from the steps, of the Church of the Invalides, or rather the Church of St. Louis, in the *Hôtel des Invalides*, under whose dome Napoleon is buried. The horizontal rays from the declining sun, striking against its golden roof, make a sight dazzling and brilliant in the extreme.

Handsome as is the interior of the Madeleine, it is not equal to the magnificence and grandeur of its exterior, suggesting as it does, the genius and character of the great city of which it is, perhaps, the crowning glory. Adieu.

PARIS, September 19, 1887.

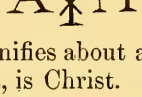
"Here's an acre sown indeed,
With the richest, royal'st seed,
That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died of sin." BEAUMONT.

"All men think all men mortal but themselves."—*Night Thoughts.*
YOUNG.

I START early to-day, as I have much to do and little time; have to hurry around from place to place, looking in at shop windows, up at monuments, and out for an omnibus to take me to *Pere-la-Chaise*, that sacred spot that contains the remains of much that was great in French story; one of the fourteen graveyards within the walls. At last I sight my cab, and in a minute am on the top. The driver gives his whip a crack and away we clatter down, up and across street after street, until in *Place de la Republie*, with its great monument, an Amazon on an octagonal pedestal, with a laurel in her hand; the panels of the pedestal ornamented with bas-reliefs of people, looking as if they were mad. Every event that has aided in the establishment of the "Democracy" is represented here by a group of men and women, as excited as lunatics bidding for stocks. An impressible unique people, these Parisians seem, easily aroused, either to heroism or crime. In a few minutes more we enter *Rue de la Voltaire*, and stop at the entrance of the famous cemetery.

I descend on a rainbow like Uriel, from my seat in the clouds, and here I am; have crossed over the rough stone blocks of the front entrance, and stand at the grave of the great Rachel, in the department where the Jews have elected to be laid, for the famous actress like Auerbach, Spinosa, Jacobi, Mendelssohn, and many others distinguished in literature, science and art, is of the race of Abraham, who are wont to be buried as well as to live apart from the Gentile world. Nothing in particular attracts you in this plain but substantial enclosure, void of all symbol and device, but the name of the great woman, whose fame at one time filled the world; whose simulation of passion and assumption of the characters of the his-

toric and intellectual great inspired, thrilled and subdued the multitudes who came to see and feel how the great lived.

The grave of Rossini, the composer, is just across the narrow way from here; he, not a personator of the old, but a creator of the new, who strutted and fretted his hour upon the stage, unlike Rachel, not "to be heard no more," for he still envelopes people in his powerful but sprightly spell. The "Swan of Pesaro" sung not only in dying, but continues so after his death. In going the primrose way to the monument of the first president, Thiers, I have just encountered the life-like features of Alfred De Mussey (see "Taine's English Literature," article "Tennyson,") where I very willingly stop to pay my tribute to the memory of the great eulogizer of Paris and the Parisians. The panegyrist of the loose life of the great city that he loved. Curious this—you know the Greek device for Christian faith? No, not exactly. Very well. It is this:  the first and last letter of the Greek alphabet flanking the sign for the Messiah, and signifies about as follows: my Alpha and Omega, my first and last, is Christ. You find this device over most of the tombs of note in Germany, also in Scotland; not so much in England. The early Christians, in the catacombs, had it on their headstones, and the Christians of Pompeii and Herculaneum, as has been lately discovered, had it wrought into the bronze of their vesper lamps. The primitive Christians everywhere told their faith and hope in this way. It is incised over the entrance to the tomb of Louise, in Potsdam, into Niebuhr's monument in Bonn, and into that of the great metaphysician, Dugald Stewart, in Edinburgh; but on Albert De Mussey's monument, whether by design or not I cannot say, the portrait of the poet is in the place of the symbol for Christ, and would signify therefore: my Alpha and Omega is Alfred De Mussey! now, that might express very well the sentiment of the brilliant H. A. Taine (see his article mentioned above) but it will hardly do for you and I. However, his grave is kept beautifully green and attractive with flowers, and a scion from the willow that his father planted when he was born, is just beginning to billow from aloft, like a vegetable cataract, its green waves over his tomb.

Near here is the handsome memorial over the grave of

Thomas Couture, a man who was always undertaking and never completing the great works, so many of which, in a sketchy condition, he has left behind. He looks, himself, like a slight modification of Will Winter, and was likely as capricious in fact as the charming author of "Shakespeare's England" is in looks, if a picture of him that I saw on an English tobacco pouch is a criterion.

But here I am at the closed doors of the famous vault containing the remains of the late President Thiers—one of the modern immortals. I peep through the lattice-work of the bronze entrance to the stately mausoleum where he lies, can discern nothing but a large female, whom I judge represents France weeping over his ashes, and appearing to be looking down into an abyss, bottomless and dark—ominous, it seems, from where I stand. From the steps I get a magnificent view of Paris, with her dividing numerously-bridged Seine, the anglers along whose banks are not men, and many an odd fish from the ends of the earth, and from here, become entangled within the meshes of their slimy net—and here is Molière's perfectly plain abode; he is arisen, is not here, this stone but marking the place where he lay, for France has taken him to her heart; his cenotaphs are in many places.

I am writing with my paper resting on the stone that marks where Soufflot lies, the designer of The Pantheon of Paris, the most beautiful building in the world, perhaps; an epithalamium in stone, with all the grandeur of a proud and dignified grief that tells not of the dead, only of those who have gone before. The next spot that I encounter is the enclosure with expressive figures, set apart for those who fell in defending Paris. Poor Paris, how I pity and sympathize with you, as I stand here, a stranger, and look through the bars at the frantic but impotent exertions of your excited throng. Germany has conquered herself and is fit to rule, and inevitable law has proclaimed that the fittest must and will survive; but you never will, never can, regain your lost prestige until your people have become temperate and pure; until they have changed their ideal; for I am afraid the salacious goddess of the revolution is still the deity of your idolatry, and you make not the way of the transgressor hard; you shock the sensibilities of even the natural man by your life on the streets, and thus show by the

seething bubbles on the surface of the public stream that the current beneath is not good. You tell me that you allow not your daughters to enter your art galleries until they are married! Why? You say the foul books written by the great men whom you have pedestaled, pantheoned and niched, "were written only to be read by other nations, not your own!" Why? Ought you to give food to the children of other people because it poisons your own? Oh, France, France! your reasoning still savors of the speciousness of the sophist. Your cup of iniquity is almost as full as has been that of Italy and Rome, and instead of having its corrupt, precipitate, and seething ooze transformed into prisms of purity and light, you only try to obscure the glass so that your judges may not see.

Garçon! Gar-r-çon! Ga-r-r-çon! "*Messieur*," I want to find the grave of Fontaine. Can you tell me where it is? "Certainly." The person that I thus addressed was a boy, or rather a young man, or properly a male between boyhood and manhood; a youth wavering on the boundary that separates the two states, still at home with the present and the past, but full of anticipations for the future; balancing on the narrow promontory dividing the adolescent from the adult; on the one hand in danger of toppling over into the yawning ocean raging at his feet, ready to swallow him up, and on the other, of dipping gently into the refreshing translucent sea, through which is but an invigorating swim to the "Islands of the Blest." I always wonder which it will be, but if I lived here I never would;—would know the former to be the inevitable lot; some are afterward rescued, but most remain in the muddy sea until engulfed by death. But here is a young fellow that I have been watching since I came into the cemetery—I have been thinking nobly of him, because he seemed so; but roguish, too, as if he had often to depend on his wits. He approaches where I stand, and pointing towards a square block, says "over yonder is the tomb of the fabulist, if it is he whom you seek." "How do you know, I reply; Fontaine is not the name on the vault?" "Oh, that does not matter in France, any more than formerly in Italy; the public name is not always the real one, as you can prove very readily by a stroll through *Pére-la-Chaise*, where most of the interred eternals have a different name on their tomb from the one that they signed to

their immortal works. The Popes, you see, are not the only people that assume new names when they make their initiatory bow before the world as Supreme Pontiffs." "Why, do the Popes change their name on election?" "Well!"—He gave me a look half-pitying, half-annihilating, and actually pronounced the French equivalent for "I should smile!" "I thought everybody knew that Sergius the Second was the first Pope to change his name after becoming the successor of Peter. His own name signifying Hogsmouth, he altered to Sergius, and it has been the custom ever since for Popes to be inducted into office with a name different from that of their family." "You seem to be on quite familiar terms with the Popes," I responded, in answer to a flood of startling information that he poured in upon me about the followers of the Fisherman. "Only a reading acquaintance," he replied. I have not had the pleasure of being *personally* acquainted with any of them. A *man* must know everything, you know, if he expects to get along in Paris." "And so this is the resting-place of the man who made little fishes talk without making them talk like whales," is it? He did not seem to be as familiar with Johnson and Goldsmith as with the Popes; he made no response. "This is where his body is; his soul is in heaven." He shakes his head, raises his shoulders; "that can't be, for 'nothing enters' there, that maketh a lie.' "*Are* fables lies?" I ask. "Certainly not; a lie is an *intention* to deceive; a fable an intention to instruct; therefore a fable is not a lie; therefore I withdraw my assertion, cancel my misquotation, and will believe that Peter has done the handsome thing by Fontaine. I wonder if Peter's lion would allow Fontaine's lamb to pass through the celestial portals—certainly, 'the lion and the lamb shall lie down together.'" Thus he continued in soliloquy, answering his own questions, following lines of this sort, which were to me as tables of contents, showing where and what he had read. It was a pleasure to hear him talking thus, with an exuberance of gesture as well as thought, that I found difficult to follow, as I gathered flowers and leaves to remind me of my visit to Fontaine, and of my interesting associate at the grave of the erect, curly-headed, hook-nosed aristocratic successor of the cretinously-twisted slave Æsop.

Having placed my leaves in position, I rolled up my book, and we moved on, he talking incessantly and gesticulating with an eloquence that gave double emphasis to his words. I wish I could repeat all.

"This is the grave of Edme Fremont, perhaps better known as a translator, than as an author. It is his translation of Hamlet that is still used on the French stage to-day, and when *we* quote the philosophic and melancholy Dane, it is always in the words of his interpreter, who has also written some good plays of his own—that is, good acting plays—not always worth reading, but still managers are glad to fall back on them, now and then, because they have a force and vigor that rouses the dormant passions of men, and still sway the multitude!" It sounded strange to hear of any passions being "dormant" in Paris; they may be exhausted, extinct, annihilated, consumed, but dormant, never; there is nothing connected with the passions somnolent in sunny France. "But here is the memorial, sir, of a *man*—stately and measured, but still a complete man. This, sir, is the grave of Racine." He takes off his hat. "You have seen the fountain at his home in the city?" Yes. "Up until six years since, there was nothing here but this coffin-like stone, then this," putting his hand on a large block, "was lately placed upon the top, as if they were afraid he might get out, and here it has been ever since; but the face, which looks, you see, as if it was inserted—cut into the column—is a face, without animation or subtlety of expression, and therefore could not have looked like Racine; besides, it is a dead face. Racine is not dead! and, besides, you see there is not a word, letter, nor date on the whole place, which would have been right enough had the portrait been good, but since it is not, they might at least have helped the benighted, by saying, 'This is Racine;' otherwise, what are people to think"—this, with one of his knowing smiles. How nimble-witted he was about the sacred objects we visited in this famous resort for the living and the dead. He conducted me across paths, through intricate ways, and stopped at a vault marked "Rouget," when he said: "This is an illustration of what I remarked lately about French names. Now, you, I suppose, are not acquainted with Rouget, but, if I said *de L'Isle*, the author

of the 'Marseillaise Hymn' would occur to you at once; for this is where the body of Lieutenant Rouget, of *L'Isle*, the author of the National Anthem lies. You know the Marseillaise?" but before I had time to answer, he began to sing it, and as I "peeped and botanized," he made the air melodious with the strains of the soothing, yet inspiring melody, until, at last, I found myself not only chiming in, but pulling flowers in time to the music, emphasizing the more stirring parts by a handful. Fortunately the song had but three verses, or the whole space would have been denuded of its flowery covering; when I saw what I had done, I felt very much ashamed; would have "perpetrated" an apology, but was prevented by my enthusiastic, but smiling Mentor, bursting into a torrent of eulogy on the glories of patriotism and poetry; there was nothing left for me, therefore, but to listen, and allow myself to drift in the current of his rippling eloquence, to be involved in the whirlpool of his impetuous words—his dissertation on patriotism, after the French manner, partook of the nature of both. He was subject to so many of these outbreaks, that I unconsciously called him Rocket. In this mood, like a mocking bird and a crow, or like a couple of bumble bees in a conservatory, we drifted from flower to flower; when he stopped, so did I; when he hummed, I listened. He halted again, put his hand on the railing of a small enclosure, and simply said "Talma!" You can't imagine the effect the magical word produced. All that I had ever read of the great actor who gave Napoleon lessons in deportment and elocution, both of which he sadly needed, notwithstanding the graceful picture by *De La Roche*, came into my mind as I stood on the outside and looked into the space where he lay. No ornamentation nor flowers, no display; nothing but the enclosed stone, and a few of the sort of shrubs that are ever glossy and green—the rich translucent green, that even Alma Tadema cannot produce. I knew by Rocket's wrapt look, that he, too, was busy with recollections of what he had read, or was, perhaps, thinking that he, also, had a future, and an audience. Anyhow, I did not feel like disturbing the silence. It was, indeed, an impressive moment. Why it is that actors and things connected with the stage have such an engrossing interest for most of us, I know not. In a little, however, truant

Reverence wandered from the contemplation of his Thespian triumphs, became professional, and began to think of the malady that caused his death. If some doctor would only write a paper on the causes that terminated the career of the great, she wondered, in her matter-of-fact way, how interesting it might be, as for example: Washington's mortal, continued fever, that any apothecary's apprentice could cure to-day, or Dr. Goldsmith, killed by quack medicine; Sir Thomas Lawrence, because of the bandages coming off after bleeding; Pope Sergius, from having, by accident, swallowed a fly; Goethe, from nothing; Thomas Carlyle, from every thing (*ad infinitum*); besides the great number that have met death while running to meet a train—many more die from this cause, than from a too active brain, whatever that is; for I cannot accept young Herman's implied explanation in Rome a few days ago. Weinbrunner was complaining of weariness. Herman said: "Your brain's too active; too much thought; you think of your dinner a hundred times a day, when other people only think of it once." But, to return to Talma—how long might he not have lived if some one had only known enough to have correctly diagnosed his disease? Yet, sixty-three years was a long time, too, to have lived with an undiscovered intestinal stricture; but he could at least have been saved from the distress, and often the agony, that he was constantly subject to, if the cause had only been discovered.—My pathological reverence here was put to flight by my eccentric guide, whose world, it seems, has put two zones, "Torrid and Frigid," beginning with his "childish treble," at first, very deliberate and low, to recite the terrific soliloquy from "The Misanthrope," by which the French Kean was wont to curdle the blood of even Napoleon, and fill his audience with horror and dismay.

In the beginning it was like the syllabillings of love birds on a perch, then the excited recriminations of some songstress whose nest was being robbed, then the hoarse cawing of a revengful raven, the rasping vindictive scream of a bird of prey, the wild, distracting cry of a vulture pouncing upon the crouching creature that is to make food for its young; then the horrible chuckling—cluckel, cluck, cluck—as the very vitals are being lacerated and torn, and the life-blood gurgling out, a pause, then a screech, as if glutted with gore, and

Rocket seeing the impression he had made broke out into a joyous laugh as he said: "This is the piece that I selected to recite at school, and always managed to get a slight cold the day before in order to do it well; you can do it so much better when the mucus covering of the vocal chords is just the least bit roughened or relaxed by an incipient catarrh!" What a sacrifice, I thought, for art. Are you a medical student, too? Oh, no; not yet. I will be, bye and bye. A *man* must know everything, you know, if he expects to get along in France, and thus in this mood we bade Talma good-bye, without even saying another word. Both of us, I think, feeling that we were not sufficiently reverent in our conduct by his grave.

We walked together in silence until near the obelisk erected in honor of the historian, Jules Michelet, a beautifully-kept place, which among other attractions included a pump, when I had a much-needed drink, without even a thought of the water being contaminated by a possible percolation through dead men's bones, Frenchmen's, at that! Yet, notwithstanding our proximity to Pasteur and his ilk, I am not sufficiently bassiliphobic to avoid drinking water when dry I have passed through most of the countries of Europe now, and have drank nothing else, and that too, without even taking the precaution of having its multitude of innocents massacred by boiling, as we do at home. Have experienced no discomfort at all, whereas the wine and beer drinking pilgrims were all sick in Rome. You may tell friends therefore, that if they can drink *aqua Schuylkilli* undisinfected, unboiled, and live!—if afraid, try it first on a dog—they need not be afraid of the water of the continent; but if they intend leaving their teetotalism with their Sunday clothes at home, the badness of continental water is still the popular scapegoat, on the head of which the worshipers of Bacchus lay their anti-temperance sins.

And so this is the grave of the translator of Vico's "Scienza Nuova?" Yes, replies Rocket, the bones of one of the greatest historians that France has produced are here. Here lies the former Roman Catholic who wrote and lectured so bitterly against the Jesuits and their influence, and Ecclesiasticism in general, that his lectures were interdicted by the government of the Protestant President Guizot, an action that but increased

Michelet's popularity with the Liberal party, and resulted in this monument. Do you like the design? A white tablet and pillars, with a splendidly-conceived Fame in high relief (the portrait of his wife), pointing over the words "*L'Historie est une Resurection*," quotes Rocket, from the inscription, as we look together at the well-defined lines that trace out the features of this successor of the above-mentioned President Guizot, as a professor in the University, when he was diverted from literature into politics. Do the French people really read "*Les Jesuits*," "*Du Prêtre, de la Femme et de la Famille*," and "*Le Peuple*," and "The Life of Luther," and those papers of his written in furtherance of liberality and tolerance, or are they among the works written only for foreigners, as you say of your prurient books, "These were written exclusively for Frenchmen," and all Frenchmen read them, in consequence of which many of them to-day worship at the shrine of Michelet; of many of his books over thirty large editions have been exhausted in France alone, and their spirit is in the air we breathe, and——." He was about to make another vault. I interrupted; said I was not a controversialist. Did not give a fig what the French or anybody else believed if they only did right—Bigendians and Littleendians were all the same to me. Men would differ and must differ in belief, that common sense consisted in letting them differ, and the millenium—a foregone conclusion all the same—would take care of itself. I invited him to dine. He hooked his arm in mine, as if we were old friends, as we sauntered out from the stillness of *Pére-la-Chaise* into the bustling street. At the café, after he had ordered a bottle of wine, a box of sardines, and a few soda biscuit—I could not induce him to have anything else—and I had asked for almost everything they had, he told me his remarkable history, which I will communicate when we meet; the least astonishing items in it are that he is nineteen years old, is married, has two children, is on the staff of "*Figaro*," and also *American* correspondent for one of the big dailies of Paris!

* * * * * * * * *

After the performance at the opera-house this evening, I was stalking around with my head thrown back looking up at the wonderful details of the grand stairway, when I suddenly

and with much force backed up against a soft, yielding something that drove my Cork hat over my ears. I immediately pulled it off, turned quickly to apologize, when, to my astonishment and delight, I beheld that the object with which I had collided was the back of Miss Thomas's bonnet. I knocked it over her left eye. She laughed, I laughed, Mr. Donald, Miss L.'s friend, laughed. In dis-extinguishing myself, in my hurry to get out of my hat, I split it, and I think it was my violent movements while peeling it off that started their hilarity. However, we were soon quieted, walked around for awhile looking at the amazing things, talking of all that had happened since we separated in Berlin, until we got to the street, when they proposed accompanying me to my hotel. Insisted on my getting into their carriage, and we have agreed to travel together to-morrow.

PARIS, September 20, 1887.

οὐδ ἐστι βωμος οὐδε παιωνιζεται. ASCHYLUS.

"You say," says the book, "the sea and the waves, but in that remark you do not believe that you signify distinct objects; for the sea, when it heaves, produces waves, and the waves when they settle down again become the sea; in the same manner men—the souls of men—are the waves of God."—*Two Thousand Years After.* GARRETTSON.

I HAVE so much to say to-day that before I write a sentence I have thought of a dozen. Like Holofernes, in "Love's Labor Lost," I feel like "one, the music of whose own vain tongue, doth ravish like enchanting harmony." I have been attempting to speak foreign languages so long, and while conversing with people not knowing English, my eyes and ears have been so much on the stretch for every sound and gesture, and this being the first day in months that I could speak in, and listen to, my mother tongue that, like a ballet dancer with the leads removed from her feet, I have felt as if I could fly.

Our first saunter after breakfast was through the *Place de la Concorde* or Place Louis XV. The great space which separates the garden of the Tuileries from the Champs Elysées composes this quarter, which, historically, is perhaps the most noted place in Paris; for here it was that in 1770, during the

celebration of the marriage of Marie Antoinette and her locksmith husband, Louis XVI, that a panic, caused by a discharge of firearms, resulted in trampling to death twelve hundred people; and it was on this same spot, a few years after, that stood the dreadful guillotine on which the hapless young queen and her phlegmatic husband were beheaded; also, the Duke of Orleans, Robespierre, General Beauharnais (the Empress Josephine's first husband), and, inside of two years, twenty-eight hundred others. I confess that, as I stood near the spot, it was not the great, nor even the real people beheaded, that occupied my thoughts most, but simply two characters in a mere work of fiction—my favorite history—the noble but reckless Sidney Carton, and the gentle but equally heroic little milliner, in "The Tale of Two Cities." The whole terrific scene ("the deep damnation of their taking off") passed before my mind as we stood there without speaking a word. I told Miss Thomas, who had been assigned to me, my thoughts, when, to my surprise, she also, was thinking of the noble pair, adding at the same time, more like thinking aloud than talking, "'He saved others—himself he could not save;'" a text, I thought, which might be applied to almost every hero who has sacrificed himself for a principle or a cause. It was here, also, that the celebrated collision between the people and the authorities took place that resulted in the destruction of the infamous Bastile. The Russians, Prussians, and Austrians were reviewed here, in 1814, after the capture of Paris by the Allies. The Insurrection of 1848 began here, and it was here, in the same year, that the Constitutional Assembly proclaimed the Constitution of the Republic.

Paris is much richer in reminiscences of the bloody sort than its neighbor across the azure belt. But Paris, like London, has its soothing and genially-exhilarating memories, too, but to mere ephemeral visitors like us they are thrown into shadow by the all-engrossing glare of the more terrific and blood-curdling events of which almost every nook of the smiling city is the site of at least one. Than these, how much pleasanter it would be, for example, to hunt up the haunts of Molière, or Racine, or Corneille, or even Bossuet, the puerilities in whose "*Histoire des Variations de l'Eglise Protestante*," we can smile at now, while we admire the ingenuity of his

arguments and the subtilty of his style. How we would like to trace out some of the haunts of the witty François-Marie Arouet, otherwise known as Voltaire; that much maligned man, who, whatever else he was—and Satan knows he was wicked enough—was neither an atheist nor enemy of pure religion and undefiled. It has been the custom to stigmatize him as such, but the ninety volumes of his writings, which treat of almost every subject under heaven, have been searched in vain for a word against faith in God or Christian benevolence; but he was during his entire life the persistent opponent of the established religious opinions of his country, and one of the most distinguished of that band of celebrated writers whose crusade against the convictions that sanctioned the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, resulted in their overthrow. For this he should be regarded by the world, as he is by France, as a reformer, a benefactor, and a friend of religious freedom and liberty of thought; and perhaps he would have been universally so esteemed if it had not been for his unfortunately objectionable private life. But he was no sycophant, as his conduct with Frederick the Great at Sans-souci, and his interview with Congreve, the dramatist, in London, proves. He was no coward, as is indicated by his manly behavior towards the scoundrelly Chevalier de Rhoan. He was not selfish, as is proved by his generous conduct towards the grandniece of Corneille, and his noble efforts in behalf of the victims of a shameless persecution in Calais, proves that he was neither void of pity nor charity. But he was a devilish-looking old rip withal. I saw a most animated bust of him to-day—an octogenarian wasted to skin and bone; the emaciated muscles looking like cords under the dessicated cuticle; a cynical smile, just as you would expect on his shriveled lips, but under all a splendid framework of bone, looking a trifle in contour like the idealized profile of Alexander Pope that you are familiar with—a combination of the monastic and satanic, you would think; the whole making a *tout ensemble* Mephistophelistic in the extreme. Of course I bought him, and intend to give him a bracket in some nook, just as a set-off to the insipidity of some of the more orthodox saints that look down upon us from aloft.

Miss Thomas has lost none of her bewildering originality

and reverence for heroic men. She hates the "Sage of Ferney," but I think it is on account of his not being married to his wife, or perhaps it is because he wrote *La Pucelle*, which she told me she attempted to read once, but abandoned in disgust, and since will believe nothing good of the man who has defiled by indecency the heroic story of the Maid of Orleans. As we walked through the avenue of Champs Elysées to-day she reverted again to her hero Spinosa, and said that "the rush and evident wickedness of life," truly horrible, "in such a city as Paris would cause her complete mental destruction or despair, if it was not for the philosophic calm produced in her by the teachings of the pure-souled young master." He was not as old when he died as she is now. She recited beautifully, as applicable to him, Goethe's "Wanderers Nachtlied," beginning,

> "Ueber allen Gipfeln
> Ist ruh,"

which indeed intimated most eloquently a state of mind above all earthly care, and made me think again of Irma in "*Auf der Höhe.*" There is perhaps no spot in the world outside of Germany, that presents a view in sublimity and grandeur, equal to the one seen from the avenue where she quoted these lines. Her brother, Miss Lucas, and Mr. Donald were some distance ahead; we sauntered on behind, lost to much that was around. On each hand magnificent trees; on the avenue every conceivable form of equipage. We had passed the cluster of great fountains, and in front of us was the bold outlines of the *Arc de Triomphe* opening into the *Bois de Boulogne*, the whole forming a picture convicting you of your insignificance, yet making you important, too, since it was men like yourself that brought these conflicting elements into the sublime union that so fills you with admiration and awe.

We passed under the arch and into the woods and sat down under the protecting branches of a great elm; and although the world of fashion rolled by, yet my friend's mind seemed to have been projected two hundred years into the past, for she began talking about Baruch Spinosa, whom, she said, was born of Portuguese-Jew parents in Amsterdam in 1632, and died in The Hague in 1677; and that during that comparatively brief interval lived one of the most sweetly religious lives that

had ever been lived by man, since or before. His parents, who were careful people, had him diligently instructed in the Bible and Talmud, with their Commentaries. He mastered these, and in so doing caught the philosophical spirit of such men as Aben Ezra. He was deterred, by delicacy of constitution, from adopting a commercial career, and his wealthy parents, therefore, permitted him to devote himself entirely to a life of study. A familiarity with Descartes, whose grave I visited yesterday in the Church of St. Geneviève du Mont, where his body was brought by Louis XIV from Stockholm, drew him away from the rigid belief and practices of the Synagogue, in consequence of which Saul Levi Morteira, his Talmudical teacher, who had fondly imagined the greatest orthodox results from his splendid powers, threatened him with the severest punishment if he did not retract the heresies he had now begun to utter; nevertheless, he continued thus to diverge from the faith of his fathers, until he at last found it essential to his peace of conscience to entirely withdraw from the community of his brethren, by whom he was formally excommunicated. In the meantime he had fallen in love with the daughter of his Greek and Latin teacher, Van den Ende, a sort of Dutch Hypatia, she seemed, judging from Auerbach's Romance; she rejected him, and from that time forth "Divine Philosophy" became the sole aim and object of his life. Miss Thomas, who seems to be very familiar with the Talmudical writers, said that it was in consequence of the teachings of the Sages of the Mishna, and not because of the advice of Descartes, as has been stated, that during the period that Spinosa was prosecuting his studies he was also learning a mechanical craft. He became a polisher of lenses, and this, now, because he *would not* accept assistance from his family, became his only means of support. "He was also an expert draughtsman," adds his admirer. "I saw a few portraits made by him while in Holland, among them one of himself, and strange enough in the dress of the Neapolitan enthusiast, Massaniello." When 28 years old, because of constant opposition from some of the bigots of the day, he was obliged to leave Amsterdam and went to Ruysburg, near Leyden, where he translated "Descarte's Meditations, with an Appendix;" afterwards, yielding to the solicitations of many friends he

removed to The Hague. As I said, he carried his dissent from the doctrines of his people so far, that he was first cast out of the Synagogue, then out of the Jewish community. It is this banishment, together with the passions supposed to be connected with it, that Gutzkow has made the subject of his celebrated "Uriel Acosta." After banishment from his kindred Spinosa then separated from everything that could interfere with his favorite studies. The Elector of the Palatinate, Charles Lewis, offered him the honorable and lucrative position of a Chair in the University of Heidelberg, with full "liberty of teaching," which he declined. In a similar way he refused generous offers from wealthy friends, like Simon de Vries, who intended to bestow a large sum of money on him. He consented, however, after much solicitation, to accept a small annuity, a hundred florins, on condition that he would give the remainder to his (de Vries') brother. An offer of a pension from the patron of his friend Descartes, on condition that he would dedicate to him one of his books, he rejected with thanks. His patrimony he gave to his sister; the merest pittance was enough to satisfy his wants, all else he surrendered for the sake of continuing work in his own independent way at The Hague. "You can see, therefore," continues my wrapt narrator, how favorable his position was for scientific study. He was without family and perfectly alone. He had renounced his nation; there was no State to which he owed allegiance, or must in any way regard, for in that day, thanks to the liberality of Holland, who thus gave the first lessons in freedom of thought, a man might think and print what he pleased there. He was a lonely being; rejected by his own people—for weeks at times did not permit himself to leave the house, applying all his thoughts and energy to a calm, unselfish contemplation of the world of man, with all its interests and storms. The book in which he had decided to write his deductions, was not only not to be printed until after his death, but it was to be printed anonymously also, "as the name on the title page," he said, "influenced the reader; 'this must not be allowed; no one is to know that I am the author of the book. It shall lie before the eyes of men as if it had been the product of humanity.'" Under the name of "Ethics" he works out the following: "A theory of mutual intercourse in

which each man is considered as part of a whole," and he has included within a few simple formulas the whole complication of feelings and motives created and engendered by human intercourse. There is nothing personal in the book, nothing anecdotal; not the slightest attempt to convert the reader by any other means than mathematical demonstrations; no attempt to dictate to him to do this because it is right, or not to do this because it is bad. It is even written in a language that could hardly be called a language, for in order to be rigidly exact, he used the dead Latin of the scholars of his time, and as mechanically as possible; no flourishes, unnecessary words, nor provincialisms; he uses words and phrases only that have but one meaning; no airing of a mind familiar with the best Latin authors—the barest statements following one another in the barest syntax; and for this remarkable book he invented the title—*Ethica Ordine Mathematica Demonstrata.* "Theory of the Moral Relations of Men presented in Mathematical Order." "And this is the book," enthusiastically exclaimed my friend, who had unconsciously assumed the position of Reynolds' "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse;" "this is the book that has revolutionized the philosophical world. What does it teach? you naturally ask. The chief doctrines of the book are the absence of free-will in man; himself only a *modus*, dependent on causes without and not within him. Will and liberty belong only to God. Good and Evil are relative notions, and Sin simply a negation. Utility alone, in its highest sense, must determine the good and evil in our mind. Our real existence is knowledge; highest knowledge is the knowledge of God, and from this arises the highest delight of the soul. Happiness—not the reward of virtue, but virtue itself, is to be attained only by a diligent following in God's ways; and Sin and Evil merely things that retard this supreme happiness. 'There is only substance; only God—nothing else.' It was very natural, therefore, that this system should be misunderstood as materialism or pantheism, seeing the word 'Substance,' by which Spinosa means 'Existence,' is in ordinary conversation associated with the idea of matter; but, be this as it may, 'this most iniquitous and blasphemous human invention,' as it has been called for two hundred years, has become the acknowledged basis of German thought, and theo-

logians even like Schleiermacher did not hesitate to apply the high terms of 'pious,' 'virtuous,' 'God-intoxicated' to my hero, who, I may add, remained a Jew to the end of his days, although he did leave the Synagogue and its human formalities." Miss Thomas stopped here; not for breath, but as if lost in thought. When she recovered, I asked "is that all?" "No, not all; he did not escape the penalty of being above his contemporaries, who ever did. He was the object of persecution and calumny as long as he lived; nothing was bad enough to be said of him—atheist and epicurean were the commonest epithets, and yet after his death, in his 45th year, his domestic accounts showed that he preferred to live on a few pence a day, to being indebted to the bounty of another. Throughout his life of abstemiousness, and of physical and mental suffering, his constitution undermined by consumption and overwork, his sensitive heart wrought upon by the violent severance of all natural ties and affections, in addition to the distress of occasional want and perpetual persecution, no complaint ever passed his lips. Simplicity and heroic forbearance, coupled with a willingness to suffer, and a child-like sympathy and warmness of heart were what characterized him most. It has been truly said that no man, perhaps, was more influenced by religion than Spinosa, and of his epicureanism—to be an epicurean on two-pence half-penny a day, could not have been a very serious crime. It is not strange, therefore, that he has become a favorite character in works of fiction, and that the Eliots, Auerbachs, and Gutzkows have found him so attractive as material for romance. Writers in other departments, also like Herman Grimm, regard him a king of men; Goethe also paid allegiance and received inspiration and encouragement in return, and there are multitudes all over the world who have been benefited by the pure teachings of Baruch Spinosa, that have never heard his name. You know from his statue, in The Hague, how handsome he was. Why did you not buy him instead of the grinning Voltaire that you purchased this morning? The old—" She was about to say something uncomplimentary on the subject of my purchase, when I reminded her "that she must not traduce my brazen hero; as a disciple of Spinosa, she must remember that 'Good and Evil were relative terms, and Sin a mere negative; noth-

ing can be done against God's will, and there is no idea of Evil in Him.'" She replied—"she would allow me to keep Voltaire, if I would also procure a Spinosa and pedestal them on a single shelf as a moral antipodes." Just then the other members of the party returned from their wanderings, and told us that if we did not hurry we would be too late to see the tomb of Napoleon, under the gilded dome of *Les Invalides*. We got up and moved away.

PARIS, September 21, 1887.

"In the correspondence of Pope Pius V with Charles IX and Mary de Medici, he orders her to combat the enemies of Popery *until they are all massacred.* Afraid that she might not understand him, or that she might think he spoke figuratively or passionately, he repeats the injunction a few lines below, and uses the words *utter extermination.*"

—"*Imaginary Conversations.*"—*Lord Peterborough and William Penn.*

LANDOR.

"*Catharine.*— * * * Then, tell me, Guise,
What order will you set down for the massacre?
"*Guise.*—Thus madam. They
That shall be actors in this massacre,
Shall wear white crosses on their burgonets
And tie white linen scarfs about their arms;
He that wants these and is suspect of heresy
Shall die, he he King or Emperor. Then I'll have
A peal of ordnance shot from the tower, at which
They all shall issue out and beset the streets;
And then,
The watch-word being given a bell shall ring,
Which, when they hear, they shall begin to kill,
And never cease until that bell shall cease:
Then breathe a while."

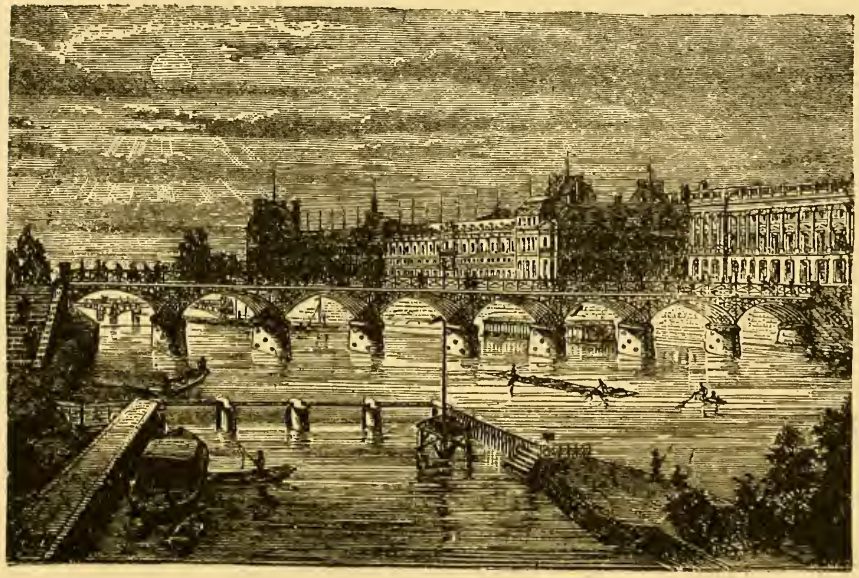
SCENE VII.—*Enter Guise and the rest, with swords drawn.*
"*Guise.*—Tuez! Tuez! Tuez!
Let none escape! Murder the Huguenots!
"*Anjou.*—Kill them! Kill them."—*The Massacre at Paris.*

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

ON the way to the tomb of Napoleon yesterday, we passed the Palace of the Tuileries, which gave occasion for one of Miss Thomas' flights. She never heard the name mentioned without a shudder, as it recalled to her only the deeds of infamy that originated in it, rather than the grandeur it con-

tained. She was glad it was partially burned by the Commune in 1871; was sorry that it was not totally destroyed as the Bastile was; that everything the perfidious Catharine de Medici touched, or was associated with, should be razed; her name blotted from history—never written, indicated by a wasp or viper, or some loathsome creature, after the manner of Egyptian hieroglyphics. The same should be done with Philip of Spain, who united with her for the extirpation of heretics.

It was here, in 1572, that the wicked founder of this Palace gave a fête, a week before St. Bartholomew's day, when an allegory was presented, after her invention, in which all the nobility, both of the old and reformed faith, were represented. During the performance, the King of Navarre and other Huguenots were exhibited as being prevented by Charles IX and his brothers from entering Paradise. They were pushed into hell and kept there. Four days after, the horrible massacre took place—the whole having been arranged before the fête—which seems to have been intended as a sort of index to the frightful chapters to be enacted in the near future, when, amid the charms of music, dancing, and love-making—for the vile creature used the beauties of her court to corrupt men that she feared—one hundred thousand souls were sent, unprepared, to meet their Maker, and for no other cause than their faith. It is no wonder the event has been doubted; it is almost impossible to think a woman could thus prepare a ballet, in the name of religion, too, on the massacre arranged beforehand, of part of the nation over which she reigned as Queen. I noticed this morning a copy of Guizot's France in the reading-room of the hotel, and since I must either scribble or sleep, I will supplement Miss T.'s remarks by a transcription. I could never have believed what I have read about the Neros, Domitians, Caligulas, Torquemadas, Dukes of Alva! Such malignant monsters as Philip, of Spain; Bloody Mary, of England—their names are legion; if I had not learned of the Physiological Laboratories, strange to say, in tender-hearted Germany, as well as Italy, England, and France, where beseeching dogs, horses, rabbits, guinea pigs, hogs, and cats are subjected, by smiling tyrants, to tortures that often exceed in cruelty those of the viper of France. The names of the Torquemadas and Phil-



PARIS. THE PALACE OF THE TUILERIES.

ips of to-day, are Cyon, Bernard, Sanderson, Goltz, Mantegazza; and, incredible as it seems, an army of others. May the infamous Cortes be speedily brought within the jurisdiction of humane law; and may the number of noble people opposed to the barbarity continue to agitate the subject until there is not a spot on the face of the green earth where men, no matter how *honorable*, can with impunity torture dumb beasts.

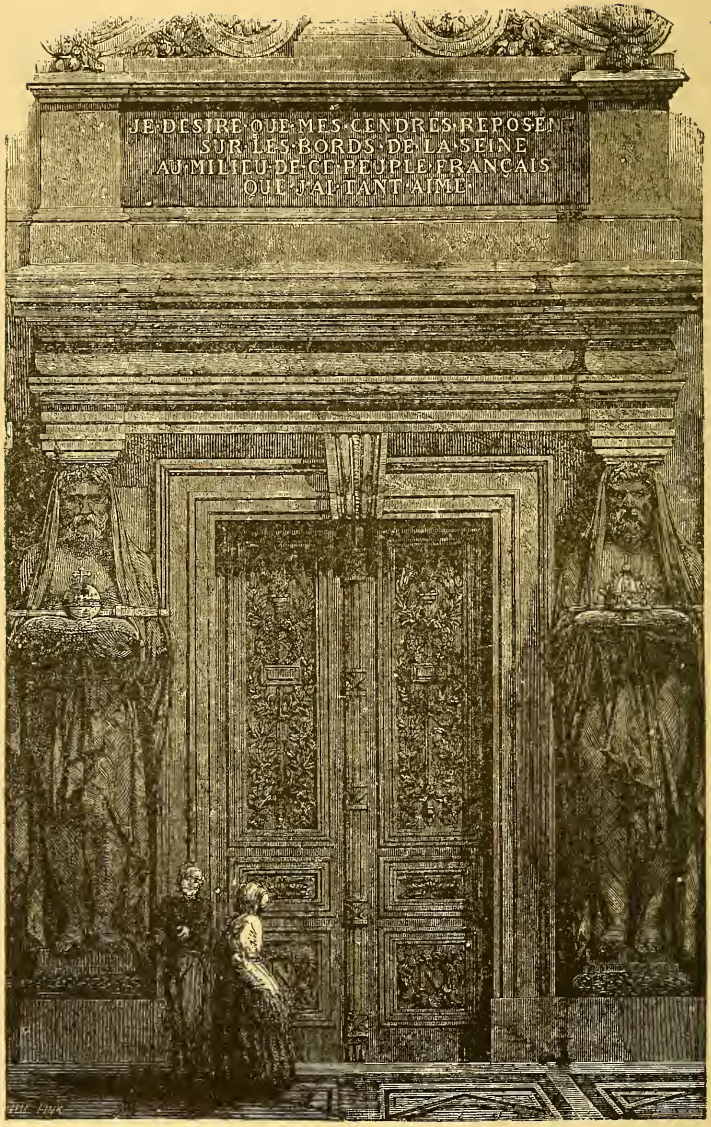
* * * * * * * * *

I find from Guizot's account of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew that, besides the scenes of ferocity that are well known, there were others, painfully pathetic, and some, because of their generosity, calculated to preserve the credit of humanity amidst one of its most dreadful deviations from the path of justice, mercy, and truth. When Charles IX, the weak son and thrall of the demoness mentioned above, had, at her instigation, participated in the fury of the massacre, and had exclaimed, "Kill them all!"—he witnessed the murdering of Coligny and La Rochefoucauld, the former companions of his amusements—then he gave himself up to a paroxysm of madness and rage. He was asked if the young Huguenot princes, Henry of Navarre and Henry de Condé, were also to be slain. After discussion it was decided to save them. On the very night of St. Bartholomew he sent for the two princes. "I mean hereafter," he said, "to have but one religion in my kingdom—the Mass, or Death; make your choice." Navarre asked for time to think. Condé replied that he would remain firm in the truth as he was, though he should have to give up his life. "Seditious madman," said Charles, "if within three days you do not change your language, I will have you strangled!" In the beginning the King saved from death none but the great Ambrose Paré (his surgeon) and his nurse, both Huguenots. On the night after Coligny's murder he sent for Paré—made him go into his wardrobe, ordering him not to stir—saying that it was not reasonable that one who could be of service to the whole world should be thus put to death. A few days after this the King said to Paré, "Now you really must become a Catholic." Paré replied, "By God's light, sire; I think you must surely remember that you promised me, in order that I should never disobey you, that you, on the other hand, would not bid me do four things—find my way

back into my mother's womb; catch myself fighting in a battle; leave your service; or go to mass." After a pause, Charles rejoined: "Ambrose, I know not what has come over me during the past few days, but I am greatly excited in mind as if I had a fever. It seems every moment, whether sleeping or waking, that those slaughtered corpses keep appearing before me, with their faces hideous and covered with blood. I wish that the helpless and innocent had not been included." He next day issued orders prohibiting, on pain of death, any slaying or plundering, which was nevertheless badly observed, the animosity of the populace being too much inflamed to desist at once. It has been estimated variously by De Thou, D'Aubigné, Brantome, and La Popenliere that between one thousand and four thousand were killed in Paris the first day. However, there is to be found in the account books of the city a payment to the grave-diggers of the Cemetery of the Innocents for having buried eleven hundred dead bodies stranded at the bends of the Seine. It is, of course, probable that many bodies were carried still farther by the stream, and that all the persons killed were not thrown into the river. Within the whole kingdom the number of victims was variously estimated at from twenty-five thousand to one hundred thousand.

"The heart of Protestant Europe for an instant stood still with horror. The Queen of England put on mourning weeds, and spurned the apologies of the French envoy with contempt. At Rome, on the contrary, the news of the massacre created joy beyond description. The Pope, accompanied by his cardinals, went solemnly to the church of St. Mark, to render thanks to God for the grace thus singularly vouchsafed to the Holy See and to all Christendom; and a Te Deum, in consequence, was performed in presence of the same august assemblage."

From the Palace of the Tuileries to the Hôtel des Invalides is a pleasant stroll, especially when in congenial company. The dome of the church, which can be seen from almost every part of Paris, was gilded in the time of Napoleon I. It was founded in 1670, by Louis XIV, for the veterans of the army. There are at present only about five hundred inmates, although it was intended to accommodate five thousand. The façade of this great edifice is six hundred and sixty feet long. In front are groups in bronze, by Desjardins, and also an equestrian



PARIS. ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON.

statue of its royal founder. We are admitted into the church, the tomb of Napoleon is directly beneath the dome. Above the entrance to the crypt are inscribed the words from the Emperor's will, which may be translated thus: "I desire that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, among the French people I have so well loved." There are some remarkable bas-reliefs, by Simart, and colossal victories, by Pradier, here, and the sarcophagus itself, which weighs sixty-seven tons—all of which we had to see in a great hurry, as it was past the time to close.

We met by appointment this morning at the Pantheon—a place which must be seen to be understood—a building more beautiful than words can tell. To know its history is to know much of the history of Paris—of France. It is built on an elevation on the spot where St. Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris, was buried in 512. The present church was finished and dedicated near the end of last century. The Constitutional Assembly made it a Pantheon. It became a place of worship again in 1851, and Church and State have been quarreling about it ever since. The inscription carved on the pediment during the revolution, *Aux grands hommes le patrie reconnaissante*, is still there. Since the death of Victor Hugo—the man of the people—the Pantheon is again a Westminster Abbey, but without a service. When the author of *Les Miserables* "lay dying, he was asked if he wished the services of a priest. He declined, saying some uncomplimentary things about the Church. When he died, therefore, he could not, of course, be consistently buried in a place under the control of a class whom, as a class, he did not esteem, even if they had been willing to have received him. There was no place else, his friends thought, more suitable for his repose than here. What was done? The people marched to the Pantheon in a body, entered, carried out the seats, crucifixes, candles, altars, saints, virgins, vestments, chalices, holy-water fonts—everything connected with the service of the Church—piled them in the square in front, where they remained for two or three weeks until carried away in the night, by whom no one knows. Then they scrubbed the whole building with sand-soap, brushes, and brooms, and decided by acclamation—in real French style—that the sacred building should never again

be used as a church, but should be set apart as a place for the reception of the distinguished dead." And thus the great romancist was received into it, and here he remains; the place still containing literally cartloads of wreaths of immortelles and artificial flowers of cloth and tin, as is the custom here, brought by all sorts of people and from all lands, in recognition of the genius and noble qualities of the man whose life had been devoted to the elevation of his race. Mirabeau was the first man buried here; then Marat (assassinated while taking a bath by Charlotte Corday), Voltaire, and Rousseau were also interred in the Pantheon, but were removed—the first two by resolution of the Convention; the last two were stolen in the night, their empty coffins remain.

A conversation about body-snatching, suggested by the circumstance connected with the spiriting away of Voltaire and Rousseau, made us think of the catacombs of Paris; when we decided to visit these remarkable caverns together before separating.

* * * * * * * * *

The catacombs of Paris were originally quarries, like those of Rome, and increased to such an extent that one-twelfth of the present area of the city is entirely undermined by them. Several houses sunk in consequence, when the attention of the government was aroused, and the idea conceived by M. Lenoir of convertlng them into receptacles for the bones of the dead; in consequence of which the human remains from the various cemeteries were brought here in funeral cars, followed by priests chanting the service of the dead. It is calculated that the bones of over four million people are here. The bones of the legs and arms are laid closely together with their ends outward, and at intervals skulls are interspersed in rows, presenting alternating lines of occiputs and frontal bones. Some of the apartments are arranged like chapels, with skulls, arms, and legs. The staircase leading into the catacombs at the *Barriere d'Enfer* is composed of ninety steps, and this is but one of over sixty entrances.

I will reserve telling you more until we meet again, as in two hours I leave this truly wonderful city, that I have hardly seen, to take steamer for England at Dieppe. Good-night.

LONDON, September 20, 1887.

"Her deck is crowded with despairing souls,
And in the hollow pauses of the storm
We hear their piercing cry."—*Bertram.*
MATURIN.

WE landed about two hours ago, almost dead. We had a pleasant ride from Paris to Dieppe; after that—horrors! We got on the steamer at midnight, cold, dark, damp, desolate; huddled together as best we could, and for six mortal hours tried to forget misery in sleep. Took up anchor in the grey, sleety morning, steamed out of the narrow, slimy dock, and bade good-bye to the great crucifixion—sky high—with bloody wounds and agony. In thirty minutes we were so deathly sick—in such physical distress—that the universal thought was, how can we stand this for six hours? We did not have time to think of being sea-sick; in an instant we became so, fell to the deck at once as if shot, and yet we went pitching and tossing on, no cessation, no relief. I never in my life felt such horrors as then, being torn with internal pain, at the same time feeling as cold as the lips of a dead child. Around me, on the wet deck on piles of rope, sitting and lying on boxes and bags, were men and women in every stage of extreme anguish, squirming and groaning, the very pictures of hopelessness and despair; entirely oblivious of how they looked or what they did; holding themselves as if they were breaking in two. The sickness different from any sea-sickness that I had ever experienced; the jerky, yet intense way you are compelled to vomit, producing acute, tearing, indescribable pains. I am convinced that many people die during this short trip, or in consequence, the facts judiciously kept from the public, like accidents in the park, the world nothing the wiser. It was like this, repeated by dozens of people at once. Oh, my poor sides—what shall I do? Mercy! I shall die—Oh-h! I cannot live through this! Have pity, Lord! Oh! oh! Until every sound but retching was silenced by impotence. Around you prostrate victims, ashy-pale; some sitting bolt upright like logs, too, afraid to move or talk, then suddenly collapsing, drop-

ping among the groaning majority, becoming like the rest, a bundle of rags. Oh! oh! by a hundred throats. Oh, mercy! Then a great explosion!—then perfect quiet, when the sprawling victims compose themselves into positions of ease and are asleep—the profound sleep of exhaustion, yet disturbed by indescribable torments still. When we came to, enough to care what happened, we learned that the starboard wheel had exploded; gone to fragments; they had been attempting, during our sleep, to chain the pieces together, but in vain; then they tried to go with one wheel, but only described circles; attempted to sail, but without success; when, at last, after being twenty hours at sea, we were towed to England. Such a trip, such a sea, and such a distressed and demoralized crew; everybody pale, with sunken eyes, haggard—not a smile nor a shadow of a smile—the common accompaniment of the sickness of the Atlantic Ocean. We were not interested enough to express a desire to see land, and there did not seem to be one person buoyant enough to leap ashore as if they were glad; nearly everybody holding their sides as they crawled like invalids to the wharf, and even when on dry land not an attempt at a joke about it, nothing but looks of wretchedness and misery. At New Haven our luggage is rummaged for about the five hundredth time! Abroad I imagined these Custodians of the Customs hunting for Charley Ross, and generally said, especially in countries where English was not understood, "I haven't got him," when they let me off. However, here I am in London, and alive, but with my abdominal muscles feeling as if all the spices of Arabia could not make them well again.

LONDON, September 21, 1887.

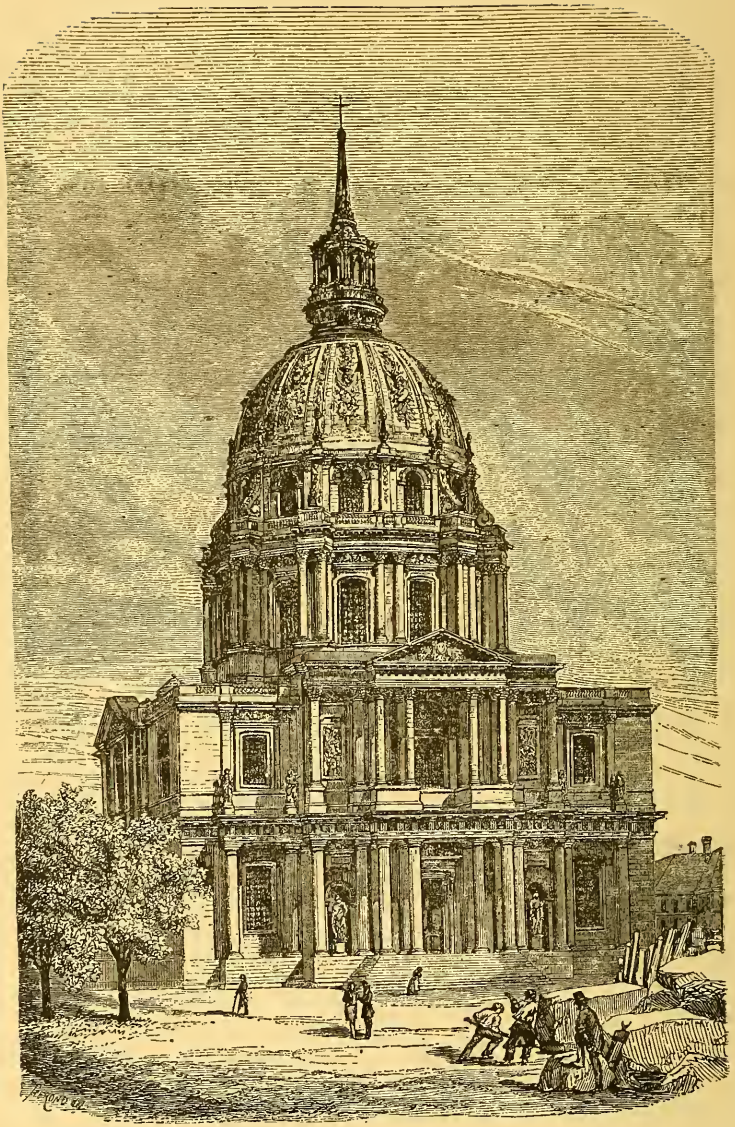
„Die Heimath entfliehet;
So fahre sie hin!
Die Liebe sie ziehet
Gewaltig den Sinn." TIECK.

"'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.'
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

„O Liebe, süßes Labsal aller Leiden
Der Sterblichen; du wonnevoller Rausch
Vermählter Seelen! welche Freuden
Sind deinen gleich!"—**Oberon.** WIELAND.

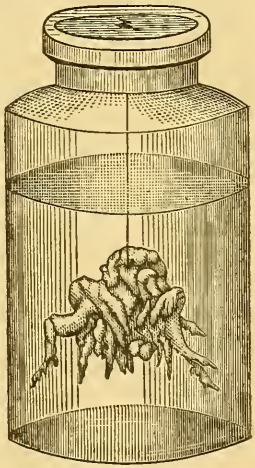
SINCE leaving home, one hundred and thirteen days ago, until now I have not seen a shower. Even during my sojourn in Ireland, where it rains nine days every week, the clouds had put on such an austere restraint that, instead of the tumid emerald hues, due to perpetual moisture, so extolled by romancists that have never had the rheumatism, orange-tawny was the prevailing color of the landscape, because of the perfectly torrid atmosphere and long-continued drought. And London, too, as if to enable me to get around with greater comfort and see with every advantage of clear atmosphere and cloudless sky, had accommodatingly withheld every particle of mist, so that I was obliged to leave her, after a residence of fifteen perfect days, with some slight regret, because my sight-seeing had not included a "fog;" but the Fates are favorable to the faithful, and the above-mentioned desideratum has been added to-day, to complete the cycle of my longings. The foggy pearl has been set in the ring of my wanderings by the jeweler Fortune. I start out in the drizzling rain to attend to some little things before leaving for Liverpool to-night. It is noon, and yet every store is artificially lighted. The sun is completely obliterated by the dense fog. I am glad to see and feel this in *propria persona*, as I could not have realized from any description the extent of the vaporous gloom that envelops the whole town. London, I imagine, at this time looks —to "the spirits of the wise who sit in the clouds and mock us,"

as Prince Hal has it—like a great mass of turbid fluid, the bottom covered with a black precipitate, together with the amphibiæ that love such elements; or it might be compared to a tumbler of Schuylkill water after the crawling creatures and slime that infest that nutritious beverage had formed a stratum at its base. You are walking in water in which you can breathe but not see, the lights suspended in front of many of the stores but making a little circle of dim brightness. You could not recognize your nearest friend at the distance of a foot. The fog sticks to you; penetrates to the bone, and yet, because of the novelty of seeing the city under such humid circumstances, with its buildings equally reduced to the height of one story, I absorbed a good deal of comfort, as well as moisture, from the appalling place; would have done better if I had not had a remnant of the books and things bought in France wrapped in my waterproof. They did not have a box large enough in the book store to include all, and I foolishly decided to roll the balance in my coat—my traveling-bags being filled—and bring them over myself. Consequently I have been exposed all day. What different views people have of London. The London of some is, still the quaint, obsolete London of that genial old monk, John Lydgate; to others, London is the London of Beaumont, Fletcher, Johnson, Shakespeare, and Green; others, again, have present to their imagination only the London of Addison, Pope, and Swift; others know it as delineated in the writings of Thackeray and Dickens, and are hardly aware of the existence of the city that lives in the volumes of Jerrold, Hazlitt, Lamb, and Hunt, whereas, the London of to-day is not like any of these, and yet it is like them all. The above was suggested by a valedictory promenade through the Strand, Piccadilly, Cheapside, St. Paul's Churchyard, and other places, before saying a final good-bye. The above stroll terminating in front of the Royal College of Surgeons, I entered; was soon resting on a lounge, when, getting ready paper, catalogue, and pen, I again began coral building, as if it was the business of my life to construct reefs over which you might travel dry-shod to where I am. * * * I have seen this magnificent collection of pathological and physiological specimens—the most valuable and numerous in the world—including a monstrous fœtus, found in the ab-



PARIS. THE CHURCH OF THE INVALIDES.

domen of a boy seventeen years old; but neither this, nor any of the other wonderful specimens that it contains, has impressed me half so much as what I came especially to see—the cancer from which Napoleon died—the inanimate mass that did what almost all of united Europe was unable to do. I had almost come directly from *The Invalides* in Paris—the golden church where his body reposes and his memory still receives the homage of his proud countrymen—and a morbid curiosity induced me to seek out what remained of the malignant growth that had terminated his career—cancer—the disease of the Napoleonic family; so much so, that they founded a hospital for its treatment; in his case, at least, adds its confirmation to what physicians have often asserted—that handsome people are most liable to it. The Napoleons were all handsome, and cancer was their Nemesis. At last I came to it—horrors! "Vanity of vanity—all is vanity!" What is your life? It is but as a vapor, which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away; and the Hannibals, John Browns, Napoleons, and Wellingtons, except the parts preserved in museums, are but a handful of clay. And



NAPOLEON'S CANCER.

"Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung hole—as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returned to dust; the dust is earth, of earth we make loam, and of that loam whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer barrel."

"Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away;
O that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!"

I came away, depressed into gloom, my feelings in harmony with the day and my heart full of thoughts, suggested by the humiliating memorial in the surgeon's jar.

I almost unconsciously walked in the direction of Westminster Abbey. The gloom still continues. Meet nothing

on the street but men and wagons hurrying home—for things that love the day love not such days as this. But big Ben, from his invisible height—muffled in mist, rings out the signal of the flight of time; and, with the sound of two o'clock still reverberating in the air, I re-enter the melancholy Abbey—few people are here; without being disturbed or having a soul to distract the current of my gloomy thoughts, I go from point to point, past the memorials of Statesmen and Kings; by the resting-places of the canonized. Stopping now merely to look at the drapery of some kneeling figure in stone, or to examine the pose, or perhaps only a sculptured boot or spur, without caring to whom they belong, until I come again to the poet's corner—for just as "every copy of Shakespeare opens at Hamlet," so every footstep tends to this sacred spot. With bowed head I again see the brass letters let into the stone floor, that spell the names of those we love. I turn away; the place is soiled with the footsteps of the gaping multitude, who walk over, and perhaps know not they are there.

In front of the beautiful cenotaph, with profiles that have been erected to the memory of the Wesleys, the two brothers whose love was great enough to include the universe. I had just read "The World is my Parish," when a light step in my direction and a tap on my shoulder, caused me to look around, when, to my joy I encountered my polyglot friend of the Rhine! He was as pleased to see me as I was to see him; yet I noticed at once that although it was the same foundation, the same building, yet there was an air of rejuvenation about him that seemed strange. I missed the international costume, the dreamy look. His hair was cut, beard trimmed, and altogether he looked more like one of the Adonises of Berlin than the half-demented orientalist, afraid of the witchery of the Lorelei, who told me his story on the Rhine. "And what are you doing in London?" I ask. "Oh, don't you know? I am on my wedding-tour, my honey-moon. Well—well—I thought everybody knew that!" In an instant he was gone, but as soon reappeared from behind a tomb near the elf-like statue of Wilberforce, (surely the great philanthropist never looked like that thing), leading by the hand a blushing lady, with flaxen hair and rosy cheeks, whom he introduced as his bride. "Well! so this is the Lorelei of the Rhine?" "No; not

of the Rhine; of Eisenach," he said—"the river enchantress destroys, but mine makes alive;" she blushes still deeper, and then he began, telling me the whole story; how that it looked to them as if they had been waiting for each other so *very*, *very*, *very* long (she was about twenty-two years), but that from the moment they met, they had had no doubt but that they were to be one. "But how did you bring it about?" I said. "Well, you see, she is a sort of relative of mine, an eighth cousin or so. When I got to Eisenach, I began inquiring about my relatives, only to find that they were all dead; but yet I did not despair, something told me that I was to meet my destiny there. I went to the cemetery where most of our family were buried, a place made perfectly familiar to me by the descriptions of my dear mother. I found the name 'Liebensfried;' that was my mother's name; I next found the sexton, inquired about them, and learned that they were all dead but the daughter of an old pastor by that name; she lived alone with a little maid in the old homestead, on the skirts of the town. I soon found the place, walked up the shrub- and flower-lined gravel walk to the front door—knocked, and waited with my heart in my mouth. How my knees shook when Gretchen (she had been preserving cherries), her sleeves rolled up, came to the door. She wore a white cap; her nose, lips, and chin stained with the juice of the fruit; it was love at first sight, was it not, Gretchen?" "*Ja wohl*," she replies, getting more scarlet than the juice of any cherry. "And what then?" "Then she invited me in—but not until I had told her who I was; did you, *Liebchen?*" "*Nein*, *nein*," says Gretchen, shaking her head. "And what then?" "Well we soon got better acquainted; didn't we, Gretchen?" She bent her head, like a heart's-ease in the sunshine, but spoke not. "And what then?" "Oh, I will let Gretchen tell the rest." She was covered with blushes and smiles. To relieve her embarrassment I said "I was glad of it all." "*Danke*, *shön*," she replies. "But tell me, how do your names correspond; all right?" He only laughed, and said "that would not have mattered; but, nevertheless, they do match—that was only a whim, you know." On the little vellum-bound book that I told you of, he had written his name thus:

As if now on, and now under, the surface of an undulating sea. I noticed it when examining the pretty volume and asked why he had written it so? he replied, laughing, "That he was something like his countryman, Schliemann, the antiquarian, who vowed that he would never marry until he had met a lady that could speak Greek as well as himself. I shall never marry until I meet the lady whose name is of sufficient length to twist into mine—along the unoccupied line." I thought it a curious conceit at the time, and often since. He took the book from his pocket, and there, sure enough, was this:

The strands had come together from the ends of the earth—"The threads of their two lives were woven in one." "Do you always carry it with you?" "Yes; it is but a guide book, but in the East it is the custom for Christians to associate the Bible with everything; and so my little book, or rather *our* book, contains the Gospel of St. John, and I carry it partially on that account—for John is my favorite and my wife's, too; isn't it, dear?" "*Ja wohl*," says Gretchen, again blushing as usual to the roots of her blond hair.

"How long are you to remain in London?" "We leave to-day. I stopped merely for an hour or so to let my wife see the Abbey, especially the tablets to the Wesleys. See, I have paraphrased the inscriptions—have them in my book." He showed me a fly-leaf filled with lucid transcripts, done into German, for the gratification of Gretchen, as we walked along. We exchanged cards. He told me that he had refurnished and enlarged the cottage and the grounds. Both were profuse in inviting me, in case I should ever come within a hundred miles of Eisenach, to be sure and call, and they

would make me glad. I returned the compliment; urged them to pay us a visit; told them they would know our house by a picture of the Falls of Niagara hanging in the parlor window. And thus we parted; Polyglot *salaaming* like a mandarin, and Gretchen kissing her hand, as they disappeared behind D'Israeli's statue.

I felt dreadfully alone when they were gone—realized that I, too, must go. My journey is over; there is nothing *now* that I care to see but my home and all that it means. I need to be better employed—to be of use again—I am tired of acting the part of the dove carrying forever the olive branch of peace, yet finding no rest for the soles of my feet. I long for my legitimate and congenial work, and for the greetings of friends, from whom I have been separated too long. And so Belgium and Holland, Prussia and Rhineland, Saxony, Hungary, Austria, Bohemia, Italy, France, Switzerland, Scotland, Ireland—land of contrasts—of kind hearts and true—I bid you a grateful and loving farewell; and

> "This royal throne of Kings, this sceptred isle;
> This earth of majesty; this seat of Mars;
> This other Eden—demi-paradise;
> This fortress built by Nature for herself;
> This precious stone, set in the silver sea;
> This blessed spot, this earth, this realm, this England;
> This land of such dear souls—this dear, dear land—

I bid you farewell, for white wings are waiting to fly with me through the blue expanse to my home.

NAMES OF SUBSCRIBERS TO THIS EDITION,

December, 1889.

* Deceased since subscribing.

Aikens, Mr. Louis L.,
Beauford, N. C.
Aikman, Rev. William, D.D.,
Atlantic City, N. J.
Aldridge, Mr. John F.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Allen, Mr. George W.,
Philadelphia, Pa (2 sets).
*Allen, Mr. David,
Denver, Col. (2 sets.)
Allen, Mr. George,
Philadelphia, Pa. (10 sets.)
Allen, Mrs. George,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Allen, Mr. George W.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Allen, Mr. James,
Ireland.
Allen, Mr. Samuel,
Ireland.
Allengham, Hon. J. C.,
Beauford, N. C. (3 sets).
Allengham, Mr. James,
Beauford, N. C.
Altmanns, Herr Johannes,
Bonn, Germany (2 sets.)
Arthur, Capt. James,
Ireland.
Athenæum Club,
Baltimore, Md. (2 sets.)
Athenæum Library,
Washington (2 sets.)
Atkinson, W. B., A.M., M.D.,
Honorary Professor of Sanitary Science and Pædiatrics, Medico Chirurgical College,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Baber, Mrs. Charles,
Pottsville, Pa.
Bair, Mr. Ol Iver H.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Baily, George W., Esq.,
Wenonah, N. J.
Balliet, Mr. J. E.,
Allentown, Pa.
Barlow, Mr. C. Jos.,
Philadelphia, Pa. (2 sets).
*Barlow, Mr. Thomas A.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Barlow, Sir James, Baronet,
England.
Barlow, Thomas J., Esq.,
London, England (3 sets).
Barlow, Miss Mary E.,
Dresden, Germany.
Barr, Mr. Matthew,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Barratti, Signor Cimabue,
Florence, Italy (3 sets).
Barrow, Professor Wellington, A.M.,
Lafayette Academy, N. C. (2 sets).
Barton, Miss Mary Ella,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Barton, Miss Virginia,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Baxendine, Alex., Esq.,
Edinburgh, Scotland.
Beatty, Mr. Samuel G.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Beaver, Hon. James A.,
Governor of Pennsylvania.
Bethel, B. N., M. D.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Biddle, Miss Adele,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Bihn, Mr. Otto Arthur,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Bihn, George F., Esq.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Bland, D. W., M. D.,
Pottsville, Pa.
Blomer, George D., Ph. G.,
* Philadelphia, Pa.
Botsford, Rev. A. P.,
Wenonah, N. J.
Bowen, Mr. Charles H.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Bowen, Mr. Clement R.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Boyce, Mr. Robert M.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Bright, Miss Kate H ,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Brinton, Miss Lydia S.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Brinton, Miss Rilla W.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Brinton, Mr. Chas. E.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Brodie, Robert, Esq.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Brown, Mr. David Paul,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Browning Society,
Charleston, S. C. (2 sets.)
Buchanan, Mr. George H.,
Rutledge, Pa.
Buchmann, Herr Oscar,
Berlin, Ger.
Buck, Fred. J., M. D.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Budlong, Mr. F. D., A. M.,
Principal of Ladies' Seminary,
Hightstown, N. J.
Bull, W. H., M. D.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Busby, Mrs. George S.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Calvin, Hon. J. C.,
Bedford, Pa. (3 sets.)
Campbell, Rev. G. H. Stuart,
Philadelphia, Pa.
*Cantrell, Hon. Jas. L., M.P.,
Inverness, Scotland.
Carey, Andrew W., Esq.,
Wenonah, N. J.
Carter, Mr. Franklin S.,
Burlington, N. J.
Cavin, Sam'l E., Esq.,
Philadelphia, Pa. (2 sets.)
Cavin, Mrs. Samuel E.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
*Chambers, Miss Mary W.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Chapman, S. Spencer, Esq.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Charlton, Lieut. Wm., Jr.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Chubb, Joseph H., Esq.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Close, C. W., Esq.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Coleman, Clement, Esq.,
England (5 sets).
Coleman, Mr. Matthis,
Bedford, Pa.
Colmar, Mr. William,
Pottsville, Pa. (6 sets.)
Cook, Prof. G. H., LL.D.,
Ph.D.,
State Geologist of New Jersey.
Cooke, Dudley C., M. D.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Costill, H. B., M. D.,
Trenton, N. J.
Courtney, Mr. John F.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Coverdale, Capt. John W.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Craig, Mr. Matthew,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Creadick, Samuel, M. D.,
Philadelphia, Pa. (2 sets.)
Croasdale, Hannah T., M. D.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Crozier, Miss Annie E.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Cubberly, Mr. Edward D.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dammast, Mrs. Jennie S.,
Jersey City, N. J.
Dannels, Mr. E. R.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Davidson, Jas., Esq.,
Near Stoke-Pogis, England.
Davis, Mr. E. F. C.,
Pottsville, Pa.
Davies, Mr. Henry L.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Davies, Mr. John M., Jr.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Davis, Mr. John M.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Deakyne, A. Clark, M.D.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
De la Sota y Lastra, Don Ramon,
Madrid, Spain (5 sets).
Deshler, Mrs. Virginia H.,
Hightstown, N. J.
Downes, Miss Mary E.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Downing, W. C., Esq.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Dripps, William,
Philadelphia, Pa. (3 sets.)
Du Bois, Prof. A. A.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Du Bois, Mr. Alex. N.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Duff, Mrs. Mary,
Ireland.
Dunlap, Miss Helen,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Dunlap, Mr. John T.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Dunlap, Mr. Melchoir H.,
Washington, Pa.
Durant, Mons. Emile,
Paris, France (2 sets).
Edmonds, Henry R., Esq.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Edwards, William F., Esq.,
Baltimore, Md.
Elkins, James H., Esq.,
Poughkeepsie, N. Y. (3 setts.)
Elkins, Mr, Wm. H.,
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Elkinton, Mr. Geo.,
Blue Bell, Pa.
Ellenbodon, Mr. Jos.,
New York, N. Y.
Elton, Mrs. Ellen J.,
Poughkeepsie, N. Y. (3 setts.)
Eltons, Hon. James L.,
New York, N. Y.
Eltons, Mr. James L.,
New York, N. Y.
Elvert, Mr. Emile,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Emerson Book Club,
Baltimore, Md. (2 sets.)
Engel, Hugo, M.D.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Enoch Pratt Free Library,
Baltimore, Md.
Evans, Mr. David,
Westfield Wyke, Yorkshire, E.
Evans, David, Esq.,
Westfield Wyke, Eng. (2 sets).
Ewing, Mrs. James,
Ireland.
Eysenbach, Mrs. Louis, Jr.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Falconbridge, Hon. Henry,
London.
Farr, Miss Edith M.,
Wenonah, N. J.
Farr, Mr. Edward L.,
Wenonah, N. J.
Farrell, Mr. Albert Wallace,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Farrington, Mr. James H.,
New York, N. Y. 12 sets.)
Fenn, Mr. Theo.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Fenwick, Mrs. Mary E.,
New Lisbon, N. J.
Feuerman, Count Herbert,
Germany (2 tets).
Finehold, E. H., Gr. P.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Finn, Mr. James C.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Firth, Hon. Jos. Bottomly, M.P.,
Glasgow, Scotland.
Foote, Mr. John,
New York, N. Y.
Fox, James, Esq.,
Ireland (8 sets).
Freund, H. H., M. D.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Gadd, Samuel Wesley, M. D.,
Philadelphia, Pa. (7 sets.)
Gallagher, Mr. George W.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Garrettson, Mrs. Theo.,
Pottsville, Pa.
Garrettson, J. E., A.M., M.D.
Prof. of Oral and Clinical Surgery Medico-Chirurgical College.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Geil, John H., Esq.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Gessler, Chas. W., M. D.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Gibbons, Mr. P. D.,
Ireland.
Gibson, Mr. John,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Goodman, Mr. A. T.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Gordon, James Francis, Esq.,
Dublin, Ireland.
Gotwalts, Jacob V., Esq.,
Norristown, Pa.
Grady, Ex-Senator, John C., Esq.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Grandhomme, Oscar, M. D.,
Privy Counsellor of Höchstadt in Bavaria
Green, Mr. Alexander,
Tioga, Pa.
Gruel, Theo. H. E., M. D.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Haesecke, Herr Prof. Carl,
Dresden, Saxony.
Halfpenney, Mr. James S.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Halfpenney, Mr. W. G.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Hall, Mrs. Esther N.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Hamilton, Mr. John H.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Hamilton, Mr. Wm. Alex.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Harrold, Mrs. J. L.,
Philadelphia, Pa. (5 sets.)
Hazlet, Mr. George,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Hearn, Joseph W., M. D.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Herr, Miss Lottie C.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Herr, Jos. C., Esq.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Hinckley, R. H., Esq.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Holland, Prof. I. L.,
Beaufort, N. C.
Horton, Mr. Joseph O.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Houser, Miss Mary,
Cadiz, Ohio.
Howland, Mr. John H,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Hughes, Miss Emma V.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Hunt, Mr. David,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Hunt, Thomas Jefferson, Esq.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Hunter, Rev. A. Burtis,
Raleigh, N. C.
Huntzinger, Mr. Geo. L.,
Riverside, N. J.
Hutt, Mr. George E.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
*Huntzinger, Miss Flora E.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Irwin, Mrs. James,
Atlantic City, N. J.
Irwin, Mr. Thompson,
Atlantic City, N. J.

Iseminger, Charles F., Esq.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Ivison, John, M. D.,
Philadelphia, Pa. (2 sets).
James, Albert, Esq.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Jefferies, Mr. J. Herbert,
Beverly, N. J.
Jerrold, Mr. Fred. M.,
Boston, Mass.
Johnson, Miss Alice M.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Johnson, Mrs. Mary,
Boston, Mass.
Johnson, Mr. William,
Boston, Mass. (8 setts).
Johnson, Mr. Wm.,
Ireland.
Jolly, Mr. James,
Providence, R. I.
Jopson, Mr. Thomas W.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Kaercher, Mr. Franklin P.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Kaercher, George R, Esq.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Kaercher, Mrs. S. C.,
Pottsville, Pa.
Kern, Mr. Robert,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Keen, Mr. William H.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Keen, W. W., M.D.,
Professor of Artistic Anatomy, Academy of Fine Arts;
Professor of Surgery, Jefferson Medical College,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Kelly, Howard A., M. D.,
Prof. Obstetrics and Gynecology Johns Hopkins University.
Baltimore, Md.
Kemble, Mrs. Margaret J.,
Lewisburg, Pa.
Keveney, Mrs. E. T.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Kirkbride, M. Frank, M. D.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Kline, Mr. Mahlon N.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Knodle, Mrs. V. J.,
Beverly, N. J.
Kohler, Mrs. Emma E.,
Allentown, Pa.
Kohlerman, Mr J Williams,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Kohlfarber, Herr Aug.,
Berlin, Ger.
Kohn, Mr. Abraham,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Kopitzsch, Miss E. L.,
Pottsville, Pa.
Ladd, Hon. Herbert W.,
Governor of Rhode Island.
Lamb, Charles C., Esq,,
London, Eng.
Latimer, Mrs. Henry,
Providence, R. I.
Latimer, Mr. Robert James,
Providence, R. I. (2 sets).
Lawyer, Mr. Edward,
Rutledge, Pa.
Lay, Mrs. Chas. H.,
Oil City, Pa.
Leckner, J. D., M. D.,
Camden, N. J.
Library Company of Philadelphia,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Lightfoot, Mr. Samuel,
Philadelphia, Pa.,
Lloyd, Mr. William E.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Lloyd, Mr. William J.,
Bedford, Pa.
Lodge, George, Esq.,
Philadelphia, Pa. (2 sets).
Loeder, Rev. A. L.,
Pottsville, Pa.
Loehner, Mr. J. Otto,
New York, N. Y. (3 sets).
Longman, Mr. Jas. R.,
Providence, R. I. (5 sets).
Louderback, Mr. George B.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Lowe, Mrs. T. S.,
Norristown, Pa.
Lucas, Miss Sarah,
New York, N. Y.
Magee, Mr. Sproul,
Philadelphia, Pa.
*Mahony, Miss Kate,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Maloney, Miss Emma,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Marshall, Samuel D., M. D.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Martin, Edwin G., M.D.,
Allentown, Pa.
Martini, Signor Giovanni,
Florence, Italy (2 sets).
Martini, Signor Giuseppi,
Florence, Italy.
Marvel, Philip, M.D.,
Atlantic City, N. J.
Massei, Signor Jiocami,
Rome, Italy.
Max, Herr Gabriel,
Dresden, Saxony.
Maxwell, Rev. Jas. M., D.D.,
Monongahela City, Pa.
Mechanic's Institute,
Denver, Col.
Meier, Mr. Frederick,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Miller, Miss A. M.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Miller, Mr. John,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Miller, Mr. John,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Miller, Rev. J. R., D. D.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Mitchell, Hon. Louis T.,
Bedford Springs, Va. (5 sets).
Montmarte, Monsieur Victor,
Paris, France.
Morley, Miss Mary S.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Morris, Rev. Edward,
Hightstown, N. J.
Morrow, Rev. James, D. D.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Morton, Hon. James T.,
New York, N. Y.
Muehleck, George A., M. D.,
Philadelphia Pa.
Murdoch, Miss H. K.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Musson, Mr. W. A.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Myers, Mr. David G.,
Rutledge, Pa.
MacCallam, James H., Esq.,
Belfast, Ireland (5 sets).
MacCallam, Mrs. Eleanor H.,
Belfast, Ireland.
MacCallam, Mr. Wm.,
Belfast, Ireland.
MacNamee, Miss Joanna,
Philadelphia, Pa.
McAllister, Mr. Joseph,
Philadelphia, Pa.
McBernie, Mrs. Anna,
New York.
McCarter, Mr. William,
Philadelphia, Pa.
McComb, Mr. Dan'l G.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
McCosh, Mr. Chas. W.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
McCosh, Prof. James, D.,
Charleston, S. C.
McDowell, Mr. John R.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
McDowell, Mr. Robert,
Philadelphia, Pa.
McElree, Mrs. Ellen,
Ireland.
McEwen, Mr. James,
Philadelphia, Pa.
McKeag, Miss Mary,
Philadelphia, Pa.
McKelway, George J., M. D.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
McKenna, Mrs. Alice,
Clones, Ireland.
*Newland, Miss Ellie A.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Newsham, Mr. William L.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Nicholson, Miss Mary Agnes,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Nicholson, Mr. Wm. Saxon,
Washington, D. C.
Nicholson, Thomas, Esq.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Norris, Albert L., A.M., M.D.
Cambridge, Mass.
Norton, Miss Mary,
Hightstown, N. J. (2 sets).
Norton, Horace G., M. D.,
Trenton, N. J.
Nortoun, Mr. James Henry,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Nowell, Capt. Abraham P.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Nuhn, Augustus, M.D.,
Honorary Professor of Anatomy, University of Heidelberg, Germany.
Nunemacher, Miss A. A.,
Reading, Pa.
Och, Mr. Melchior,
Philadelphia, Pa. (5 sets).
Ochse, Mr. Edward M.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Ockenlaender, Mr. Lawr. J.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Ockenlaender, Hon. Lawr, J.,
Buffalo, N. Y. (5 sets).
Ogborn, Caleb Chas., Esq.,
Boston, Mass.
Ogden, Mr. Abraham,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Oldfield, Mr. James H.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Oxenfeld, Herr Herman, M.D.
Privat Doscent University of Berlin (5 sets).
Painter, John L., D. D. S.,
Charleston, S. C.
Painter, Mr. Samuel H.,
Chicago, Ill.
Paris, Mr. Joseph S.,
Philadelphia, Pa (2 sets).
Parker, George W., M.D.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Patterson. Lieut. John B.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Patton, Mr. David,
Philadelphie, Pa.
Patton, Prof. Francis Landley, D. D., LL.D.,
President of Princeton College, Princeton, N. J.
Pepper, Wm., M.D., LL.D.,
Provost and Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine and of Clinical Medicine in the University of Pennsylvania,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Pepperman, Mr. Christian,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Perry, Mrs. Edward,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Peterson, Hon. Albert E.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Phelps, J. L., M.A., Cantab,
Manchester, England.
Philadelphia Library,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Physeneck, Herr Emanuel,
Prague, Bohemia.
Plummer, Mr. E. H.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Polk, Mr. James Edward,
Charleston, S. C. (2 sets).
Pollock, Mr. James L.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Poynter, Mr. David B.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Pratt, Miss Ida C.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Prentice, Mrs. Mary E.,
Providence, R. I.
Preston, Mr. Robert H.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Pullen, Mrs. J. M.,
Camden, N. J.
Purcell, Mr. Matthew,
Beverly, N. J.
Quarrells, Charles, Esq.,
Richmond, Va.

Quinton, Mr. James Henry,
New York, N. Y. (5 sets).
Ralston, Mr. James R.,
Philadelphia Pa. (2 sets).
Ralston, Mr. James R.,
Ireland.
Reed, Mrs. James B.,
Pottsville, Pa.
Reeves, Mr. James R.,
Philadelphia Pa. (2 sets).
Ritterman, Herr Johannes,
Berlin, Germany.
Robert, Hon. Charles W.,
Washington, Pa.
Roberts, Miss Maggie,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Robortaccio, Signor Giordano,
Florence, Italy.
Rogers, Mrs. Jane Neil,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Rolff, Mr. Wm. J.,
Haverhill, Mass.
Russell, Edm., A. M., M. D.,
Pennington, Pa.
Russell, Mr. James,
Pennington, Pa.
Rutherford, Chas. A., Gr. P.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Rutter, Mr. William,
Atlantic City, N. J.
Saeger, Mrs. Alfred G.,
Allentown, Pa.
Santee, Eugene I., M. D.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Sayre, Professor L. E.,
Dean of Department of Pharmacy, Kansas State University, Kansas City.
Schaefer, Mr. Philip,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Schapleigh, Mr. Charles L.,
Philadelphia, Pa. (3 sets).
Seibert, Herr Friedrich,
Frankfort-on-the-Main.
Seibert, Mr. Philip,
Philadelphia, Pa. (2 sets).
Shakespeare Club,
Liverpool, Eng. (2 sets.)
Shakespeare Society,
Birmingham, Eng. (2 sets.)
Shannon, Mrs. Jane,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Shannon, Mr, Edward L.,
Bedford, Pa.
Shark, Emanuel, M. D.,
Washington, Pa.
Sharp, Frank A., M.D.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Sheer, Mr. Morris H.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Shelly, Capt. James Rolston,
Ireland.
Sher, F. P., M.D.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Shinn, Joseph Louis, D.D. S.,
Charleston, S. C.
Shortis, Wm. Henry, Esq.,
Chicago, Ill.
Sidebottom, Mr. William,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Simmons, Mrs. Jane L.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Slaught, Prof. H. E.,
Peddie Institute, Hightstown, N. J.
Slichter, Mrs. H. B.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Smiley, Miss Frances,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Smiley, Mr. U. Franklin,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Smiley, Rev. Francis Edward,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Smith, George W., Esq.,
Westfield Wyke, Yorkshire, Eng. (2 sets.)
Smith, Miss M. E.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Smith, Mr. Edward Clarence, A.M.,
Principal of Rugby Academy, Philadelphia, Pa.
Smith, Mr. George,
Westfield Wyke, near Bradford, Yorkshire, England.
Spangler, Rev. H. T.,
Collegeville, Pa.

Sparks, George W., M. D.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Spiese, Mrs. George W.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Spohn, Mrs. M. R.,
Pottsville, Pa. (2 sets).
State Library of Pennsylvania, Wm. H. Egle, M. D., Librarian,
Harrisburg, Pa.
Stauffer, D. McN., Esq.,
New York, N. Y.
Stichter, Mrs. Henry P.,
Pottsville, Pa.
Stillwell, Walter C., M.D.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Swayze, Mary Alice, M. D.,
Pottsville, Pa.
Tatem, Chas. H., Ph. D.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Taylor, Mr. Hugh,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Taylor, Mr. Samuel L.,
Philadelphia, Pa. (5 sets).
The Enoch Pratt Free Library of Baltimore City.
Lewis H. Steiner, Librarian.
Thom, Mr. William,
Beverly, N. J.
Thomas, Miss Catharine,
Buffalo, N. Y.
Thomas, Edward James, M.D.,
Buffalo, N. Y.
Thomas, Mr. James P.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Thomas, Mr. William H.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Thompson, Rev. J. C., D. D.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Thompson, Prof. J. T., A,M. LL. D.,
London, England, (2 sets).
Thor, Hon. Matthew James,
Bristol, Pa.
Thorne, Mrs. S. F.,
Carson City, Nevada.
Tindall, Van R., M. D.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Tinkler, Mr. Jacob,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Tome, Mrs. Jacob,
Port Deposit, Md.
Tomlinson, Thos. C., M. D.,
Philadelphia, Pa. (3 sets).
Ulmer, Mrs. William,
Pottsville, Pa.
Von Enzee, Herr Oscar, Student Med.,
Vienna, Austria (5 sets).
Von Hoffman, Johannes, M.D.,
Berlin, Germany (3 sets),
Waldron, Mr. Oliver P.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Walker, John T., M. D.,
Philadelphia, Pa. (2 sets.)
Wallace, Mr. James,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Wallace, Mrs. Lurena D.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Wallace, Mr. Richard H.,
Philadelphia, Pa. (2 sets).
Wannemacher, Mr. Chas.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Warner, Mr. James C.,
Philadelphia, Pa. (5 sets).
Webb, Wm. R., D. D. S.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Werner, Mr. Louis,
Belfast, Ireland.
Whartman, Mrs. John W.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
White, Miss B. C.,
Philadelphia, Pa
White, Mrs. Richard P.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Whitelegge, Mr. James L.,
New York.
Wilkins, Mr. Chas. M.,
Wenonah, N. J. (11 sets).
Wilkins, Mr. E. Ward,
Wenonah, N. J. (11 sets).
Wilkins, Mrs. M. V.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
*Wilson, Ellwood, M.D.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Wilson, Mrs. J. S.,
Camden, N. J.
Williams, Wm. K., M.D.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Winship, Hon. E. R.,
Wenonah, N. J.
Winship, Mr. William W.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Wohlsheas, Herr Anthony,
Prague, Bohemia (2 sets).
Wojczynski, Herr, Professor Julius,
University of Prague, Bohemia (10 sets).
Womelsdorf, Miss Letitia,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Womelsdorf, Mr. A. J.,
Pottsville, Pa.
Wood, Hon. Geo. G., M. D.,
Muncy, Pa.
Wood, Rev. Charles James,
Lock Haven, Pa.
Woods, Edmund, Esq.,
Woodland Terrace, County Wicklow, Ireland.
Woods, Hon. C. L., R.G.G.,
Fermanagh House, Ireland.
Woods, Miss Eliza,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Woods, Miss Elizabeth,
Ireland.
Woods, Miss Irma,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Woods, Miss Jane,
Ireland.
Woods, Miss Marian,
Ireland.
Woods, Miss Mary A.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Woods, Mr. Birnam,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Woods, Mr. James,
Ireland.
Woods, Mr. John,
Philadelphia, Pa.
*Woods, Mr. Paul,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Woods, Mr. Ralph,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Woods, Mr. Samuel,
Ireland.
Woods, Mr. Sylvan,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Woods, Mrs. Catherine,
Ireland (15 sets).
Woods, Mrs. Emily L.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Woods, Mrs. J. Warren, Esq.,
Warren Hall, Warwickshire, England.
Woods, Professor Hammond, A.M.,
Queens College, Galway, Ireland.
Woods, Professor James L., A.M., LL.D.,
Near Westfield Wyke, Yorkshire, England.
Woods, Rev. Thos. J., D.D., LL.D.,
Near Newtonards, Ireland.
Woodside, Mrs. Wm.,
Dunduan House, Coleraine, Ireland.
Woolley, Mrs. C. H.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Yakers, Mr. John Henry,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Yard, Mr. Edmund,
Philadelphia, Pa. (2 sets).
Yardley, Mrs. Hannah,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Yarrow, Joseph Henry, M.D.,
Warren, Pa.
Yarrow, James, M. R. C. S. I.,
Ireland.
Yates, Mr. W. B.,
Taunton, Mass.
Yeddow, Herman D., M.D.,
London, England.
Yelverton, Prof. Henry, D.D.,
Ireland.

INDEX.

GENERAL INDEX.

	VOL.	PAGE
"Abraham Casting out Hagar".....	II	159
Acropolis of Pergamon (Berlin)....	11	68
"Adam and Eve"—Cranach's.....	II	86
"Adam and Eve"—Holbein's.....	II	88
Adam Clarke Memorial Church....	I	125
Aghadoe, Ruins of.....	1	40
Albert Memorial, The.....	1	295
Alcove Room in "Goethe's House"	II	51
Allesandro.....	II	13,43
Alloway Kirk.....	I	155
Alps, The.....	II	353
American Competition in England	I	189
Episcopal Church in Rome.....	II	343
America's Influence in Ireland.....	I	72
Amsterdam.....	I	414
The Royal Palace.....	I	414
Annual Exhibition, London.....	I	308
Angelus, The (Rome).....	II	305
"Antinöus en Hercule" (Paris)...	II	359
Antiques, Museum of Berlin.....	II	70
Antwerp.....	I	347
Bird's-eye View.....	I	352
The Blacksmith of.....	I	360
Cathedral of.....	I	349
Pictures in Cathedral of.....	I	350
Manners and Customs.....	I	364
Life in.....	I	353
Lost in.....	I	354
Apocrypha, Comments on the.....	II	12
Aquarium, The (London).....	I	322
Aquatic Entertainment (Professor Beckwith's).....	I	324
Arabian Princess, *alias* Egyptian Queen, her first appearance..	I	8
Description of.....	I	13
Her character.....	I	18
Arcade in Berlin.....	II	66
Architecture, Roman.....	II	299
Arden Mary (Mother of Shakespeare).....	I	205
Ariadneum, The (Frankfort).....	II	38
Arndt, Ernest Moritz (Monument)	II	8
Art, Roman.....	II	309
Attitude of England toward Ireland	I	93
Austellung, The (Berlin).....	II	116
Ayr.....	I	152
Banks of Newfoundland.....	I	4
Bambino, The.....	II	328
Bantry, Ireland.....	I	32
Bantry Bay, A picture of.....	1	137
Barrenness of Ireland.....	I	57
Basle.....	II	355
Basle Cathedral.....	II	355
Bachelors, Distinguished.....	I	268

AUTHORS QUOTED.

	VOL.	PAGE
ÆSCHYLUS—There is no hymn here, but a pæan.....	II	377
ADDISON—Roman Ruins.....	II	336
AKENSIDE—From The Pleasures of the Imagination.....	II	58
ALEXIS, VON W.—Die erlichen Laute.....	I	332
ALFIERI, VITTORIO—"Tears bring relief".....	I	257
ARNDT—Characteristics of the Fatherland.....	II	7
ARNOLD, EDWIN—Mutability of Friendship. Translation from "The book of Good Counsel."—Sanscrit.....	I	181
ARNOLD, MATTHEW—On Goethe...	II	48
ATTERBURY—Confidence in Success.....	I	344
AUDRIEUX—Juvenile Reminiscences.....	I	15
BACON, LORD—On Drunkenness...	I	98
BEAUMONT—"Here's an acre sown indeed".....	II	367
BELINCIONNI—Florence the resort of the learned.....	II	233
BIBLE—Book of Joshua.....	I	151

GENERAL INDEX.

	VOL.	PAGE.
Baths of Diocletian	II	301, 323
Baths of Titus	II	301
Beauchamp Tower	I	306
Beer Gardens in Berlin	II	97
Beethoven, Birthplace of	II	7
Belfry of Bruges	I	381
Bell-pull, A German	II	18
Bell, John, Scotch Anatomist, Burial place of	II	331
Belvidere, The Vienna	II	188
Berlin	II	58
Berlin Museum, German and English	II	71
"Big Ben" (London)	I	327
Birth at sea	I	10
Bishop Hatton	II	23
Blake, Helen, Epitaph of	I	179
Blarney	I	31
Bloody Tower, The	I	305
Blue Coat School, The	I	263
Blue Pool, Ireland	I	34
Bodenbach	I	171
Bohemian, A	I	172
Bonn	II	7
Bonusus	II	39
Borussia, Statue of, in Berlin	I	128
Bow Church, London	I	270
Boy Extracting a Thorn from his Foot	II	73
Boy lost	II	84
Boycotted family, A	I	115
Brandenburg gate, The	II	67
Breakfast in Berlin	II	103
Bridge of Sighs, The (Venice)	II	211
British Museum	I	275
Manuscripts in	I	278
Brothers, Distinguished	II	9
Bruges	I	380
A Midnight Serenade	I	377
Bird's-eye view of	I	381
Customs of the people	I	381
Bruno, Giordano	II	322
Brussels	I	355
Hotel de Ville	I	357
Customs and manners	I	365
Musee des Antients	I	360
Brussels, Museum of Painting	I	358
Palace de la Justice	I	373
Buckingham Palace, London	I	333
Building covering largest space in the world	I	374
Bunhill Fields	I	267
Bunyan's Tomb, John	I	269
Burlington House	I	308
Burns' Cottage	I	153
A poem written by an American in	I	154
Monument	I	156
Quotations from	I	158
Bunsen, Baron, Burial Place of	II	10
Busbie, A Benevolent	I	268
"*Busten Zimmer*, Goethe's House	II	52
Butt, Isaac, Birthplace of	I	69
Byron's Haunts, Lord	I	276

AUTHORS QUOTED.

	VOL.	PAGE.
BLACKSTONE—A Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse	I	290
BOOK OF BRITISH BALLADS—The Mermaid of Corriorekin	I	8
BÖRNE—Nothing is constant but change, etc	I	23
BRENTANO—Lore-Lay	I	11
BROWNE, SIR THOMAS, M. D.—"Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave."	I	257
Ulysses in "Hecuba"—Urn Burial	I	332
BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT "The Cry of the Children"	II	171
Refining Influences of Christianity	II	358
"There can be no religion without an Inquisition," from *The Boston Pilot*	I	396
BROWNING, ROBERT—Fra Fillippi Lippi	I	142
BRUCE, MICHAEL—Ballad of Sir James the Rose	I	326
BRYANT—Sculptor and Painter	II	138
BUCKINGHAM, DUKE OF—From his private Diary	I	345
BUCKLE, HENRY THOMAS—About "Open persecution," from "Mill on Liberty."	I	396
On the Loss of Christianity	II	321
BURGER—King Frederick's Flute	II	147
BURTON—A Sick Man's Dreams	II	285
BURNS—A Lamentation	I	159
Death	I	159
Early Death	I	158
Epitaph to his Father	I	155
Epitaph to Rob't Ferguson	I	179
God Knows	I	161
"John Anderson My Jo."	I	163
Love	I	158
Pathos of Human Life	I	163
Man was Made to Mourn	I	159
"Seeing ourselves as others see us"	I	173
The Doon	I	157
The Vision	I	138
BUTLER, SAM'L—Hudibras	I	413
Hudibras	II	148
BYRON—From Manfred	I	14
"I am in Rome"	II	265
"The place became religion"	II	210
"The Giaour"—"And she was Lost," etc	I	254
The Gladiator's Circus	II	336
"I stood within the Coliseum Walls"	II	336

GENERAL INDEX.

	VOL.	PAGE.
Cabin Life in Ireland	I	36
Campanile, The	II	209
Cancer of Napoleon, The	II	398
Captain's Gig	I	43
Carlisle, England	I	182
Castle	I	188
Carlyle. The Home of, a Pilgrimage to Chelsea	I	330
Carpenter, Charlotta Margaret, *fiancée* of Sir Walter Scott	I	186
Extracts from Letters of	I	187
Carstens, J. A., Burial-place of	II	333
Catacombs of Paris, The	II	394
Catacombs of Rome, The	II	326
Cat Castle, The	II	24
Cathedral of Mayence	II	35
Challenge, A	II	124
Chamouni	II	354
Chapel, Royal, London	I	328
Chapelle du St. Sang	I	384
Chapter House, The	I	342
Character, A strange	II	21–24
Charlottenburg, Forest of	II	131
Chatterton, Remarks on	I	277
Child-birth, Purification	I	367
Chimes in Bruges	I	382
Christ, Albert Dürer's	II	158
Christ's charge to Peter—Perugino's	II	242
Christ Hospital	I	263
"Christ Walking on the Sea"—Giotto's	II	242
Christianity seems a failure, Where	II	305
Christianity seems a success, Where	II	305
Church of St. Nicholas	II	85
Church of the Invalides, Paris	II	366
"Cleopatra"—Guido's	II	244
Clyde, The	I	138
Church of the Jesuits, Coblentz	II	16
Coblentz to Mayence	II	19
Coins, collection of in Royal Museum, Berlin	II	75–77
Coldstream Guards	I	332
Colerain	I	122
Cologne	II	1
Cologne, Cathedral	II	1
Como Lake	II	353
Concert on Shipboard	I	16
Condulmero, Gabriele	II	355
Confessionals	II	261
Conrad and Heinrich, Story of	II	22
Conscience, Henri	I	344
"Cookies"	I	371
Cooper, Sir Astley	I	272
Cork	I	23
A Cork Barber	I	95
The Grave of Father Prout, (Francis Mahoney)	I	31
The People of	I	24
Famous Men of	I	30
Sunday in	I	27
The Markets of	I	25, 26
Cornaro, Caterino	II	310
Coronation Chair	I	339
Courtesy of Officials in Germany	II	83

AUTHORS QUOTED.

	VOL.	PAGE.
CARLYLE—"Heroes and Hero-worship"	I	326
John Sterling	I	122
CHAUCER—Leisure essential to Perfection	II	343
CHESTERFIELD—Letters to his Son.	I	238
CICERO—On Death	II	80
CINTHIO, GIOVAMBATTISTA GIRALDI—Reminiscences	I	95
CONGREVE—The Mourning Bride.	I	363
COWPER—The Task	I	231
CRABBE—"Describe the Village," etc	II	186
CRANE, WALTER—"What is Life?"	I	201

GENERAL INDEX.

VOL. PAGE.
Cradle of Presbyterianism, The.... I 342
Cranach, Lucas, Pictures by..... II 85
Cromwell's Bridge, Ireland..... I 34
Crystal Palace..... I 236
Custodian of the Vatican, A..... II 273

Death of Famous Men, Cause of... II 374
"Defeat of Maxentius, by Constantine," The..... II 270
"Defender of the Faith",..... II 275
De Foe's (the Author of "Robinson Crusoe") Grave..... I 268
Deformities of some Famous Men.. II 239
Dog Carts..... I 353, 367
Drachenfels, Castle of..... II 19
Drake's Pool, Cove of Cork..... I 20
Drawings Room, The "Goethe's House"..... II 51
Dream, A..... II 286
Dreaming of Home..... II 149
Dresden..... II 152
Drinking Basins for Dogs..... I 321
Drinking Propensities of Irish..... I 98
Dublin..... I 60, 56, 49
"The Liberties"..... I 63
Phœnix Park..... I 49
St. Patrick's Cathedral..... I 50
Statuary in Streets of..... I 61
Duel, The..... II 151
Dumbarton Castle..... I 39
Douglass Castle..... I 140
Dutch, The..... II 184
Manners and Customs of the... I 395
People, Description of..... I 411
Masters, Remarks about..... I 148
Stove, The..... I 406

Echoings..... I 41, 43
Eckermann, Johann Peter..... II 48
Traits..... II 57
Edinburgh..... I 168
Castle..... I 180
Gray Friars..... I 172
St. Giles..... I 170
Church of St. Margaret..... I 181
Condition of Streets in..... I 175
The Art Gallery of..... I 183
Edward the Confessor, Chapel of... I 338
Egyptian Queen, *alias* Arabian Princess..... I 253
At Warwick Castle..... I 227
Ehrenbreitstein..... II 17
Elbe, The..... II 171
Eleanor, A sketch..... II 58
Emerald Isle, Origin of Name of... I 57
Emigrants..... I 45
Hungarian, *En route* for America..... II 184
English People, Manners and Customs of..... I 319
Entertainment in London, Sources of..... I 323
"Entombment," Michael Angelo's II 247
"Entry into Jerusalem," Angelico de Fiesole's..... II 242

AUTHORS QUOTED.

VOL. PAGE.
DANTE—To Virgil..... I 290

DARBY, JOHN—(See Garrettson)... I 266

DARWIN—Mother Carey's Chickens I 15
"Origin of Species"..... II 183

DOBELL, SYDNEY—On Fear—"Balder"..... II 200

DOBSON, AUSTIN — Goldsmith's Tomb..... I 287

DRYDEN—"The whole division that to Mars pertains"..... II 128

ECKERMANN—"Conversation with Goethe"..... I 212
"Conversation with Goethe"... II 1
The Greatness of the Greeks.. II 68
Man must be something in order to do something..... II 68

ELLWOOD, THOMAS—History of Himself..... I 190

EMERSON—Proprietorship..... II 103

EPICTETUS—Telling Dreams in Company..... II 285

d'ESTE, CARDINAL—What he said to Cervantes..... II 142

GENERAL INDEX.

	VOL.	PAGE.
Erasmus, House where He was Born	I	396
Excursion, An	I	73
Exhibition of American Industries (?) in London	I	235
Fabian, Father	II	207
Fairy Rocks	I	41
Fence, First lesson in	II	127
Finn McCool's Punch Bowl	I	127
Finn Valley, The	I	78
Florence	II	235
Origin of the name	II	255
Battisterio di San Giovanni	II	248
Birth of the Virgin, Celebration of	II	249
Ghiberti's Gates	II	248
Giotto's Tower	II	249
Loggia dei Lanzi	II	254
What horrifies foreigners	II	252
Piazza della Signoria	II	253
Pisano's bronze doors	II	248
Neptune Fountain	II	253
Sasso di Dante (Seat of Dante)	II	249
Statue of Brunelleschi	II	249
Flower girls in London	I	320
Flowers at Stratford-on-Avon	I	203
Fog, A London	II	397
Fontaine, Grave of	II	371
Fortress of Ehrenbreitstein	II	17
Fountain erected by Napoleon on his way to Moscow	II	17
Franchise in Ireland	I	80
Frankfort-on-the-Main	II	38
Frauenlob	II	36
French sophistry	II	369
Fremont, Grave of	II	372
Funeral at sea	I	10
A Belgian	I	347
In Ireland, Rural	I	75
In London, A	I	266
In Vienna, A	II	196
Gallery of Art in Dresden, The	II	154
Guttenberg *alias* Gänsfleisch, Johannes	II	37
Gap of Dunloe	I	41
Genius independent of environments	II	239
Germans, Manners and customs of the	II	94
Germany's superiority in art collections	II	241
Ghetto, The	II	306
Ghost stories	II	204
Giant's Causeway	I	126
Glasgow	I	140
Cathedral	I	144
Hotel, peculiarities in	I	144
Institute of the Fine Arts	I	147
Book-shop — "Allan Ramsay for a shilling"	I	143
Fish and grocery shops	I	142
Old Barony Church	I	144
Glass bust of Napoleon, The	II	54

AUTHORS QUOTED.

	VOL.	PAGE.
FALCONER—From the Shipwreck	I	4
FARQUHAR—On living upon ale	II	207
FREIDANK—All of value goes to Rome and never returns	II	285
GARRETTSON—Man's Growth in Apprehension	II	321
"The Souls of Men are the Waves of God"	II	377
From Two Thousand Years After	I	266
GESTA ROMANORUM — Massaccio went to Venice	II	207
Old Man to the Angel	I	73
The Hour of Vespers	I	23
GODWIN—Calmness of Mind	II	112
GOETHE—On Taking Care of the Beautiful	II	73
On the Beautiful	I	1
"Wanderer's Nachtlied"	I	72

GENERAL INDEX.

	VOL.	PAGE.
Glen Gariff..	I	31
Gobbins, The	I	130
"God Save Ireland"	I	64
Goethe's birth-place	II	40
Burial place	II	55
Comments on reading	II	115
House	II	49
Goldsmith, Grave of	I	289
Goldsmith's portrait	II	91
Gower, Tomb of John	I	271
Graveyard of Shakespeare's church —A midnight episode in	I	224
Greek device for Christian faith	II	368
Greenock	I	138
"Grey Friar's Bobby"	I	172
Grimm Brothers, The	II	10
Gross Zeus Zimmer, The (Goethe's House)	II	50
Guileno de Medici	II	247
Guillotine, The	I	407
Gulf stream	I	3
Guttenberg, Johannes	II	37
Guy's Hospital	I	272
Hadrian, The tomb of	II	301
Hague, The	I	396
The Binnenhoff	I	397
The Cellar of Torture	I	408
The Museum of Painting	I	389
The Old Palace	I	397
Prison of State	I	405
Hall of Heroes, The (Berlin)	II	130
Handsome Martin (Shöngauer)	II	88
Hare, Augustus, Burial place of	II	333
Harris, Bishop	I	3
Harwich	I	344
Hathaway, Ann, Cottage of	I	208
"Heads of Dying Soldiers," Schlüggers	II	129
"Hercules," Giovanni di Bologne's	II	254
"Herodias," Rubens	II	157
High church pews, Origin of	I	328
"Holy Family," Holbein's	II	157
Holyrood	I	180
Home	I	65
Interviews at	I	69
Last night at	I	121
Recollections of	I	16
Thoughts of	II	245
Home Ruleism	II	80
Home Rule, Decided against by "The Church of Ireland"	I	29
Member of Parliament's salary	I	71
Home Rulers, Why majority of M. P.'s are	I	80
Honesty, Traits of, in Germany	II	101
Hospital of St. Jean	II	385
Hospitality of the Germans	II	45
Hôtel des Invalides	II	390
Hôtel du Commerce	I	376
Household gods	II	90
Houses of Parliament, London	I	327
Howitt, William, Burial place of	II	333
Howlbowlin Island	I	20

AUTHORS QUOTED.

	VOL.	PAGE.
GOLDSMITH—On Burke	I	392
GOWER, JOHN — From Confessio Amanties	I	50
GRIFFIN, GERALD—Thoughts of Home	I	64
HALL, S. C.—"Barthram's Dirge" from the Book of British Ballads	I	130
HAMERTON, PHILIP GILBERT—From "The Intellectual Life"	II	19
HARE, AUG. and JULIUS CHARLES —From "Guesses at Truth"	I	79
HELL, THEODOR—The Spirit is above all	II	1
HERRICK—Lines to Julia	II	365
HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL — "There a fish called the flounder," etc	1	118
HOMER—From Iliad XI	1	104
Dreams are from Jove	1	375
HORACE—Roaming at Will	I	170
Making Truth Prevail by a Fable	II	161

GENERAL INDEX.

	VOL.	PAGE.
Huss, Former scenes of	II	183
Hyde Park	I	294
"Immaculate Conception," Murillo's	II	362
Innisfallen's Abbey	I	43
Inquisition, The	I	409
Instruments of torture	I	405
Instruments of torture in Tower of London	I	304
Insult, An unconscious	II	123
Invictis Pax	II	355
Irish authors	I	106
Irish canaries	I	128
Irish nobleman, An	I	71
Italian enchantment	II	246
Italian painting and art, Character of	II	241
Ivory carvings in South Kensington Museum	I	252
Jerome, Former scenes of	II	183
Jewels, Crown, in Tower of London	I	300
Jews, Prominent	II	320
Johnson's, Dr., church	I	293
Jolly boat	I	43
Jupiter, Looking for	II	189
Jubilee sermon	I	68
Judengasse, The	II	39
"Judith," Donatello's	II	254
Juno Zimmer, The (Goethe's House)	II	49
Kaulbach's frescoes	II	78
Keats, Grave of	II	334
Kenmare, The Nunnery of	I	35
Kenmare, Nun of	I	35
Killarney	I	39
Killarney, Lakes of	I	41
Knights Templar	I	287
Knox's old pulpit in St. Giles' Church	I	182
Königlichen Museum, The, Berlin	II	83
Kurfurst bridge, Berlin	II	103
Lake View House	I	40
Land Leaguism	I	80
Landlord, An Irish	I	70
Landscape Farming	II	47
Land Sighted	I	19
Language, Perplexities of	II	176
"Laocoon," The	II	274
Larn	I	130
"Last Judgment," Schöngauer's	II	88
Lemcke, *Fraulein*	II	200
Lippe, *Frau*	II	120
Lippe, Ferdinand	II	124
London, "The Monument"	I	233
London	I	231
"Lord of the Unerring Bow," The	II	274
Lough Derg, Holy Well of	I	77
Louvre, The	II	358
Lubke, *Fraulein*	II	202

AUTHORS QUOTED.

	VOL.	PAGE.
JEDERMANN—"The best linguists"	II	34
JOHNSON, SAMUEL, DR.—"The Rambler"	I	67
JUNIUS—On Intemperance	I	98
KEATS, JOHN—Ailsa Rock	I	131
Hope	I	66
"There was Wide Wandering," etc	I	355
KEMPIS, THOMAS A'—Seeking for Peace	I	5
KLIEST—From Penthesilen	I	118
KLOPSTOCK—Thankfulness	II	40
KNACKFUSZ—"Dutch art testifies to the independence of the people"	I	387
KÖRNER, THEODORE—A Bacchanalian Song	II	90
LAMB, CHARLES—I like to meet a sweep	II	171
LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE—Papal persecution of Heretics	II	385
LAVATER—"The Enemy of Art"	I	363
LESSING—Laokoon	I	355
LEVER—"Charles O'MALLEY"	I	31
LOCKE, JOHN—Acquiring Languages	II	34
LOEHNER, J. O.—What the Leaves Say	II	131
LONGFELLOW—Burns	I	169
"Outre-Mer"	I	73

GENERAL INDEX.

	VOL.	PAGE.
Lucca della Robia's Bronze Doors	II	247
Lucerne	II	354
Lucy at Ann Hathaway's Cottage	I	210
Lucy, First Mention of	I	200
Lucy, The Last of	II	161
Lucy, Introduction to	I	222
Luther, Martin, "Author of Constitution of U. S. (indirectly)	I	99
Madeleine, The (Paris)	II	365
Madonna, Comparison of Raphael's and Holbein's	II	167
Madonna, del Sedia—Raphael	II	244
Madonna, Jacopo della Quercia's	II	247
Madonna *del Duca di Feranuova*, Raphael	II	110
Madonna, Murillo's, ("The Weaning of Jesus,")	II	240
Madonna of the Grand Duke—Raphael	II	165
Madonna, The Jacob Meyer—Holbein	II	157
Maiden Rocks, The	I	131
Maison du Roi, (Amsterdam)	I	355
Manikin, The Brussels	I	365
Manchester	I	190
Exhibition	I	191
Comments on Pictures	I	194–199
Manners of the English	I	314
Marcus Aurelius	II	360
Marriage Proposal, A	II	225
Mars, Borghese	II	357
Majolica Zimmer, The (Goethe's House)	II	52
Massacre of St. Bartholomew, The	II	389
Massacre of the Christians	II	341
Matsys, Quentin	I	360
Mathew, Father	I	23
"Mausoleum of Louise"	II	133
Mayence	II	34
Mayence, Yearly Fair	II	35
Moliere's Tomb	II	369
McCarthy's Island	I	42
McCartney's Cave	I	131
McGillicuddy Reeks	I	39, 44
Medallions, Collection of, in Royal Museum, (Berlin)	II	77
Memling's Pictures	I	385
Mendicants in Mourning	II	264
Mew Island	I	131
Michelet, Jules, Grave of	II	375
Midlothian, The Heart of	I	168
Milan	II	351
The Victor Emmanuel Arcade	II	352
Cathedral	II	351
Leonardo's Monument	II	352
Cavour's Monument	II	352
Scenes on the Way to	II	349
Millbank Prison	I	327
"Miracle of Bolsena, The"	II	270
"*Mona Lisa*," Leonardo's	II	362
Money Boxes	I	368
Montecavello	II	301
Mother	I	65
Mother as the "Tragic Muse"?	I	118

AUTHORS QUOTED.

	VOL.	PAGE.
LOVELACE—"Stone walls do not a prison make"	I	307
LOWELL—Florence	II	233
MACHIAVELLI, NICOLO — From "The Prince"	I	79
MACKAY, ERIC—On "A Grave"	I	212
"Love Letters of a Violinist"	I	40
"Love Letters of a Violinist"	I	68
MARLOWE, KIT—"Now, Captain, tell us whither thou art bound"	I	1
"Come Live with Me and Be My Love"	II	223
From the Massacre at Paris	II	385
MATURIN—Fredolfo	I	417
MILTON	II	128
On Our Country	I	83
Paradise Lost	I	125
Paradise Lost	I	211
MITCHELL, DR. S. WEIR—My Chateau in Spain	I	275
The Cup of Youth	I	15
MOLIÈRE—"I take good where I find it."	II	343
MONTAIGNE—On Architecture	I	238
On Death	I	249
MOORE, TOM—"If e'er you've seen an artist sketching"	I	56
Jovial Nights	I	95

GENERAL INDEX.

	VOL.	PAGE.
Mott, Lucretia, Anecdote of	I	3
Motto over the Stairway in Hotel	II	15
Mouse Tower	II	22
Muck Ross Abbey	I	44
Murdersly Hill	I	134
Museum of Cologne	II	6
Mutilation of Cattle	I	32
"Mystical Marriage of St. Catharine," Correggio's	II	362
Napoleon, The Tomb of	II	393
"Nathan the Wise"	II	121
National Gallery, The (Berlin)	II	138
National Gallery, The (London)	I	282
New Churchyard, Weimar	II	55
New Place, Residence and Death-place of Shakespeare	I	214
New York Bay, Departure from	I	1
Niebuhr's Tomb	II	11
Noses	II	142
Notre Dame Church, Bruges	I	383
O'Donovan's Library	I	43
O'Holleron, Sylvester, Introduction of	I	21
O'Holleron, Sylvester, *Denouement* of	I	48
Old and New Masters, Comparison of	II	237
Orgnano, Lake	II	353
O'Sullivan's Cascade	I	43
Otway, The Poet	I	293
Palace of the Emperor of Germany	II	65
of the Tuileries	II	385
Paley, Dr., The Burial-place of	I	188
Pall Mall	I	332
Pallasless	I	73
Pandora, An American	II	117
Pantheon of Paris, The	II	393
Pantheon of Rome, The	II	327
Paris	II	358
Arc de Triomphe	II	380
Bois de Boulogne	II	380
Paul IV., Enactment of	II	306
Pedestals, Art Displayed in	II	139
Pen and Ink Sketches by the Old Masters	II	229
Pergamon	II	69
"Perseus" Cellini's	II	254
Physical Imperfections in Ireland, Prevalence of	I	91
Pictures, Dutch	I	361
"Pieta," Michael Angelo's	II	260
Pigeons, Feeding The	II	215
Pilgrimage to Rome, A	II	200
Pin Well	I	132
Pfalz, The	II	26
Place de la Concorde	II	377
Polyglot	II	24
In London	II	402
Pope, An Audience with the	II	286
A Photograph of the	II	326
Requirements for an Interview with the	II	329

AUTHORS QUOTED.

	VOL.	PAGE.
MOREAU OF TOURS—"In the corner of every brain sleeps madness"	I	6
NOVALIS—An Independent Spirit	II	171
OTWAY—On Flattery	I	68
OVID—*Sulte quid heu*	II	
PALEY—From Horæ Paulinæ	I	185
PAYNE, JOHN HOWARD—Home Sweet Home	II	397
PERCY'S RELIQUES—From "The Child of Elle"	I	50
PULCI—Morgante Maggiore	I	120

GENERAL INDEX.

	VOL.	PAGE.
Pope, Wealth of the	II	274
Portrush	I	125
Potsdam, A Trip to	II	143
Poverty in Ireland	I	76
Pitti Palace, Florence	II	235
Prague	II	173
Praying Boy, The	II	72
Prohibition of Literature	II	275
Prout, Father	I	26
Purgatory, St. Patrick's	I	77
Purple Mountains	I	39
Queen's Jubilee, The	I	68
Queenstown	I	21
Racine, Grave of	II	372
Ramsay, Allan	I	143
"Rape of the Sabines," The	II	254
Rat story	II	23
"Recamièr," Mme., by David	II	364
Reineke	II	80
Regeneration of Ireland, A scheme for the	I	79
Relics in Church of St. Ursula	II	5
Rembrandt's lesson in anatomy	I	400
Rents, Depreciation in	I	74
Rhine, A trip on the	II	14
Rialto	II	230
Rialto enthusiast, A	II	230
Rocket	II	370
Rocking chair rock	I	131
Rome, A street picture of	II	312
A watermelon merchant in	II	316
Baths of Caracalla	II	318
Cæsar's palace	II	301
Capuchin cemetery	II	325
Castle of St. Angelo	II	301
Caius Cestius, Pyramid of	II	332
Clean streets	II	345
Forum, The	II	296
Coliseum, The	II	336
Corso, The	II	296, 306
St. Peter's	II	256
Strangers burying-ground	II	330
Rossini, The grave of	II	368
Rota, The	II	309
Rotten Row	I	294
Rotterdam	I	387
Charity of	I	395
Museum of	I	387
Rouget, Grave of	II	372
Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland	I	56
Royal College of Surgeons in London	II	398
Royal Museum in Berlin	II	69
Salaries, Clerical	II	175
Sans-Souci	II	147
Santa Maria del Fiora Cathedral, Florence	II	246
Saxony Alps, The	II	172
Scheme for the regeneration of Ireland	II	290

AUTHORS QUOTED.

	VOL.	PAGE.
QUIXOTE, DON—"A poet should be read in his own tongue"	II	279
RABELAIS—"Life of Gargantua"	II	62
RALEIGH, SIR WALTER—"Thy belt of straw and ivy buds"	II	223
RESARTUS, SARTOR—"Incense to the Devil"	I	104
RICHARDSON, ABBY SAGE—From "Old Love Letters"	I	54
ROSCOMMON—Of "HOMER"	I	148
RUSKIN—"Arrows of the Chase"	I	182
From "Modern Painters"	I	196
From "Arrows of the Chase"	II	152
Relation of Art to Religious Facts	II	85
"All Great Art is Praise"	II	161
From "Mornings in Florence"	II	73
On "The Crystal Palace"	I	233
RYAN, FATHER—On the Measurement of Time	II	80
SAMPSON, DOMINIE—In "Guy Mannering"	I	275
SCHILLER—From "Die Küustler"	II	152
"Die Künstler"	I	240
From "Priestess of the Sun"	I	8

GENERAL INDEX.

	VOL.	PAGE
Schiller's home	II	56
Burial-place of	II	55
Scheveningen	I	410
Schlegel, Burial-place of	II	9
"School of Athens, The"—Raphael	II	271
Schumann, Burial-place of	II	12
Scott, Sir Walter, Courtship of	I	186
"Scourging of Heliodorus"—Raphael	II	271
Seasickness in the channel	II	395
Semmering Pass, The	II	201
"Sermon on the Mount"—Cosimo Roselli's	II	242
Serpent Lake	I	41
Seven Sisters, The	II	25
Severn, Joseph, Burial-place of	II	330
Shakespeare, Autograph in Rome	II	284
Birthplace of	I	216
Bust of	I	205
Epitaph on tomb of	I	206
Hotel	I	203
Portraits of	I	220
Ring	I	222
Shakespeare's will	I	207
Shandon Bells	I	34
Shelley, Grave of	II	333
Shottery, A walk to	I	208
Silver-coated money of Vienna	II	197
Skeleton in St. Giles' Churchyard	I	177
Soufflot's tomb	II	369
South Kensington Museum	I	249
Sparrows, Feeding the	II	103
Spike Island	I	20
Spinosa	II	380
Statue of	I	409
Spurgeon's Tabernacle	I	256
St. Altheus	II	5
St. Artherius	II	5
St. Bartholomew's Church, London	I	261
St. Castor, Church of, Coblentz	II	17
St. Charles Borromeo, Church of, Milan	II	351
St. Clement Dane's Church, London	I	293
St. Fin Barre Cathedral, Cork	I	27
St. Giles Church, London	I	257
St. Gudule Cathedral, Brussels	I	363
St. James' Palace	I	332
St. Marks, Venice	II	211
"St. Michael overcoming Sin," Raphael	II	362
"St. Michael overcoming the Powers of Darkness," Guido	II	262
St. Peter's Church, (Brussels)	I	367
St. Saviour's Church	I	270
St. Stephen's Church, (Vienna)	II	195
St. Ursula, Church of	II	3
St. Ursula, Story of	II	3
Statuary in Berlin	II	129
Statue of Frederick the Great	II	65
Statuary of Victory, The (Berlin)	II	67
Steamer Ride up the Thames	I	330
Stella, (Esther Johnson)	I	51
Courtship of	I	52
Stella's Rival	I	52
Stone of the Martyrs, The	I	179

AUTHORS QUOTED.

	VOL.	PAGE
SCRIBE, EUGENE—"To acquire is nothing, to retain is all"	II	16
SCOTT, SIR WALTER—From "The Doom of Devorgoil"	I	165
"The Rowan Tree"	II	56
SENECA—Contentment	I	5
Happy Living	I	3
Pars sanitatis velle senari fuit	I	66
"The Spending of Time"	I	13
"Where shall *you* be after death?"	I	8
SHAH OF PERSIA—On London	I	318
SHAKESPEARE, Vol. I, 2, 26, 35, 98, 120, 169, 176, 185, 199, 202, 212, 299, 318, 339, 344; Vol. II, 19, 55, 148, 149, 173, 223, 280, 401, 405.		
SHELLEY—From "Adonais"	II	334, 335
SHERIDAN—From the Rivals	I	20
SOLOMON—In Books of Proverbs	I	122
SOUTHEY—"Pilgrimage to Waterloo."	I	375
SPENSER — From "The Faerie Queene."	I	17
ST. AUGUSTINE — From Confessions of	I	8
Confessions of	I	225
STATIUS—*Mille intus simulacra*, etc	I	225
ST. AUGUSTINE—"Do walls then make Christians?"	II	211
SWIFT, DEAN—His own epitaph	I	249
SWINBURNE — "To Giordano Bruno"	II	321
On Shakespeare	I	204

GENERAL INDEX.

	VOL.	PAGE.
Stowaway on Board	I	2
Stratford-on-Avon	I	202
Stratford, Church of	I	205
Stratford, Graves of Shakespeare's Family	I	205
Street-cleaning (Berlin)	II	104
Streets of Berlin, Magnificence of	II	93
Repairing of, in Berlin	II	105
Street Scenes in Prague	II	181
Student-life Abroad	II	153
Sunday at Sea	I	9
In Germany	II	99
In London	I	256
Sunset at Sea	I	4
Superstition in Ireland	I	77
Swift, Dean	I	50, 51, 53
Sweep in Prague, A	II	176
Talma, Grave of	II	373
Taxation, Statistics of in various countries	II	90
Telemachus, The monk	II	341
Temple Church, London	I	290
Temples, Inner and Middle, London	I	288
Temple Gardens	I	291
Theatres in Germany	II	100
Theatre planned by Goethe and Schiller	II	48
Thiergarten, The	II	135
Thiers, Tomb of the late president	II	389
Thirty-cent dinner, A	II	61
Thorwaldsen's Lion—Lucerne	II	354
Three Rings, Story of the	II	121
Tieck, Ludwig, Mention of his reading Clavigo	II	50
Tommies, The	I	39
Tore Cascade	I	44
Tower of London	I	299
Trafalgar Square	I	314
Trajan's Column	II	296
"Transfiguration"—Raphael's	II	272
"Tribute Money"—Masaccio's	II	242
Trieste	II	200
"Trinity"—Dürer's	II	193
Tulp, Sketch of the life of	I	400
Tyndale, William, Statue to	I	318
Unter den Linden	II	94
Utrecht	I	417
Vanhomrigh, Miss Hester	I	52
Vanhomrigh, Miss Hester, Death of	I	54
Vatican, The	II	267
Court of the Apollo Belvidere	II	274
Library, The	II	274
Logie Raphael	II	270
Museo Chiaramonti	II	271
Royal Saloon	II	269
Royal Stairs	II	269
Sistine Chapel	II	268
Venice	II	207
Academy of Fine Arts	II	228
Giant Staircase	II	215
Hall of the Great Council	II	216

AUTHORS QUOTED.

	VOL.	PAGE.
TASSO—God and Poets alone merit the name of Creator	II	171
TENNYSON—From "Locksley Hall"	II	360
Nobility of Goodness	I	127
THACKERAY—Shakespeare	I	212
THAXTER, CELIA—"Dear little head," etc	I	131
TIECK	II	397
TRINIUS—On Friendship	I	126
VIRGIL	I 233; II	249

GENERAL INDEX.

VOL. PAGE.
Venice, Libraria Vecchia..... II 219
Palazza Ducale..... II 215
Prison, The..... II 220
Sala dello scrutimo..... II 216
San Giovanni a Paola, Church of..... II 224
Sansovino's Golden Stairs..... II 216
Social Standing of the People II 223
Statue of Garibaldi..... II 221
Statue of Victory..... II 220
St. Mark's Square..... II 215
Via Garibaldi..... II 221
"Venus de Milo"..... II 358
Verrochio, Andrew..... II 225
Vesaliur, Andrea..... I 404
Vienna..... II 186
Characteristics of People of.... II 197
Hofburg Theatre..... II 198
Museum of Art..... II 198
Opera House..... II 198
Parliament House..... II 198
Rath House..... II 198
Ringstrasse..... II 198
University, The ..... II 198
Votive Church..... II 198
Victor Emmanuel, Statue of..... II 220
At Novara..... II 283
Vision, A..... II 202
Vivisection..... I 317
Vivisectionists ..... II 386
Vocabularies.. ..... II 38
Voltaire..... II 379
Von Stein, Charlotte, Grave of..... II 56

Wartburgh, The..... II 47
Warwick Castle..... I 226
Watts, Isaac, Tomb..... ..... I 268
Wedding, A Belgian..... I 356
Weimar..... II 47
Weinbrunner, *Herr*..... II 199
Weir Bridge..... ..... I 43
Westminster..... I 333
Jerusalem Chamber..... I 341
Poets' Corner..... I 335; II 402
Wesley's Tablet..... II 402
Whitehall Palace..... I 326
Wieland..... II 49
William of Orange, Tomb of..... I 394
Winckelmann..... II 206
Windmills, Dutch..... I 414
Wolfe, Charles, Burial Place..... I 21
Womanhood, Degraded..... II 187
Woman Labor in Antwerp..... I 366
Workingmen in Germany..... II 143

Zeughaus, Berlin..... II 128

AUTHORS QUOTED.

VOL. PAGE.
WIELAND—From "Oberon".... II 73, 397

WILKINS, BISHOP—The rise of letters and languages..... II 38

WORDSWORTH—A Rural Chapel... I 67
Intimations of Immortality... II 195
"London City"..... I 318
"She was a phantom of delight"..... , II 161
On Burns ..... I 165

WYCHERLEY—True Worth..... I 151

YOUNG—Man's Vanity of Thought II 367

ZUNZ—The Jews..... II 306